July 27, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

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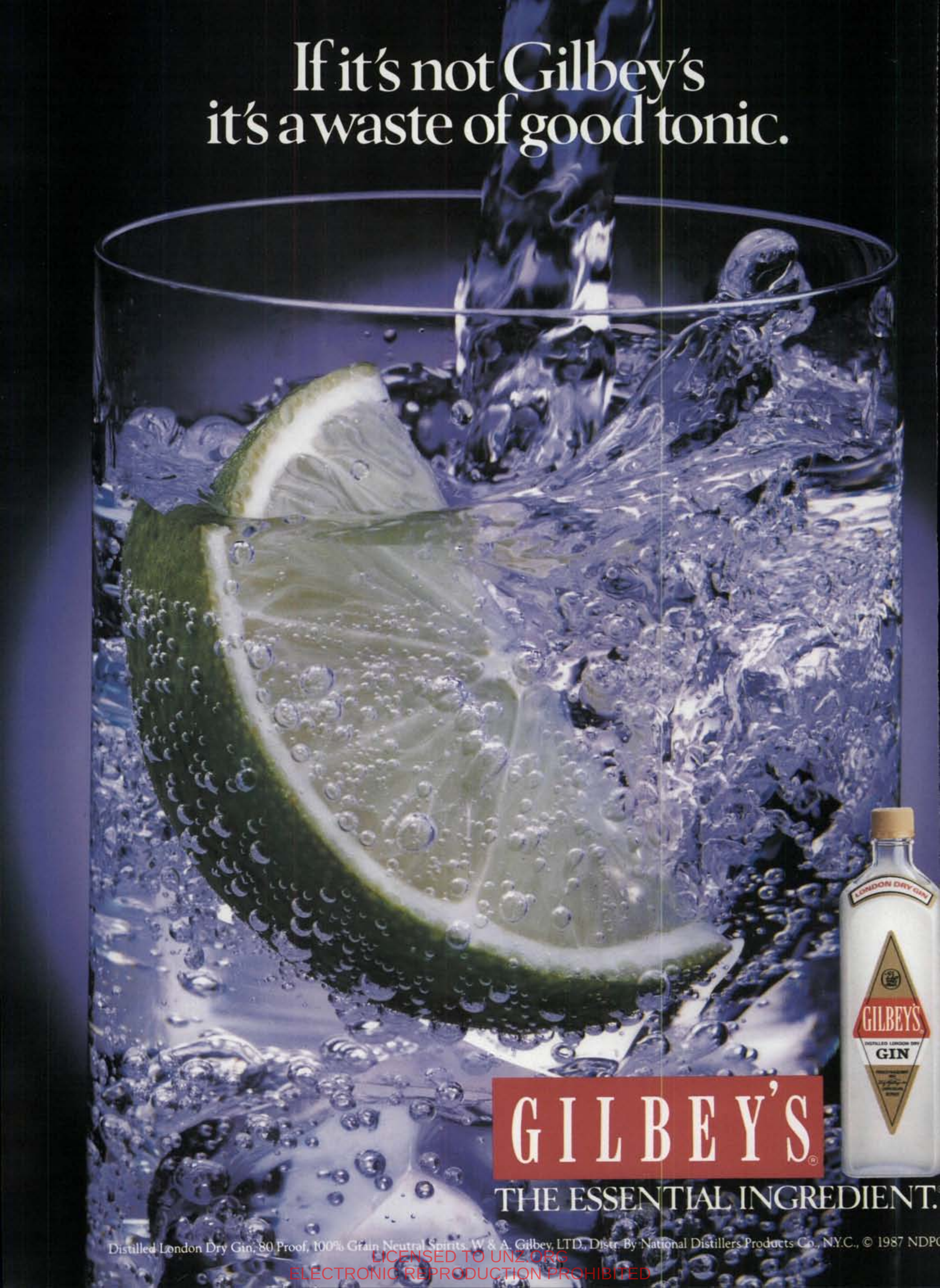
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Joseph Papp, 1935

a year after my Bar Mitzvah
and deep in the throes of memorizing
Marc Antony's speech from Shakespeare's
Julius Caesar (soon to be recorded on
a small metal disc in a store on 14th St,
price 10 cents — includes use of background
music, Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite").
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beirut—A one-act play by Alan Bowne. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10. Closes Saturday, July 25.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Philip Sterling, John Randolph, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. With Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman was the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (6/15/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 26.)

Dreamgirls—A return engagement of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's deft direction. Seen this spring at Playwrights Horizons, it reopens on Friday, July 24. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return engagement of a heavenly theatre piece, seen here in 1984, that uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Hard Times—This version of Dickens' novel, adapted for the stage by Stephen Jeffreys, brings out the earnestness in everyone. It's so well intentioned that you can't really get sore at it. But nothing in the production is inherently theatrical, so it begins to seem like a show concocted for people who haven't the patience to read and need to have literature acted out for them. The second of four productions by American regional theatre companies in the American Theatre Exchange festival (see "1984," below), "Hard Times" comes from the Berkeley Repertory Theatre. (7/20/87) (Theatre 890, Broadway at 19th St. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 9. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, July 25. For information about tickets, call 242-0800.)

The Invasion of Aratooga—A play by Peter Bach. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway**, a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little

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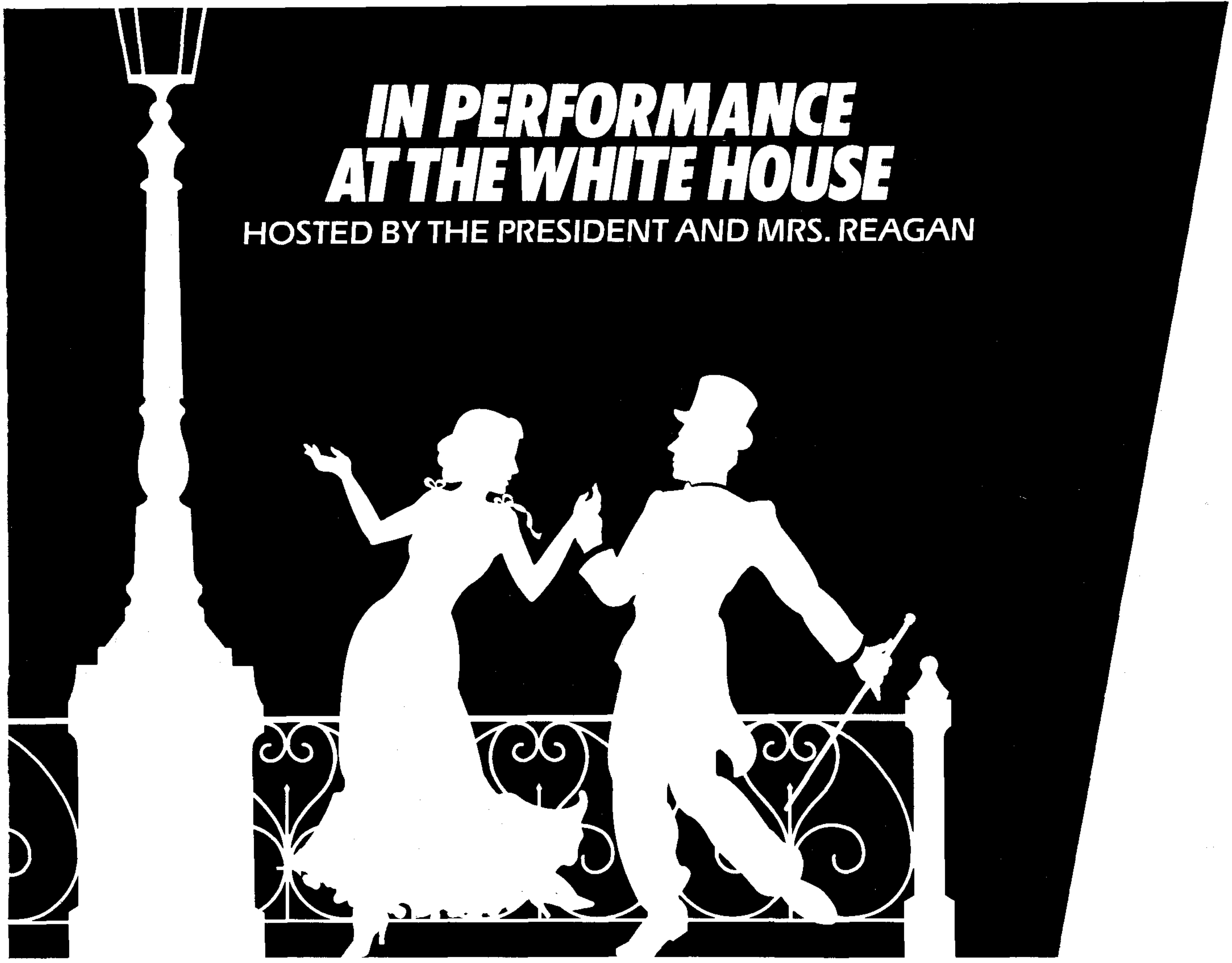

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

1984—An adaptation of George Orwell's novel by the Czech playwright Pavel Kohout is the third of four productions in the American Theatre Exchange festival. (See "Hard Times," above.) The play was translated by Jiri Zizka (who also directs) and Michael Ladenson, and it comes to us from the Wilma Theatre, in Philadelphia. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 5. Closes Saturday, Aug. 1.)

Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 9.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, sublime clown, acrobat, mime, and juggler, is appearing here for a limited engagement, with his two stalwart partners, Doug Skinner and M. C. O'Connor. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 9.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Long Runs—**big river:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the common pursuit:** Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,336 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

"Serious Fun!"—The downtown scene has move en masse to Lincoln Center for a two-wee festival. Wednesday, July 22, at 8: Iso, a ne four-member American dance company, an the Bobs, an a-cappella quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: Trumpeter Jon Hassell with Farafina, a troupe of percussionists fro Burkina Faso, in West Africa. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Performance artist Eth Eichelberger and a vocal duo from Norwa called Dollie de Luxe. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2 at 8: Dancer Charles Moulton and member of the Urban Bush Women, a group dancers and singers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 28 at 8: Another dance program, with Dougla Dunn and Dancers, David Parsons, and Jan Comfort. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 29, at 8 Musicians David Van Tieghem and Scot Johnson performing their own works. . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 8 The Lounge Lizards and performance artis Ann Magnuson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 8 Geoff Hoyle, Frank Olivier, and Micha Moschen, a trio of "New Vaudeville comedians. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-grou songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 16 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays throug Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; an Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays a 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire o Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the son parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-740 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Friday and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians an night-club proprietors live complicated live that are subject to last-minute change; it i therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A bi cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the hear of the fur and fashion-student districts. A six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays **joan cushing** becomes one of Washington D.C.,'s biggest mouths, a Martini-fed socialite named Mrs. Foggybottom, who tells innocently slanderous stories about her man dear friends in high office and minimum security prison. Later, Miss Cushing sit down at the piano and sings about Imeld and Ferdinand, Tammy and Jim, and othe fun couples. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, **jim morris** does a virtuoso impressio of Ronald Reagan; Morris's Reagan, wh refers to the P.L.O. as the Palestinian Ligh Orchestra and to people who live in Turke as the Turkeys, looks, moves, and sounds lik the original. Musical humorist Michael Gari performs Thursdays through Saturdays a eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really Ne York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaque that are engraved with the names of visitin jazz stars and embedded in the blue table appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. Two Latin-jazz dynamos, pianist **eddie palmieri** and **hilton ruiz,** and their band will be here through Sunday, July 26; Cassandra Wilson sings with a combo led by Jir D'Angelis and Tony Signa on Monday, Jul 27; and starting Tuesday, July 28, **paquit d'rivera's** quintet shares the bill with a fusio outfit called Cabo Frio. Music after nine Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that cater to various musical tastes and that accommodates people who like to stop having fu at ten-thirty or eleven as well as the conventional types who don't like to start until then Wednesdays, July 22 and 29, **buster poindexter & the banshees of blue;** Thursday, Jul 23, West Coast poet Michael McClure an Doors keyboardist Ray Manzarek; Friday

July 24, Poco; Saturday, July 25, O.T.B., a sleek, youthful jazz sextet, and drummer Norman Connors & the Starship Orchestra; Sunday, July 26, at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, folksinger TOM PAXTON and the Limeliters; Monday, July 27, MARIA MULDAUR and Brian Auger & the Oblivion Express; Tuesday, July 28, Omar & the Howlers, a Texas rock trio whose lead singer, Omar Dykes, likes to growl in the Dr. John–Wolfman Jack manner; Thursday, July 30, the Wind, the Krayolas, and the Hunting Accident; and Friday, July 31, Al Kooper and the Electric Flag. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. STEVE KUHN and STEVE LA SPINA collaborate through Saturday, July 25, and on Monday, July 27, HILTON RUIZ and RAY DRUMMOND go to work. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Hard-bop altoist LOU DONALDSON leads his quartet through Sunday, July 26, and on Tuesday, July 28, saxophonist and flutist HENRY THREADGILL brings in his "Sextett." The group is actually a septet, but the music, a stirring David Murray-style mix of the traditional and the new, is written in six parts. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of BUCKY and JOHN PIZZARELLI. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The whimsical paintings on the walls of the Bemelmans Bar are by Ludwig Bemelmans, and the piano music (sometimes rocking, sometimes mischievous, always spirited) is by DICK WELLSTOOD. He plays Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. ANITA O'DAY, a rhythmically keen singer and a perpetual-motion machine onstage, performs Thursday through Sunday, July 23-26; Scott Cossu's trio plays Tuesday and Wednesday, July 28-29; and on Thursday, July 30, the Joe Roccisano big band, featuring valve trombonist BOB BROOKMEYER, begins a four-night stint. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist LES PAUL. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: through Saturday, July 25, CHARLES EUBANKS; Tuesday through Thursday, July 28-30, Keith MacDonald; and Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, LARRY VUCKOVICH. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau Wednesday through Saturday, July 22-25. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays for guitarist CHUCK WAYNE'S threesome. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. Pianist JOHN BUNCH and bassist PHIL FLANIGAN swing it through Saturday, July 25; BILL MAYS and John Goldsby take charge on Tuesday, July 28. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The dense, solemn air that usually hangs about downtown new-music spaces isn't a feature of this mini-loft, a former Avon-cosmetics office, which is run by three friendly young guys from Wisconsin. The musicians (free-jazz people, antic folk-rockers, unclassifiables), the cook (one of the proprietors and a guitarist in a rock band called Swamp Thing), and the audiences all

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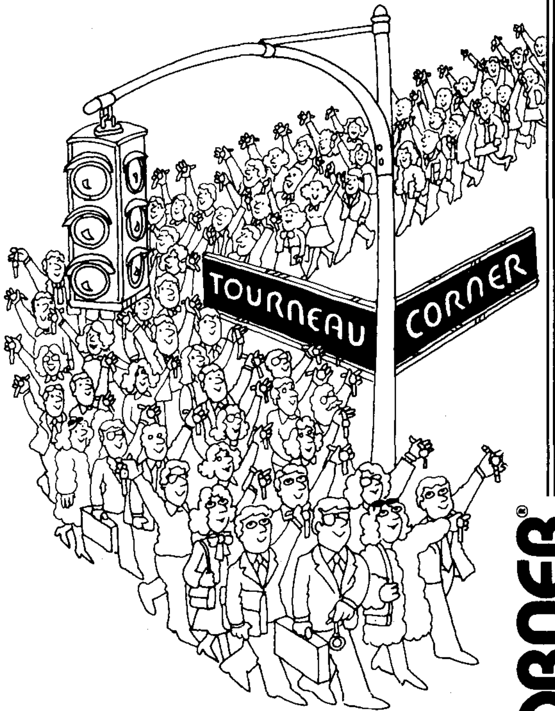

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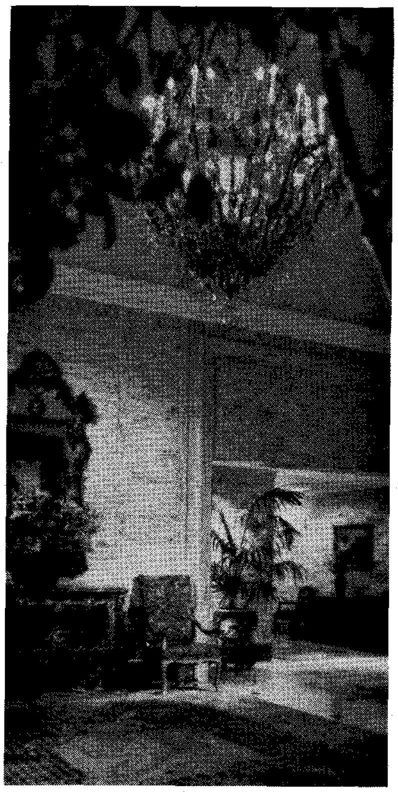

Uptown has been marked down. The exclusive Regency Hotel of Park Avenue is trimming its summer room rate to just $140, single or double occupancy.* Those who know New York know this is a reason to call.

*July 1 through September 9; based on space availability in superior room category; advance reservations required.

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seem positively relaxed. The schedule: Wednesdays, July 22 and 29, at ten-thirty, saxophonist **JOHN ZORN** and collaborators; Saturday, July 25, at nine and eleven, Brian Ritchie of the Violent Femmes; Sunday, July 26, at ten, drummer Rashid Bakr; Thursday, July 30, at nine and eleven-thirty, trombonist **GEORGE LEWIS** and saxophonist Ned Rothenberg; and Saturday, Aug. 1, at nine and eleven, Pianosaurus, a band that uses toy instruments.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, David Lindley & El Rayo-X; Friday, July 24, Chicago blues harpist **JAMES COTTON;** Saturday, July 25, country-rock singer **MARCIA BALL;** Monday, July 27, **LEVON HELM** and his Arkansas buddies the Cate Brothers; Tuesday, July 28, Brave Combo and Ned Sublette; and Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, the **RADIATORS.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and the fourteen-piece Great American Swing Band on the dais. The orchestra, which is directed by clarinettist Walt Levinsky and includes **FRANK WESS** (reeds), **URBIE GREEN** (trombone), **WARREN VACHÉ** (cornet), and **RANDY SANDKE** (trumpet), is playing music designed to send Benny Goodmaniacs. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. The lineup: Wednesday, July 22, Ilene Kristen; Thursday, July 23, Bright Ideas, with **GEORGE YOUNG;** and Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, Damaris. Music from about ten.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Friday, July 24, the **LONG RYDERS;** Saturday, July 25, Fishbone and the Royal Crescent Mob, a Columbus, Ohio, funk quartet that does a lively version of James Brown's "The Payback" and whose own songs don't stray far from Brown's rhythm-and-rap lead; Wednesday, July 29, Nina Hagen; Friday, July 31, **BONNIE RAITT;** and Saturday, Aug. 1, **MARSHALL CRENSHAW.** Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday and Thursday, July 22-23, Super Diamono de Dakar, a twelve-piece Senegalese pop band; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, July 28, Puerto Rican *cuatro* player **YOMO TORO;** and Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, Senegalese singer **YOUSSOU N'DOUR & SUPER ÉTOILE.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **ART BLAKEY** and his spiffy young crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver hard bop through Sunday, July 26; alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE** leads his quintet on Monday, July 27; and on Tuesday, July 28, **HENRY BUTLER,** a blind New Orleans-born pianist (he took lessons from Professor Longhair, but he leans more toward McCoy Tyner) and singer (he has a powerful bass-baritone), comes in with clarinettist **ALVIN BATISTE,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered soul-and-jazz café. A white piano lights up the bandstand. A version of the Platters, led by original Platter Tony Williams, sings here Thursday through Saturday, July 23-25; **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES** begin a three-night visit on Thursday, July 30. Music from nine.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Thursday, July 23, the **SURREAL MC COYS,** the World Famous Bluejays, and others; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, West Coast bluesmen **FRANKIE LEE & SONNY RHODES;** Sunday, July 26, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Monday, July 27, Cryin' Out Loud and the Potentials; Tuesday, July 28, Charlie Karp & the Namedroppers; Wednesday, July 29, Funk Philharmonik; Thursday, July 30, Phantom Tollbooth, Nice Strong Arm, and White Zombie; and Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On July 27, **CONJUNTO CLASICO, MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE,** and saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ One flight up in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** nightly, except Mondays. Every Tuesday, the duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a sinewy hard-bop tenor saxophonist, will be here with his quartet through Sunday, July 26, and on Tuesday, July 28, pianist **MULGREW MILLER** moves in with his quintet. On Mondays, the foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE'S** band performs through Sunday, July 26, and on Thursday, July 30, singer **ETTA JONES** enters on the arm of her favorite tenor man, **HOUSTON PERSON.** On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **CAROL BRITTO** works with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, July 25; guitarist **JOE BECK,** pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** hold sway starting Monday, July 27. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PATTI LABELLE, ASHFORD & SIMPSON, ATLANTIC STARR, AND THE WHISPERS—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, July 23-24, at 7:30.

THE REPLACEMENTS—With Scruffy the Cat. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, July 23, at 8.)

THE THOMPSON TWINS—With Chris Isaak. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, July 24, at 8.)

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 10 and midnight.

JAZZ IN JULY—Wednesday, July 22: Tal Farlow, Bucky and John Pizzarelli, Milt Hinton, Phil

Bodner, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: Dick Hyman & Rob Fisher, Terry Waldo & Susan LaMarche, and the New York Saxophone Quartet, with Dennis Anderson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 28: Ed Polcer, Red Balaban, Max Kaminsky, Margaret Whiting, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 29: Marian McPartland, Roger Kellaway, Dick Hyman, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: Joe Williams, with Buddy Tate, Al Grey, Joe Wilder, and others. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

ART

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, all from the eighties. Through Friday, July 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—Twenty drawings, dating from 1974 to 1986, using such techniques as grid systems and fingerprint patterns. Through Friday, July 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

David Hacker / Eric de la Cova—Drawings by a sculptor. / Sculptures. Through Friday, July 31. (Plumb, 81 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Wilber Niewald and Christian White—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figure paintings. Through Friday, July 31. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—One of the artist's final works is a repeat-pattern painting—the kind that's like a sheet of postage stamps—whose subject is Leonardo's "Last Supper." Through Friday, July 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **avenue b gallery**, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Conceptual works by Paik, Nauman, Sherman, Ireland, Holzer, Warhol, and others. Through Sunday, July 26. (Opens at noon, Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **burgin**, 270 Lafayette St.: A polished brass box by Donald Judd, three mosaiclike works by Gilbert and George which are made up of postcards, and an installation by Tony Tasset that consists of six benches, each progressively narrower than the last. Through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cds gallery**, 13 E. 75th St.: Figurative and abstract works on canvas and paper by Roxi Marsen, Hedda Sterne, Graham Campbell, and others. Through Monday, July 27. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **center for african art**, 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **eno**, 164 Mercer St.: A juried exhibit of wall works not exceeding eighteen inches in any direction. Among the various pieces are a bronze coffin-shaped object based on Egyptian mastabas, by Sharon Turner, and a painted-and-stitched handmade paper sheet by Kate Ward Thacker. Through Aug. 6. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **esman**, 70 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists just arriving on the gallery scene. Through Sept. 15. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Americans Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **germans van eck**, 420 West Broadway: Among the works in the current exhibit are sculptures by Donald Lipski and paintings by Peter Fletcher and Susan Laufer. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **gracie mansion gallery**, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St.: Works on paper by Rhonda Zwillinger, Buster Cleveland, and Hope Sandrow, among others. Through Friday, July 31. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through Friday, July 24. . . . **kent**, 41 E. 57th St.: Richard Hamilton, Richard Artschwager, Nancy Dwyer, TODT, Justen Ladda, and others are represented by paintings combining text and images taken from the mass media. Through Aug. 14. . . . **lorence-monk**, 568 Broadway: Paintings by eleven artists, including Carole Seborovski and Alan Uglow. Through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **robert miller**, 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from the sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **museum of contemporary hispanic art**, 584 Broadway: Paintings, works on paper, sculptures, and videos by forty-nine Cuban émigré artists, including Tony Mendoza, Maria Brito-Aveuana, and Luis Cruz Azaceta. Through Saturday, Aug. 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **perlow**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Summer activities reflected in paintings and drawings, such as Larry Rivers' large colored-pencil drawing of his family out on the lawn, and a 1980 oil by Balcomb Greene called "White Sand." Through Sept. 8. . . . **ross**, 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings by fifteen New York artists, among them George McNeil, June Leaf, and Agnes Denes. Through Thursday, July 30. . . . **toll**, 146 Greene St.: Everyday objects (a light bulb, a tabletop, a fountain pen), their forms slightly altered, are depicted by five artists in paintings, drawings, photographs, and a sculpture. Through Thursday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **vanderwoude tananbaum**, 24 E. 81st St.: Figurative paintings and drawings by Milton Avery, John Graham, Alex Katz, Irvin Tepper, and others. Through Friday, July 31. . . . **weber**, 142 Greene St.: Works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Barbara Kasten, Mel Kendrick, and others. Through Saturday, July 25. . . . **wood**, 127 Spring St.: Images of fire conceived by seven painters and five sculptors, including Tom Hatch, Robert Longo, and Ken Tisa. Through Saturday, July 25. . . . **zabriskie**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Six abstract paintings on paper by Peter Flaccus, four dark-wax floor sculptures by Rona Pondick, and abstract ink drawings from 1981 to '82 by Helen Miranda Wilson. Through Friday, July 31.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at **alexander**, 59 Wooster St. . . . **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **gruenebaum**, 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, July 25.) . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St. . . . **littlejohn-smith**, 133 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **marcus**, 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **m-13**, at 72 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **munroe**, 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **pearl**, 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **steinbaum**, 132 Greene St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Joyce—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). Through Friday, July 31. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

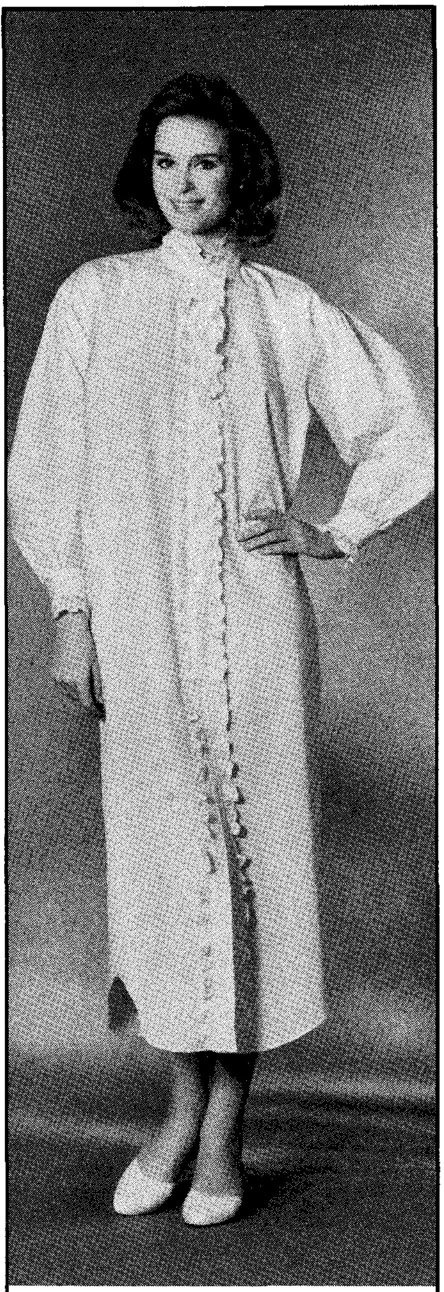
Gustave Le Gray (1820-82) **and Henri Le Secq** (1818-82)—Works by these paper-negative pioneers are at the Metropolitan. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Joe Maloney—Photographs of the Delaware River in upstate New York, stone houses in Philadelphia, and monuments in Washington, D.C. Through Friday, July 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

German Photography of the Eighties—About a hundred prints by fourteen artists who have eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **lieberman & saul**, 155 Spring St.: Works by gallery artists and others, among them Zeke Berman, Katherine Fishman, Michael Spano, and Brian Wood. Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **laurence miller**, 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through Friday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **303 gallery**, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Photographs by Andrea Fraser and others; a video by Marianne Weems; photographs and sculptures by



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Fareed Armaly. Through Saturday, July 25. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WITKIN,** 415 West Broadway: Chairs are the common denominator in this show of prints by more than sixty photographers. Through Aug. 21. (Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturday, July 25.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Berlinart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Maria Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through Sunday, July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Starts Thursday, July 23, at noon. . . . ¶ A show of Cindy Sherman's photographs dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibit surveying three thousand years of Chinese celadons, a family of ceramics that reached its peak in the hands of Sung-dynasty (960-1279 A.D.) artisans, who perfected the jadelike texture of the glaze. Bells, funerary urns, covered boxes, ewers, vases, and bottles—nearly ninety works in all. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of decorative arts centering on the Parisian entrepreneur and Art Nouveau booster Siegfried Bing (1838-1905). The objects on display—painted porcelains by Edouard Vuillard, wall coverings by William Morris, prints by Edvard Munch—were among those seen in Bing's shop and workshop at 22 Rue de Provence. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through Friday, July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

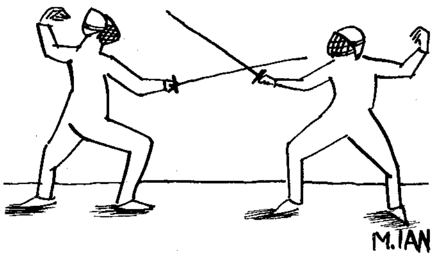
National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, July 22, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, July 24, at 7:35, and Saturday and Sunday, July 25-26, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, July 28, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 29, at 1; and Thursday, July 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Detroit Friday, July 31, at 7:30, and Saturday, Aug 1, at 2:20.



Golf—The U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Championship rounds, Thursday through Sunday, July 23-26.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays and Fridays, at 1. Races begin at 3 on Fridays, and there is no racing on Tuesdays Through Monday, Aug. 3. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 25, and the Sword Dancer Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays except Fridays, at 1:30. Races begin at 3 on Fridays. Through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 25, and the Haskell Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 1. . . **ATLANTIC CITY RACE COURSE,** McKee City, N.J. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 5.

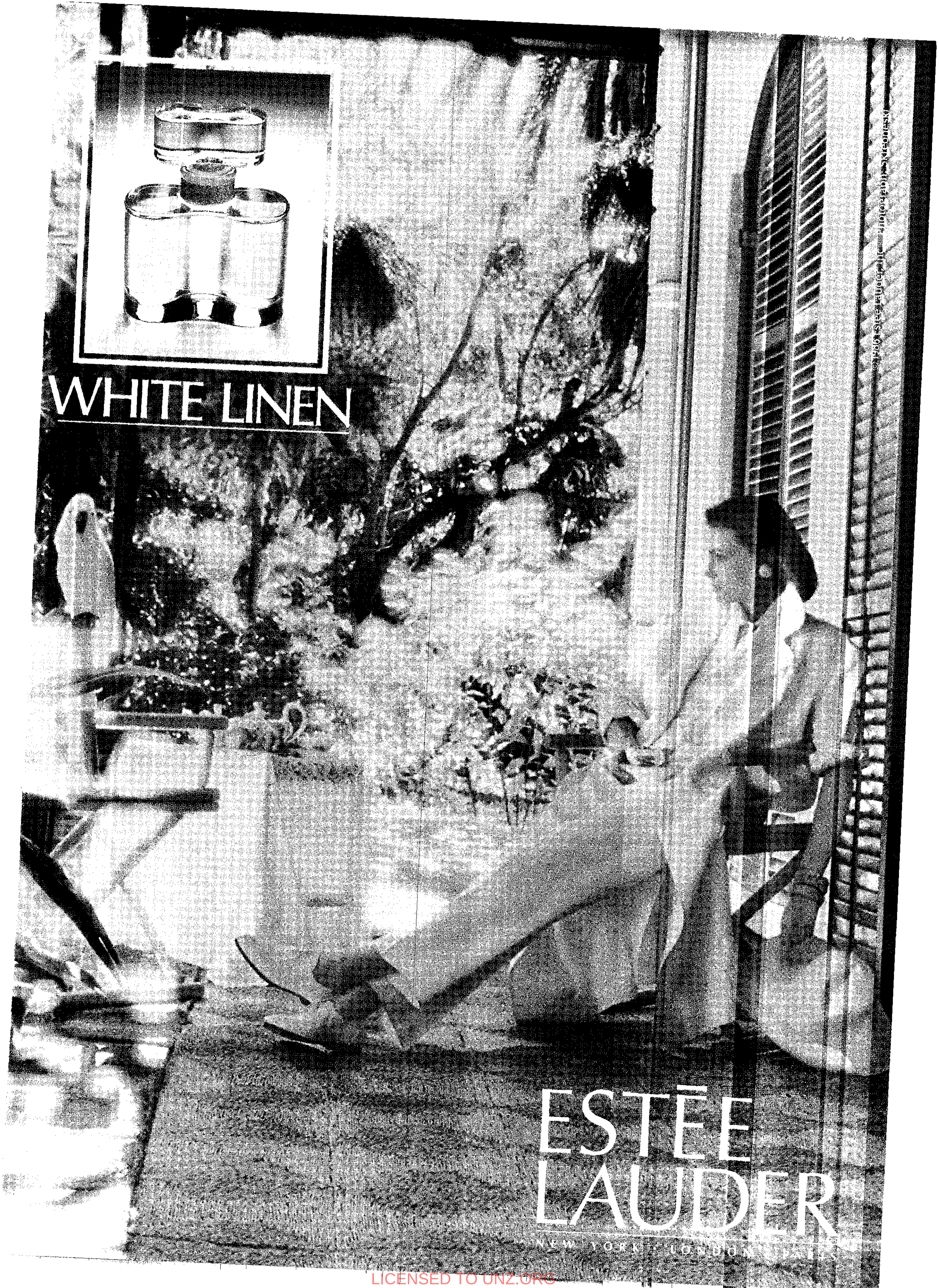
Trotting—At the **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1 through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

MUSIC

Taneyev String Quartet—Chamber music by this group from Leningrad, appearing here for the first time. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday July 31, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, July 22: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, Frederick Burchinal, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 23: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Gail Dobish Michael Sylvester, and Scott Reeve; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday evening July 24: "Faust," with Faith Esham, Richard Leech, John Cheek, and Stephen Dickson Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée July 25: "Tosca," with Elizabeth Holleque Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Saturday evening July 25: "La Rondine," with Leigh Munro Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, Stanley Cornett, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 29-31, and Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 1: "Sweeney Todd," with alternating casts; Paul Gemignani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Nightly at 8 Matinées Saturdays at 2. Through Sunday Nov. 15.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Wednesday, July 22 John Nelson conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha piano, and Thomas Hampson, baritone. . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: A two-part concert—James Richman conducting the Concert Royal, with the New York Baroque Dance Company, and Ransom Wilson conducting the Solisti New York, with the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company; Todd Levy, clarinet; and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 24-25: John Nelson conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Joshua Bell, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26 Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in a program of music by Elgar, Haydn, Vaughan Williams, and Bizet. . . . ¶ Monday, July 27: Christopher Hogwood conducting a chamber orchestra performing on original instruments, with Steven Lubin, fortepiano, and Stanley Ritchie, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday July 28-29: Leopold Hager conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Paul Gallo, basset horn; and Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: A program of Bach harpsichord concertos for one to four players, performed by Anthony Newman, Kenneth Cooper, Edward Brewer, and Arthur Haas, with the New York Chamber Soloists. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1: Leopold Hager conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Delores Ziegler, mezzo-soprano and Miss de Larrocha. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nightly at 8, with pre-concert


WHITE LINEN
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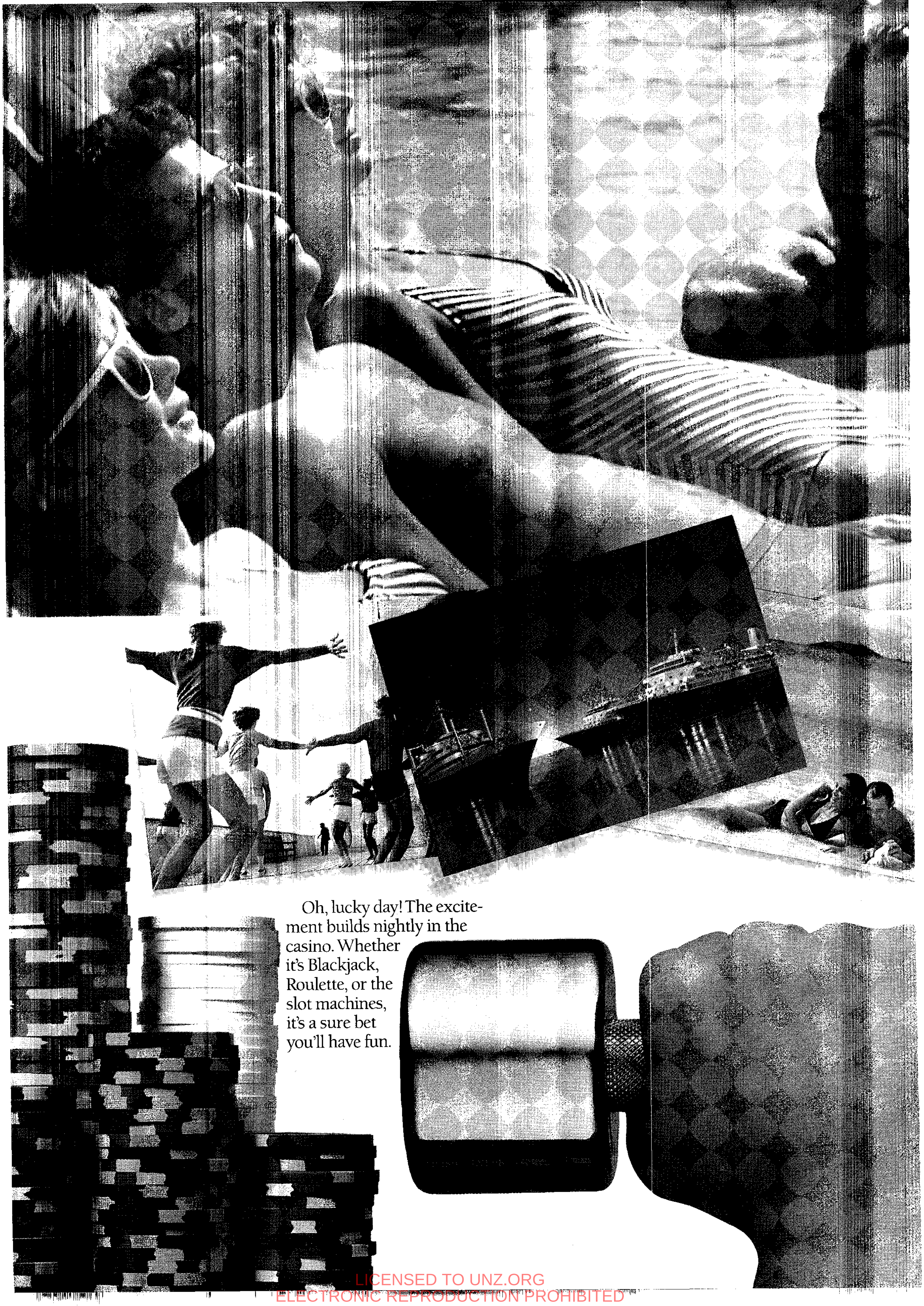

Oh, lucky day! The excitement builds nightly in the casino. Whether it's Blackjack, Roulette, or the slot machines, it's a sure bet you'll have fun.

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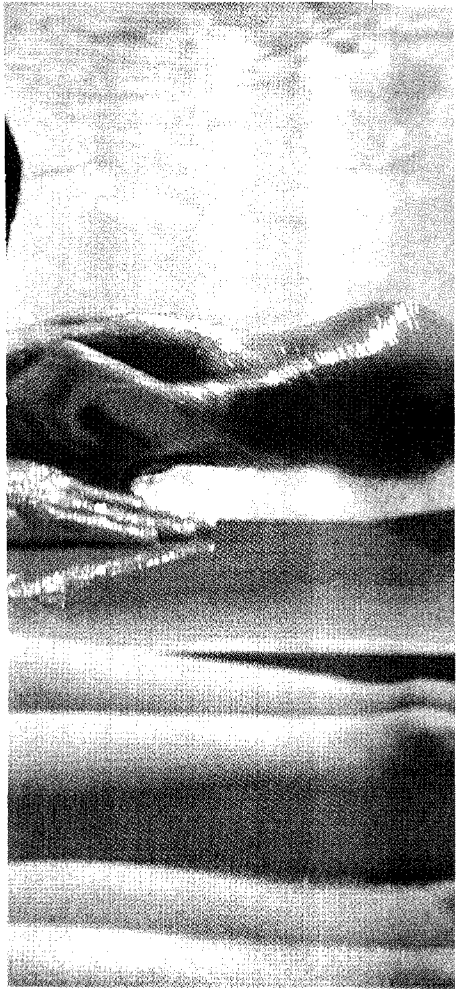

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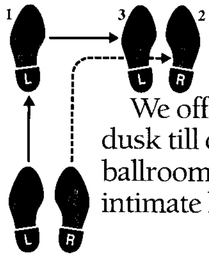

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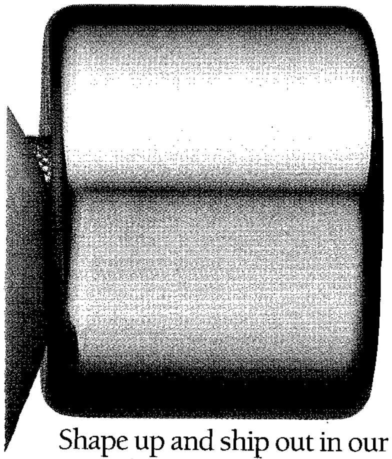

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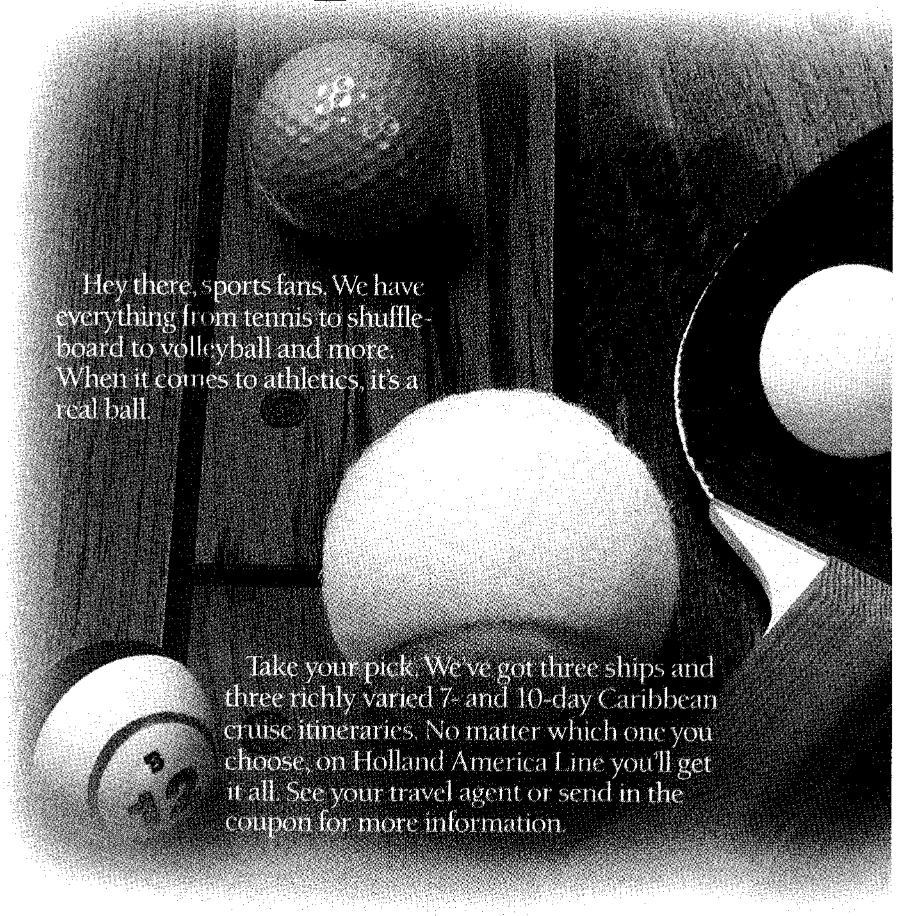

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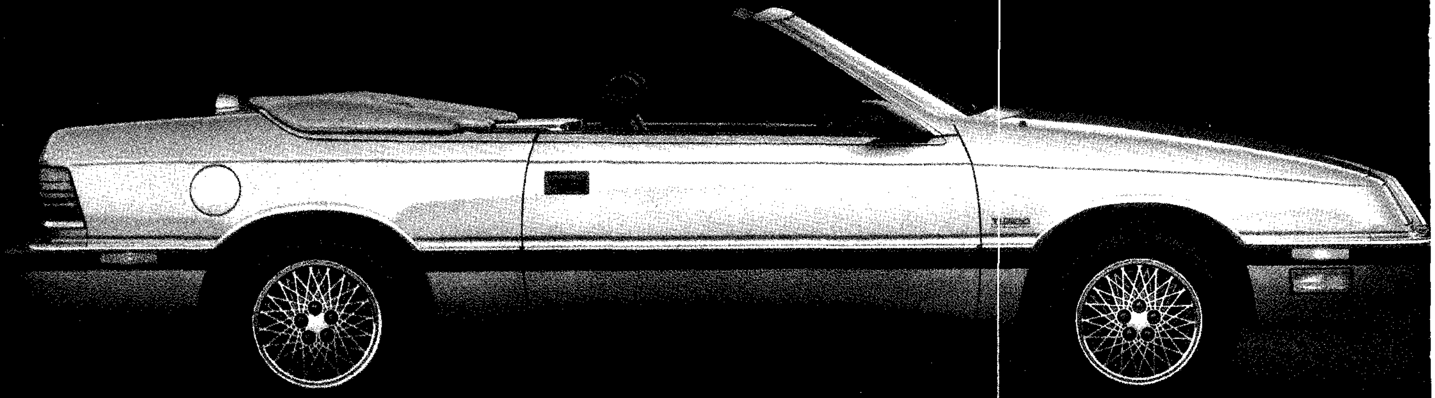

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Slip into rich, supportive leather,* sense the power of command at your fingertips, grip the cushioned wheel...your driving instincts come alive.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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recitals at 7, except on Thursday, July 23, and Sunday, July 26. Through Saturday, Aug. 22.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,** with Elizabeth McGovern as Julia, will begin on Friday, July 24, and run through Sunday, Aug. 16. The second of three productions to be presented at the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, July 22: David Sanborn and the Nylons. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 23: The Thompson Twins and Chris Isaak. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Phyllis Hyman, with Jean Carne, Ramsey Lewis, and Stanley Turrentine. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26: The Charlie Daniels band, the Marshall Tucker band, and the Outlaws. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Goldman Memorial Band—Ainslee Cox conducting. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Seaside Park, Brooklyn. Saturdays and Sunday, July 26, at 8.)

Music Cruises—Concerts on excursion boats. Thursday, July 23, at 7: Loup Gurou. . . . Sunday, July 26, at 6:30: Sun Ra & His Arkestra. . . . Monday, July 27, at 6 and 9: Dizzy Gillespie. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8: David Bromberg, with John Sebastian and Aztec Two-Step. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.)

Central Park Bandshell—Thursday, July 23, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8: Ann Carlson, Peter Reed and the Contemporary Ballet Company, and Charles Dennis and Frank Conversano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 3: Fernest and the Thunders. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 3: Inkhay. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in Verdi's "Il Corsaro." . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8: Rachel Rosenthal, Nicky Paraiso & Mary Shultz, and Mark Dendy & Jaimie Martinez. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 3: Rebirth. (For raindate information, call 860-1335.)

Prospect Park Bandshell—Friday, July 24, at 8: The Limon Dance Company, Dan Wagoner and Dancers, and Mark Taylor and Friends. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8: Soh Daiko, Eiko & Koma, and Chen & Dancers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 8: Chuck Davis's African American Dance Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8: Tania León conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with Tito Puente and his ensemble. (For rain-date information, call 1-718 768-0699.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Saturday, July 25, and Tuesday, July 28, at 8: Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in a program of theatre songs by Bernstein and Weill. . . . ¶ Monday, July 27, at 7: Abbey Simon, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8: Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Lisa Lancaster, cello, and David Kim, violin.

Riverside Park Rotunda—Sunday, July 26, at 3: The South Glamorgan Youth Choir, a sixty-eight-member group from Wales. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 4: The George Coleman quartet. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin.)

Washington Square Park—The Dean Pratt Big Band will perform in the third in a series of five weekly programs. (Tuesday, July 28, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Square S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Summerfare—Final performances—Mozart's **COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** conducted by Craig Smith and directed by Peter Sellars: Wednesday, July 22, and Friday, July 24, at 8, and Sunday, July 26, at 2:30. . . . Mozart's **DON GIOVANNI,** conducted by Craig Smith and directed by Peter Sellars: Thursday, July 23, Saturday, July 25, Wednesday, July 29, and Friday, July 31, all at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **ROYAL DRAMATIC THEATRE,** of Stockholm, presenting "A Feast in the Plague-Time," four short plays by Pushkin (Yuri Lyubimov, director): Thursday, July 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8:30; and Sunday, July 26, at 6:30. . . . **KRONOS QUARTET:** Friday, July 24, at 8, and Saturday, July 25, at 8:30. . . . **JOFFREY BALLET,** presenting "Love Songs," "Untitled," "Light Rain," and "Birthday Variations": Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 26, at 2:30. . . . **VISIONS OF DON JUAN,** a multimedia work, written and directed by Matthew Maguire: Friday, July 24, at 8:30; Saturday, July 25, at 5 and 9; and Sunday, July 26, at 4. . . . **EL TANGO DE DON JUAN,** a musical directed by Jérome Savary: Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **COMPAGNIE JÉROME DESCHAMPS,** presenting "It's Sunday": Thursday and Friday, July 30-31, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 1, at 7:45; and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **TEATRO MASCARA,** of Florence, presenting "Until Help Comes," a one-woman work, with Susanna Dini: Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 9:45, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 4. . . . **ACTORS THEATRE OF LOUISVILLE,** presenting "Digging In: The Farm Crisis in Kentucky": Saturday, Aug. 1, at 6, and Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . **LIMON DANCE COMPANY,** presenting "Dolmen Music," "Also, Egmont Bitte!," and "A Choreographic Offering": Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8. (State University of New York at Purchase. For information about tickets and about round-trip transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 253-5900.) . . . **NOTE:** On Sunday, July 26, at 2:30, Andrew Porter will speak on the legends of Don Juan.

Caramoor Music Festival—Thursday, July 23, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: Shura Cherkassky, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Marilyn Horne, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 5:30: Christopher Parkening, guitar. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Gerard Schwarz conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Saturday, July 25, at 8:30.)

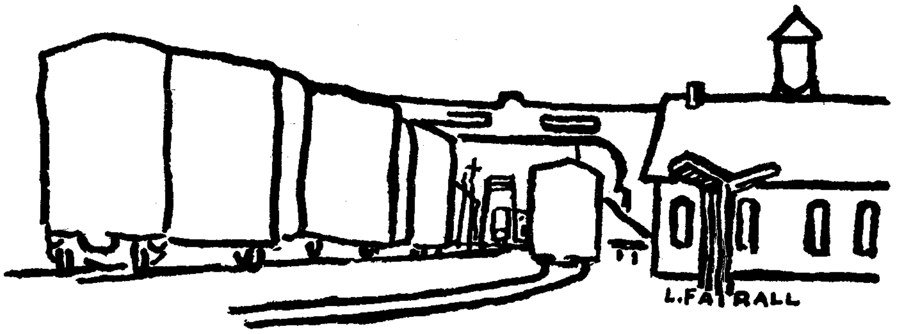
Norfolk Chamber-Music Festival—Friday, July 24, at 8:30: The New York Woodwind Quintet and the New York Brass Quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Jesse Levine conducting the Norfolk Chamber Orchestra, with Boris Berman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. (Norfolk, Conn. Through Saturday, Aug. 8. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

Tanglewood—Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony, with Midori, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting, with Malcolm Lowe, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: Nexus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 9: Carl St. Clair conducting the Boston Symphony, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Benjamin Pasternack, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Berkshire Choral Festival—Two in a series of weekly concerts by a chorus of more than two hundred members, the Springfield Symphony Orchestra, and soloists. Saturday, July 25, at 8: Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Holst-Poulenc-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8: Joseph Flummerfelt directing a Handel-Schubert program. (Berkshire School, South Egremont, Mass. 1-413 229-3522. Through Saturday, Aug. 8.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Through Saturday, July 25: A program of African music and dance. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 1: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—**NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday evening, July 22, and Thursday matinée, July 23: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 24: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Concertino," "Concerto Barocco," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 25: "Square Dance," "Les Petits Riens," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 25: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Agon," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.** Opening performances of a three-week season. Wednesday evening, July 29: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola; William Stokking, cello; and Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 30: William Smith conducting, with Alec Chien, piano, and William de Pasquale, violin. . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 31: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 1: Victor Borge conducting and playing the piano in an improvised concert. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through July 23: At 6, "Les Trois Valses" (1939; directed by Ludwig Berger; in French), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay; at 8, "Maytime" (1937; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and, at 10:15, "Balalaika" (1939; Reinhold Schunzel), with Ilona Massey and Nelson Eddy.

July 24: At 6, "One Night of Love" (1934; Victor Schertzinger), with Grace Moore; at 8, "Bitter Sweet" (1933; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavey, and Ivy St. Helier; and, at 10, "Music in the Air" (1934; Joe May), with Gloria Swanson and John Boles.

July 25-26: At 4, "Heart's Desire" (1937; Paul L. Stein), with Richard Tauber; at 6, "One Night of Love;" at 8, "Bitter Sweet" (1933); and, at 10, "Music in the Air."

July 28-30: At 6, "Love Me Tonight" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; at 8, "I Married an Angel" (†); and, at 10, "The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline, Linda Ronstadt, Angela Lansbury, Rex Smith, and George Rose.

From July 31: At 6, "The Night Is Young" (1935; Dudley Murphy), with Ramon Novarro, Una Merkel, and Evelyn Laye; at 8, "Singing on the Treadmill" (1974; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian); and, at 10, "The Lottery Bride" (1930; Paul L. Stein), with Jeanette MacDonald and Joe E. Brown.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through July 23: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong. From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine. From July 31: "The Lost Boys" (Joel Schumacher), with Dianne Wiest.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through July 23: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 2: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.

Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Roxanne" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Innerspace" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through July 23: "The Believers" (†).

From July 24: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Good Morning, Babylon" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani), with Vincent Spano and Joaquim de Almeida.

Theatre 2: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (Alan Clarke).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (1987 †).

Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Whistle Blower" (Simon Langton), with Michael Caine, Nigel Havers, and James Fox.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Dragnet" (1987 †).

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through July 23: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 24: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.

Theatre 2: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Sea and Poison" (1986; directed by Kei Kumai; in Japanese).

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "Ping Pong" (Po Chih Leong; in English and Cantonese).

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "River's Edge" (†). From July 24: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (1987 †).

Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend. From July 24: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido.

Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†). From July 31: "Rita, Sue and Bob Too" (Alan Clarke).

Theatre 4: Through July 30: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †). From July 31: "The Girl."

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Innerspace" (†). From July 24: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.

Theatre 2: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Theatre 3: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Roxanne" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Eat the Peach" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through July 23: "Dragnet" (1987 †).

From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Withnail and I" (Bruce Robinson).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Jean de Florette" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through July 30: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

From July 31: "Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Gran Fiesta" (Marcos Zurinaga; in Spanish and English).

Theatre 2: Through July 23: "My Life as a Dog" (†). From July 24: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 23: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†). From July 24: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).

Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

Theatre 3: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.

Theatre 4: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1938), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Columbia, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
July 22: Theatre closed.
From July 23, at 8: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales. (Opening night by invitation only.)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 23: "Hollywood Shuffle" (directed by Robert Townsend), with Townsend. From July 24: "Superman IV: The Quest for Peace" (Sidney J. Furie), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 4: "Summer School" (Carl Reiner), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 5: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 3: Through July 23: "The Untouchables" (†). From July 24: "La Bamba" (Luis Valdez), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Esai Morales.
Theatre 4: Through July 23: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp). From July 24: "La Bamba."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Jaws: The Revenge" (Joseph Sargent), with Michael Caine.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).
Theatre 2: "Robocop" (Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

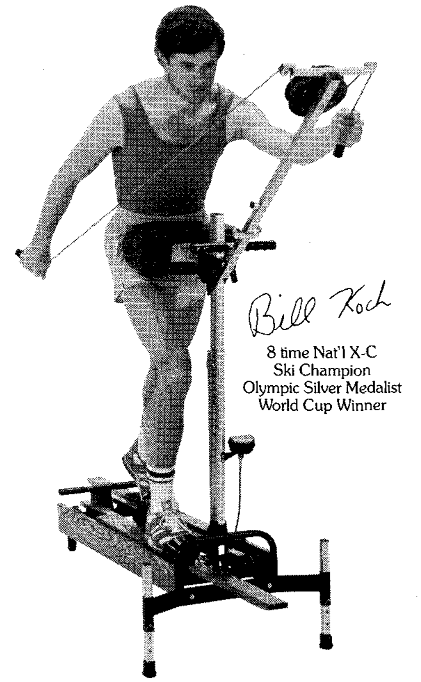
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 23: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; directed by Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Milky Way" (1968; Luis Buñuel; in French).
July 24-25: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes; and "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau.
July 26: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons.
July 27-28: A program of Popeye cartoons.
July 29-30: A program of M-G-M cartoons.
July 31-Aug. 1: A program of Warner Brothers and Looney Tunes cartoons.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 22: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a short film).
July 23-25: "Scene of the Crime" (1987; André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Wadeck Stanczak, and Danielle Darrieux; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
July 26-27: "Georgia O'Keeffe" (1977; Perry Miller Adato), "The Life and Death of Frida Kahlo" (1976; Karen and David Crommie), and "Eisenstaedt: Germany" (1981; David Hoffman), all documentaries.
July 28: "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski), a documentary about punk rock; and "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan.
July 29: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Virginia Cherrill; and "The General" (†).
July 30: "Dust" (1986; Marion Hansel), with Jane Birkin and Trevor Howard; and "Straw Dogs" (†).
From July 31: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 22: "Ship of Fools" (1965; Stanley Kramer), with Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, and George Segal.
July 23-25: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
July 26-28: "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters; and "The Misfits" (†).
July 29-30: "Let's Make Love" (1960; George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand, and Milton Berle; and "Ladies of the Chorus" (1949; Phil Karlson), with Adele Jergens, and Marilyn Monroe.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Monkey Business" (1952 †); and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe and Olivier.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "City for Conquest" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan.
July 23: "The Groove Tube" (1974; Ken Shapiro); and "Tunnelvision" (1976; Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel), with Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor.
July 24-25: "Mix Up" (1986; François



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Romand); and "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.
July 26: "Bellissima" (1951; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari; and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè.
July 27: "The Cotton Club" (†); and "Gang War" (1940).
July 28: "Curse of the Demon" (1958; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "The Tingler" (1960; William Castle), with Vincent Price.
July 29: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†) and "La Chienne" (†).
July 30: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).
July 31-Aug. 1: "The Harder They Come" (†); and "Heartland Reggae" (1980; Jim Lewis), a concert film.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 22: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
July 23: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (†).
July 24-25: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.
July 26: "The Chinese Cat" (1944; Phil Rosen) and "The Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), both films with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.
July 27-28: "The Night of the Hunter" (†); and "*Home from the Hill*" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.
July 29: "The Homecoming" (1973; Peter Hall), with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers; and "The Last Tycoon" (†).
July 30: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1935; Stuart Walker), with Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, and David Manners; and "Dragonwyck" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan.
July 31-Aug. 1: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946; George Marshall), with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix; and "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: July 23 at 2:30: "An American Tragedy" (1931; directed by Josef von Sternberg), with Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney, and Frances Dee. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6 and July 24 at 2:30: "Every Night at Eight" (1935; Raoul Walsh), with George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, and Patsy Kelly. . . . ¶ July 24 at 6: "An American Tragedy." . . . ¶ July 25 at 2: "Young Man of Manhattan" (1930; Monta Bell), with Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Ginger Rogers, and Charles Ruggles. . . . ¶ July 25 at 5 and July 26 at 2: "The Milky Way" (1936; Leo McCarey), with Harold Lloyd, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, and Lionel Stander. . . . ¶ July 26 at 5: "Young Man of Manhattan." . . . ¶ July 27 at 2:30: "My Sin" (1931; George Abbott), with Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March. . . . ¶ July 27 at 6 and July 28 at 2:30: "Easy Living" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "My Sin." . . . ¶ July 30 at 2:30: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1931; Rouben Mamoulian), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Rose Hobart. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6 and July 31 at 2:30: "Girls About Town" (1931; George Cukor), with Kay Francis, Joel McCrea, Lilyan Tashman, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ July 31 at 6: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: "June Moon" (1931; A. Edward Sutherland), with Jack Oakie, Frances Dee, and Wynne Gibson. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5: "Three Cornered Moon" (1933; *Elliott Nugent), with Claudette Colbert*, Richard Arlen, Mary Boland, and Lyda Roberti.
Theatre 2: July 23 at 6:30 and July 25 at 4: "Portrait of a Woman Drinker" (1979; Ulrike Ottinger; in German, with English subtitles), with Tabea Blumenschein. . . . ¶ July 30 at 6:30 and Aug. 1 at 4: "City of Lost Souls–Berlin Blues" (1983; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles).

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug 1: "Columbia Pictures Television: The Studio and the Creative Process," a program of selected episodes from dramatic series, situation comedies, anthology series, TV movies, and mini-series produced over the past thirty-five years at the studio. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Through July 23: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings Tuesdays at 12:30, 2:45, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:45. . . . ¶ Starting July 24: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—July 31 at 7: "Genbaku Shi: Killed by the Atomic Bomb" (1985; Gary DeWalt), a documentary.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 22: "Stromboli" (1949; Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 23: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte. . . . ¶ July 24: "Weekend in Havana" (1941; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda. . . . ¶ July 25: "Murder Most Foul" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple. . . . ¶ July 28: "Tender Is the Night" (1961; Henry King), with Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Joan Fontaine, and Tom Ewell. . . . ¶ July 29: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann. . . . ¶ July 30: "Purple Rose of Cairo" (1986; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels. . . . ¶ July 31: "Moon Over Miami" (1941; Walter Lang), with Don Ameche and Betty Grable. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time on the night of the performance.)

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (316-7563)—"Robin Hood" (1922; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Beery, Sam De Grasse, and Enid Bennett. Original organ *score written and played by Lee Erwin.* (July 29 at 8.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A program of five films by Hou Hsiao-hsien. July 23 at 3: "Dust in the Wind" (1987; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 23 at 7: "The Boys of Fengkuei" (1984; in Mandarin, with English subtitles); and "Son's Big Doll" (1984; in Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 30 at 3: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (1984; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 30 at 7: "A Time to Live and a Time to Die" (1985; in Mandarin, with English subtitles). (For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 284.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (873-3400)—"Heaven Can Wait" (1943; Ernst Lubitsch), with Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, and Laird Cregar. (July 26 at 2.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Believers—John Schlesinger's occult thriller is set in a vile, hellish New York City—one *of his specialties since "Midnight Cowboy."* In this picture, about a widowed police psychologist and his young son, who are threatened by a human-sacrifice cult, Schlesinger seems right at home: in the no man's land between pop sociology and sheer exploitation. The high seriousness of the tone makes the pulp material far more loathsome than it would be in a schlock horror movie. Schlesinger has never been more effective or more hateful. With Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and a fine supporting cast that features Robert Loggia, Jimmy Smits, Harris Yulin, Lee Richardson, and the alarming Malick Bowens. Screenplay by Mark Frost, from Nicholas Condé's novel "The Religion;" terrific cinematography by Robby Müller. —T.R. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Plaza; through July 23.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully *rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for* the period when it was made. With Charles Grandval, Marcelle Hainia, Jean Gehret, Max Dalban, Jean Dasté, and Jacques Becker. In French. (Thalia SoHo; July 29.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a pasty-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; July 29.)

The Cotton Club (1984)—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. From the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Richard Gere, Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, and Gwen Verdon. (Thalia SoHo; July 27.)

Devil in the Flesh—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio. In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through July 30.)

Dragnet—The first joke in this expensive spoof of Jack Webb's long-running TV cop show is that Sergeant Joe Friday's nephew (played

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by Dan Aykroyd) is, in the "swinging" Los Angeles of the eighties, an even straighter arrow than his unsmiling uncle was in the fifties. *The second joke is apparently being* saved for the sequel. With Tom Hanks (as Friday's partner), Christopher Plummer, Dabney Coleman, Elizabeth Ashley, and Harry Morgan, who played Webb's sidekick in the sixties version of the program. (If you're old enough to remember that, you're too old for this movie.) Directed, clumsily, by Tom Mankiewicz, who also conspired on the screenplay with Aykroyd and Alan Zweibel. —T.R. (Gemini, U. A. East, and Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through July 23.)

EAT THE PEACH—Directed by Peter Ormrod. (Reviewed in this issue.) (57th St. Playhouse.)

FULL METAL JACKET—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. Here's a director who has been insulated from American life for more than two decades, and he proceeds to define the American crisis of the century. He does it by lingering for a near-pornographic eternity over a young Vietnamese woman who is in pain and pleads "Shoot me! Shoot me!" This is James M. Cain in Vietnam. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/13/87.) (Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and National Twin.)

THE GENERAL (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except, perhaps, for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film's hero—Keaton playing him, of course—has all the droll, poetic application in the world. The film is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. —P.G. (Film Forum 2; July 29.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Thalia SoHo; July 31-Aug. 1.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL (1942)—Rodgers and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M became nervous and removed the sophistication, turning the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without its energy. This disaster was MacDonald and Eddy's last film together. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. With Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Public Theatre; July 28-30, at 8.)

INNERSPACE—With Dennis Quaid and Martin Short, directed by Joe Dante. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, 86th Street Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . 23rd St. West Triplex; through July 23.)

JEAN DE FLORETTE—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Paris.)

THE LAST TYCOON (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which stars Robert De Niro as the artist-businessman Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. De Niro gives an authentic interpretation of a New York-Jewish Hollywood intellectual giant of the thirties, but he might be acting under a blanket. Probably the first mistake was to approach the book cap in hand, and the next was to hire Pinter; the film needed a writer who would fill in what's missing—Pinter's art is the art of taking away. With Jack Nicholson, Robert Mitchum, Ingrid Boulting, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, Theresa Russell, Dana Andrews, and Tony Curtis—the only one who shows any vitality. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 29.)

THE MISFITS (1961)—Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand–rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. The film was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Regency; July 26-28.)

MONKEY BUSINESS (1952)—Grating screwball farce. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, Cary Grant is required to act frolicsomely juvenile; it's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids. As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking infantilism, and she gives a nightmarishly busy performance. This boisterous, labored movie, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was written by Ben Hecht, I.A.L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer from a story by Harry Segall, and was directed by Howard Hawks. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 1.)

MY LIFE AS A DOG—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish—T.R. (Gemini, Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through July 23.)

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper *in reverse; adults trust him, children* try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). This shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27-28.)

PRICK UP YOUR EARS—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Quad Cinema; through July 30.)

River's Edge—Teen-age anomie and the indifference of selfish, corrupt adults. The subject might suggest a movie made for TV if it weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp elements and the woozy poetry. The script, by Neal Jimenez, which takes off from an incident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, appears to have been conceived as an exploitation melodrama, but the director, Tim Hunter, has a fuzzy, naturalistic approach, and the movie is a slack mixture of "important" and mediocre—a blur that viewers can project onto. Big-bellied John (Daniel Roebuck), a high-school pothead, strangles his girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nude on the riverbank. Soon all the members of his pack of six or seven stoned kids have viewed their dead friend, but nobody speaks of notifying the authorities, because Layne (Crispin Glover), the high-strung leader of the group, pressures them to believe that it would be a violation of their code to let any adults know about what happened. The movie doesn't deal with the facts of the Milpitas case (where the murderer was black). It tells us next to nothing about why John killed Jamie and shows us very little of how the other kids react to her death. Then this vacancy at the heart of the film is used as proof of the kids' heartlessness. Glover gives a weird, grimacing, hand-waving performance; other garish elements include Dennis Hopper as a one-legged ex-biker dope dealer who waltzes with an inflatable sex doll and Joshua Miller as a malicious twelve-year-old who drowns his baby sister's dolly. Also with Keanu Reeves, Ione Skye, and Jim Metzler as the teacher. Cinematography by Frederick Elmes. (6/15/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 23.)

Rosa Luxemburg—Margarethe von Trotta's biography of the fiery, independent-minded Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxemburg is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries to bring Luxemburg to life as a character and to reconstruct the time and place of her struggles (Germany before and just after the First World War) without romanticizing and trivializing history. The film is occasionally moving, more frequently puzzling: it bears the same uneasy relationship to both politics and entertainment as a May Day parade, and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa's portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her a Best Actress award at last year's Cannes festival, is dogged and rather monotonous. With Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Adelheid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenplay; the excellent cinematography is by Franz Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through July 23. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting July 24.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light on his feet in this airy, modern love comedy based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." He seems to crossbreed the skills of W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

Straw Dogs (1971)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah, who sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. The only beauty he allows himself is in eroticism and violence. With David Warner. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman and Peckinpah, adapted from the novel "The Siege of Trencher's Farm," by Gordon M. Williams. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23. . . . ¶ Film Forum 2; July 30.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 86th Street Twin, and Embassy; through July 23.)

Wish You Were Here—Directed by David Leland. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza; starting July 24.)

The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word.* (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gramercy, Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through July 30.)

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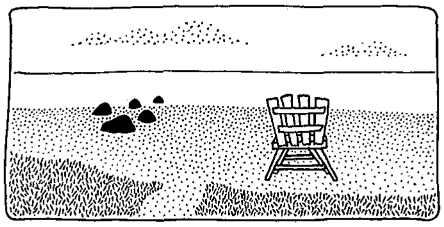
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THROUGHOUT the weeks of the Iran-Contra hearings, and particularly during the testimony of Rear Admiral John Poindexter, the press and the members of the select committees have spent an enormous amount of time speculating about the existence (or nonexistence) of a "smoking gun"—some direct documentary evidence that the President knew of the diversion of funds from the Iran arms sales to the Contras. The obsession with smoking guns is, of course, a holdover from the Watergate hearings, and what created it then was Richard Nixon's bizarre propensity for taping his own conversations, including incriminating ones. Under those still astonishing circumstances, a smoking gun could be found, and eventually one was—the famous June 23rd tapes, whose appearance immediately preceded the President's resignation. (Up until those final days, it's worth remembering, the smoking-gun image was a favorite of the President's *defenders*, as in "You still haven't produced . . .")

In this respect, the Watergate tapes were a deus ex machina with one less than fortunate aspect. They were providential, in that they narrowed the question to one of guilty knowledge and participation on the part of the President and thus furnished a basis for a consensus that compelled the President to leave office. But that narrowing of the question helped us all to avoid harder and more crucial constitutional questions. To what degree is the President responsible only for his own actions, narrowly defined, and to what degree is he responsible for acts of illegality and attempts to subvert constitutional government on the part of his aides and closest appointees? The notion that the President is not responsible if it cannot be proved conclusively that he knew of some specific wrongdoing allows for precisely the claim that Admiral Poindexter put forth: it encourages the President's men to break the law in ways they have reason to believe the President would like and at the same time, since they keep the details from him, enables them to provide him with "future deniability." Now there is growing pressure from influential members of Congress for a preëmptive pardon of the President's aides, on the assumption that, however ineptly, they were carrying out his policies—and this would eliminate their risk as well. If we accept these arguments, no Administration official is put at risk by lawbreaking, and therefore in a real sense there is no longer any law. The President is protected by his ignorance, and his subordinates are protected by their belief that they were acting solely for the President and as he would have wished. Lawbreaking becomes "a matter of implementation."

This was precisely the issue that should have been confronted during Watergate, but after the appearance of the tapes the question of the President's responsibility for a pattern of unconstitutional conduct within his Administration was left unresolved. In the absence of a resolution—that is, as long as it remains possible for a President to shrug off unconstitutional acts by his aides on the ground that he wasn't aware of the details—we find ourselves moving frighteningly toward a system of government by plebiscite and junta. Every four years, we are to provide some leader with an immensely broad "mandate," and he will then leave it up to his colonels and admirals to carry out his programs in any way they see fit. This is essentially the theory of government which has been proposed by witnesses—and, incredible as it seems, endorsed by certain legislators—over the last weeks, and it suggests that we have been conducting the wrong kind of search. The object in question is the body of the Constitution; when we find it with a hundred stab wounds, there's no point in looking for a smoking gun.



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Dessert

IT costs between thirty and forty million dollars to develop a new frozen dessert and establish it as a staple carried by most of the supermarket chains in the country. The payoff can be a big one—annual sales in the millions, followed by sale of the company to one of the food giants. But long before that there is segmented marketing to think about, and such things as slotting fees, free goods, planograms, facings, cart programs, and media sampling. Whenever David Braff, a forty-year-old Madison Avenue marketing and public-relations man, whose successful frozen-dessert introductions have made him a sort of summertime byword on the streets of Manhattan, gets excited calls from kitchen inventors who want to talk about a new concoction they've just perfected—maybe it's an ice-cream sundae with Heath Bar fragments and nougat mix-ins, plus two toppings, crammed into a nutted sugar cone—he tries to talk immediately about all the hurdles ahead. "Are you sitting down?" he likes to ask. "Are you *emotionally* sitting down?"

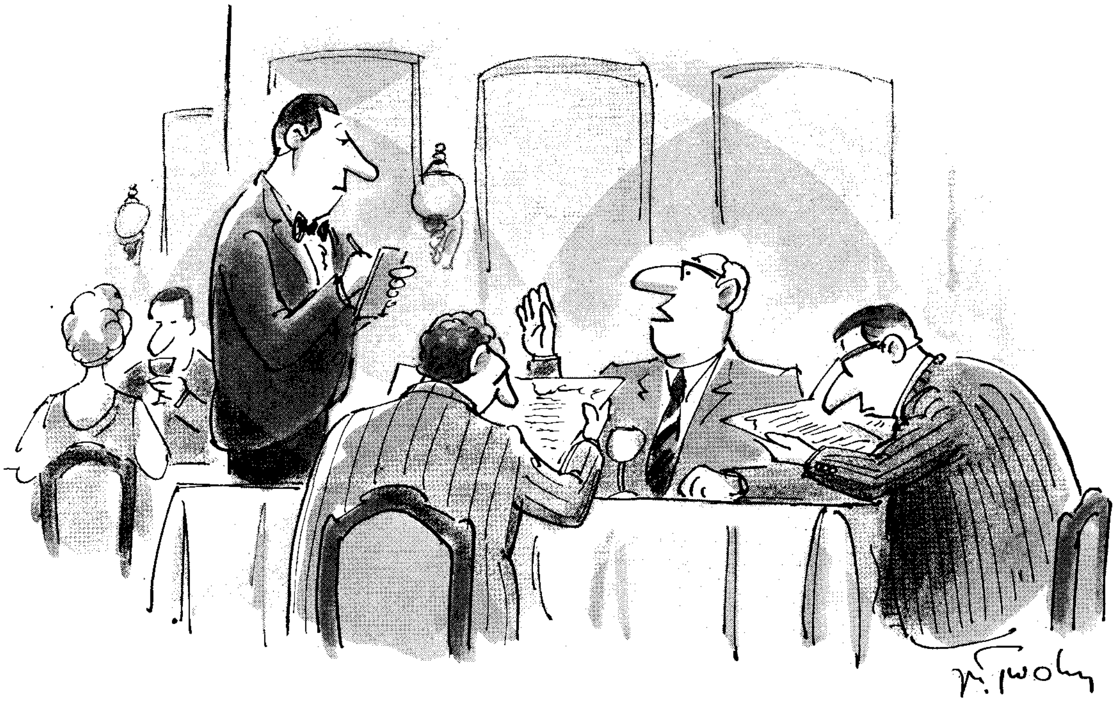
For instance, Braff explains, many supermarket chains demand money up front—a slotting fee—before they'll stock a new product in their warehouses, and payments of ten thousand dollars a flavor are not uncommon. And a large number of supermarkets also expect to receive free goods these days—usually one free item for every four or five they buy, although sometimes the ratio goes up to one for one. A planogram is a diagram that supermarket buyers make up several times a year laying out every inch of shelf space and every cubic inch of freezer-case space for the next season. The goal for a new frozen dessert is to make it to the point where, in addition to gaining summertime planogram slots for all its facings—each freezer row devoted to a different flavor or size is a separate facing—the product turns every week ("turns" in this context means "turns over, has to be reordered," not "goes sour"), selling in winter months as well as in summer and thus overcoming what's known as "seasonality in the case."

Not that Braff is trying to discourage anyone. On the contrary, he's eager to advance segmented marketing. At the moment, both kitchen inventors and food investors are concentrating a lot of their attention on the frozen-novelty segment of the market—in particular, on what are known as adult frozen novelties. "Frozen novelty" means an item that can be held in the hand and eaten while one is walking around. "Adult" means younger adults (twenty-five- to forty-four-year-olds), as opposed to the overlapping "ultra" segment of the market (forty- to sixty-year-olds). Because baby boomers are getting older, adults are the fastest-growing part of the market: by 1990, sixteen million Americans will have joined this group —a thirty-per-cent jump since 1980. And ever since 1981 David Braff has been demonstrating that these adults have retained a taste for frozen novelties—provided, that is, that the products offered them "match to adult taste buds," as he puts it. "The inner-directeds—an important new group within the boomers, which is value-oriented, and no longer just money-oriented—are looking for less sweet or for all-natural when it comes to giving themselves indulgence rewards," he says. "Almost every kid eats frozen novelties, but so far only fifty-five per cent of the adults are users."

In the summer of 1981 and again in 1982, Braff put an army of gleaming pushcarts attended by polite venders on midtown and downtown street corners to push the Chipwich—an updated, higher-priced version of the ice-cream sandwich which was named by two school kids from Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, and was created by Richard LaMotta, a CBS lawyer and engineer who grew up in Coney Island. The 1981 carts did a record-breaking business, selling a million two hundred Chipwiches, at a dollar apiece. In the summer of 1983, Braff was working mostly indoors, on a national supermarket launch of Frusen Glädjè. But in 1984 he was back outside, with carts hawking Tofutti, a non-dairy, tofu-based ice cream created in a Brooklyn basement by David Mintz, a kosher caterer from Brooklyn, who had previously been known for his tofu-based beef Stroganoff. Then came 1985, and the first Braff-crafted DoveBar carts. The DoveBar, like a Good Humor but with gourmet-quality everything—including a heavy dark-chocolate coating that liquefies when it hits the tongue—was invented by Leo Stefanos, a Chicago candy-store owner. His son Michael had been making the bars by hand—only five hundred a day—in the back of the shop. Braff's DoveBar carts that summer set a dollar record—eight hundred thousand DoveBars, at two dollars apiece—even though the product had a temperature-humidity-index problem: the chocolate coating is so thick that in really hot weather it can lose its grip on the ice cream underneath after a few bites, and plop to the sidewalk. Last summer, when frozen fruit became a hot trend in frozen novelties, Braff was deskbound again, trying to plan a national public-relations campaign for the Fruit Juicee—"a stickless, one-hand, squeeze-up frozen fruit-juice snack in a tetrahedron-shaped package" put out by the Minute Maid people. In any case, by that time New Yorkers had picked up the idea that on a miserably hot day the street corner up ahead might have an icy new treat worth trying.

We got personally involved in the adult-frozen-novelty business this summer when, as part of a 1987 Braff media-sampling program, a beribboned and slightly sticky gray shopping bag filled with samples of Shamitoff frozen fruit bars made its goopy way to our office at the end of a bakingly hot afternoon. The bag contained most of the Shamitoff line—the company makes a frozen fruit bar on a stick, a frozen fruit-and-cream bar on a stick, and a chocolate-covered frozen fruit-and-cream bar on a stick—and also contained a wilting red rose and several Frozfruit bars. (Frozfruit is a competitor, and its bars had been sent along as controls.) The next day, after the mess had been cleaned up, we reached Braff on the phone and found out that frozen fruit on a stick was a Mexican invention; that Shamitoff, a seven-year-old San Francisco-area company, is a recent acquisition of Wyndham Foods, a two-year-old holding company, also San Francisco-based, that is dedicated solely to investing in food companies; and that he has high hopes for the Shamitoff people, "because they're on trend: they got fruit, they got chocolate, they got natural, and no added sugar, which masks the flavor of fruit."

When the Shamitoff package got to us, however, such information would have been beside the point, because drops of product were already seeping through the wrappings and only six people were still on the premises to function as media samplers: two writers, a cartoonist, a fact checker, an office manager, and a receptionist. Fortunately, one of the writers had a carefully collected bundle of white plastic spoons at the back of her top desk drawer, so, laying the already sludgy bars flat on an unfolded Living section of the *Times*, we carefully deboned them of their sticks and sampled them. The cartoonist said he was on a diet; the receptionist said she didn't like anything with seeds in it; and the checker and the office manager were both reminded, in an adult way, of Creamsicles. There was considerable disagreement about whether chocolate goes well with fruit but general agreement that the fruit we were eating (raspberries and strawberries and peaches) tasted real, that none of the bars were too sweet, and that Shamitoff is smaller than Frozfruit (two and a half ounces versus four ounces). We also had to agree that, on the basis of the evidence in front of us, Shamitoff melts faster than Frozfruit.



"I'm not quite ready to order. My lawyers are still studying the menu."

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Walkabout

WHEN Tony Dunlap was getting ready to fly from Melbourne on his first visit to the United States, he packed his boomerangs, and when he landed in New York City, last month, he called the one person he knew here, Virginia Wicks, and asked where he could throw them. (Miss Wicks, an American, lived in Australia for several years.) She called the Central Park authorities, but they could only tell her where people throw Frisbees, so she called the Australian consulate, and it referred her to Holly English-Payne, of Roslyn, Long Island, one of this country's top boomerang throwers. Ms. English-Payne then called Barnaby Ruhe, an American boomerang champion, and he invited Mr. Dunlap to throw on the first day of a two-day boomerang meet at Amherst, Massachusetts, a week later. (The second day would be devoted to competition among seven four-man teams: a French, a German, and five American regional squads.) We ran into Mr. Dunlap, a sturdy, ruddy forty-six-year-old who wears a floppy-brimmed Australian Army hat with an emu feather tucked into its braided-leather band, when he was sightseeing here a few days before the competition. He told us that, as a tourist, he was delighted by the chance the competition would give him to meet a lot of Americans, and that, as a thrower, he was dazzled by the roster of boomerang celebrities expected at Amherst. These included the New England captain, Eric Darnell, of South Strafford, Vermont—one of the world's best-known boomerang-makers and the co-author of a book that Mr. Dunlap had read with admiration, "Boomerang: How to Throw, Catch, and Make It"—and Volker Behrens, the German captain, who holds the world's record for longest throw: a hundred and forty-five metres outward, with a perfectly accurate return. "This all demonstrates that the boomerang opens more doors than a passport," Mr. Dunlap said jubilantly. His enthusiasm was irresistible. Two days of throwing! A world of boomerang notables! We decided to go to Amherst with him.

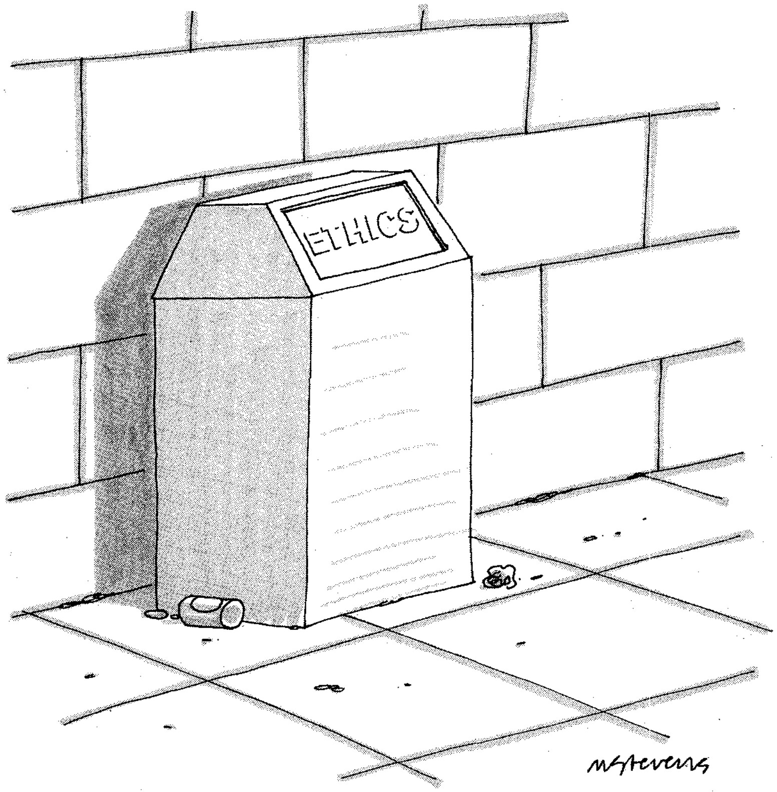
The boomerang competition was held on a playing field at the University of Massachusetts—a vast expanse of grass and clover with a distant view of the Berkshires. There we met Larry Ruhf, the organizer of the tournament, standing in front of three tan plastic marquees that had been set up at one end of the field. The first thing we learned from him was that in conversation all boomerang enthusiasts immediately use first names—which may be just as well, since many of them have what amounts to the same last name: either Ruhe or Ruhf. An articulate man in his early forties, with a friendly, squarish face and rimless glasses, he also told us that his uncle Ben Ruhe, who used to work as a public-affairs officer at the Smithsonian, and was the other author of "Boomerang: How to Throw, Catch, and Make It," started Americans throwing, including his nephews (Larry and his twin, Peter, and their cousin Barnaby Ruhe). "He decided to hold boomerang demonstrations in Washington, and one day in 1976 a lot of people showed up, and from there it just grew," Larry said.

Farther along on the grass in front of the marquees, we met Ben Ruhe himself, a dark-haired, dark-eyed man with black-rimmed eyeglasses. "A lot of interests converge on boomerangs," he told us. "Athleticism, aerodynamics—the Australian aborigines made an aerodynamically perfect product—craftsmanship, and anthropology. I'm interested in Stone Age culture, and boomerangs are part of that, too." Ben showed us several sports boomerangs, made of wood and painted in bright colors; they were small, light objects, weighing about three ounces and with wings from six inches to a foot long and about an eighth of an inch thick. He explained that the end-over-end spin of a boomerang combines with the forward motion to create the maximum gyroscopic effect, and it's this effect that makes a boomerang come back.

Then we watched some boomerangers practice. It was the first time we had ever seen boomerangs thrown, and we were enthralled. They spin as they fly, so they look like disks, but the wings appear as spokes—as if the Statue of Liberty's crown were whirling and flying. Their orbits can be circular or elliptical, and they can go fast or slow—or hover, like UFOs piloted by indecisive aliens. And they make noises: depending on the throw, the wind, and differences in the boomerang's design, they twitter or whisper or make a sound like wind rushing through leaves. Chirping, inscribing circles in the air, and returning to their throwers, the boomerangs looked and sounded like a mysterious cross between toys and pets.

Boomerang meets are unceremonious. Larry opened this one by summoning the competitors in front of the marquees and announcing, "Remember, we have no liability insurance, so beware of where you're throwing, and yell 'Heads!' if a boomerang looks like hitting someone." The competitors nodded, and trotted onto the field, spreading far and wide, and sorting themselves by event: consecutive catch; accuracy; fast catch. We soon lost sight of Tony Dunlap, because a boomerang meet offers no fixed viewing point. Before throwing, the competitors dangle a piece of string or Mylar to see how the wind is blowing, and a change in the wind's direction will turn the thrower—and the entire event—completely around. And boomerang meets do without officials; the throwers take turns keeping score. We heard Larry plead through a megaphone, "Come in and tell us your scores. And write down the names."

We learned more facts and made more acquaintances. We learned that boomerangs cost between a dollar and a hundred dollars. We met Olivier Vouktchevitch, the French captain, when he was distributing Camembert to the competitors. We met Barnaby Ruhe, who looks like a younger version of his Uncle Ben, sitting on the grass in front of the marquees. He said, "I'm perpetually surprised by my bizarre obsession with boomerangs," and told us that he had concluded that catching a boomerang "reflects the human urge to complete the circle." He went off to throw, and we resumed our exploring. Under a gray sky humming with boomerangs, we heard people say, "Show me a wind I can't throw in," and "Aerodynamically, the boomerang falls between all the Bernoulli equations," and "Another spotter just got hit."



We met Eric Darnell, a tall, slender, blue-eyed man with brown hair parted in the middle, as he was packing up after the day's competition. He told us about his latest discovery—moonlight throwing. "It's wonderful to throw at night with a lighted boomerang, because you see the pattern of flight so well," he said. We asked how he lighted a boomerang, and Eric reached into his duffelbag and pulled out a red boomerang with rectangular slots in it. "I put synthetic firefly juice in the slots," he said. We thought he was teasing, but he gave us a tiny vial filled with a greenish liquid that shone in the dark, and that night we used Eric's firefly juice as a flashlight.

When we started for the team competition, on the second day, it was drizzling, and we took an umbrella. We met Tony in front of the marquees, but before we could ask him if boomerangs are thrown in the rain the meet began. Since Tony was not on a team, he was asked to act as a full-time scorekeeper, and he ran out to the field to take up his duties. We sat under one of the marquees, and met Peter Ruhf, Larry's brother, when he came in to dry his eyeglasses. "This meet is incredible," he said. "These are the best in the world." He ran back to throw, and we, too, ran onto the field—where fast catch and Australian round, an event that combines accuracy and distance, were going on simultaneously—to give Tony our umbrella. We got back to the marquee just before the rain began hammering on its top, and in the distance we could make out Tony, our umbrella in one hand and a stopwatch in the other, timing eager, sodden, bareheaded throwers. Then we lost sight of the competition behind a curtain of rain.

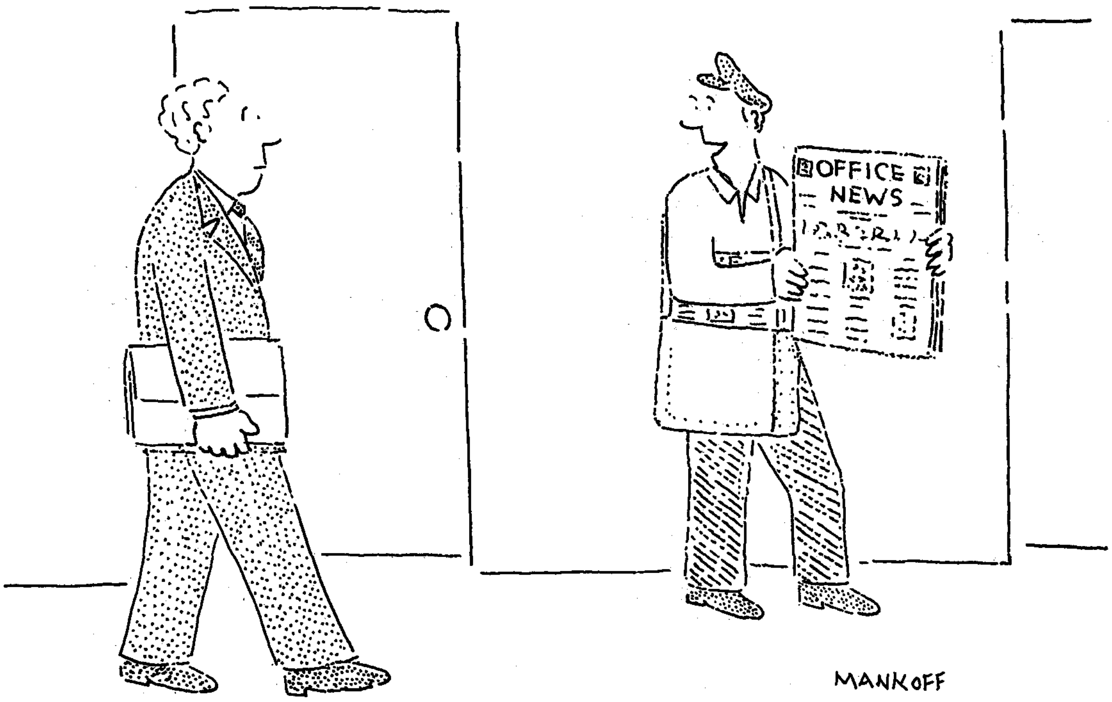
The sun was shining in the Amherst parking lot the next morning when we said goodbye. Tony was stowing his gear in a red hatchback belonging to Adam Lewis, of the Midwest squad, who is a rarity, a left-handed thrower. The tournament had scooped Tony up and was taking him to Emmaus, Pennsylvania, for two days of throwing, and then to Gaithersburg, Maryland, for two more days. After Maryland, a thrower named Gary Broadbent, who had persuaded Tony that he could not go home to Australia without seeing Ohio, was driving him to Cleveland, and Tony thought that after Cleveland he might accept an invitation to visit St. Paul. When we shook hands, a very light breeze, indicating near-perfect throwing conditions, fluttered the feather in Tony's hatband. "In Australia, we call a trip like this a walkabout," he said. "This is my American walkabout."

The Dead and Dylan

AT five o'clock on a sweltering afternoon, the phone rang and we recognized the voice of our friend the Music Maven.

"I've got an extra ticket to see the Dead," he said, sounding uncharacteristically animated, and when we didn't respond immediately he added, "The Grateful Dead—with Bob Dylan!" He went on to tell us that the veteran psychedelic rock band from the San Francisco Bay Area was teaming up with Bob Dylan for a limited-engagement tour and would be appearing within the hour at Giants Stadium, in the Meadowlands.

We said that in such weather the prospect of sitting in an open-air stadium with over seventy thousand Dead Heads, as fans of the group are known, while they exulted in their inimitable fashion for hours (the length of the Dead's shows is legendary) sounded to us like a living hell.



"You're fired! Read all about it!"

"But no one else I know will go with me," he whined.

We gave in, and when we arrived at Giants Stadium we realized that the Music Maven hadn't been deceiving us. We saw thousands upon thousands of people—filling the parking lots, spilling out of double-length caterpillar buses—and few of them looked like people the Music Maven might know. We saw more young people with wild hair, and wearing tie-dyed shirts with ripped jeans, and, in many cases, going without shoes, than we'd seen since the Central Park Be-In over twenty years ago. The parking lots had become home for a community of Dead Heads, who seemed to have been there for days, living in vans and campers—vehicles that had apparently been modified to sleep at least six and looked as if they needed an on-board mechanic. The occupants of many of these vehicles had arrived at the show without tickets and, it seemed, without any pressing desire to seek tickets; they had pitched a whole row of tents on a narrow grassy strip and were just hanging out—talking, reading, and visiting among themselves, like neighbors. The ground around them was carpeted with little gray cannisters that looked like tiny scuba tanks and contained nitrous oxide—laughing gas. For these people, we gathered, non-attendance at the concert testified to a higher allegiance to the Dead, whose much chronicled "alternative life style" has been as essential to their long-lasting popularity as their music.

The Music Maven pulled us toward the stadium, where the entranceways were clogged by ticket holders and the trash they had dumped there—so much trash that if you stood in one spot too long your shoes stuck to the ground (if you were wearing shoes). Inside, the ushers had retreated, and we and the Music Maven had to hunt for our seats on our own. When we found them, they were occupied by four people, two in each, who politely withdrew to a single unoccupied seat in a row behind us. By this time, our shirt had become one with our skin, and we were miserable, and yet when the concert started there was such unbounded joy pouring out of the audience in response to every note played by Jerry Garcia, the group's lead guitarist—gray-bearded and pot-bellied and wearing red-tinted shades not unlike the ones he wore during the 1967 Summer of Love, when the Grateful Dead first drew national attention—that we began to feel ungenerous. The Music Maven, who is a little younger than Garcia but somewhat older than the new wave of flower children in Giants Stadium, folded his hands neatly in his lap and, with a gleam in his eye, acknowledged that we might be the only two people there who really hoped to see Bob Dylan.

We bided our time, three hours, watching whole sections of the audience get hosed down by the stage crew, looking at surreal images of the band on giant video monitors that had been set up on freight containers at the sides of the stage, and listening to the Grateful Dead churn out their characteristic, well-worn boogie music. They ended their set with a rendition of "Not Fade Away," and the chants of the audience—"Love so real will not fade away"—followed the band offstage. The sun finally went down, and there was just a hint of a breeze. Then the Dead returned, with a man carrying an acoustic guitar, and, in darkness, he struck up the first chords of a song. When the spotlight hit the stage, it revealed Bob Dylan to the crowd, and he began to sing one of his newer songs, "Slow Train," with serious menace in his voice.

"He's wearing a beret!" the Music Maven shouted. "The international symbol of revolution!"

Dylan next sang "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again," and then "Tomorrow's a Long Time," "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," "Ballad of a Thin Man"—just about every song we've ever wanted to hear Bob Dylan perform, and rarely have, certainly not all at once—and we very quickly felt connected to the free-floating joy that had been whipped up by the Dead Heads. Dylan's vocal style, which has grown more preachy over the years, was harmoniously balanced by Jerry Garcia's ringing, melodic guitar, and songs like "The Wicked Messenger," "All Along the Watchtower," and "Chimes of Freedom"—songs that represent Bob Dylan's writing at its most pointed—seemed to be just as fresh to the Dead Heads as they were to us twenty years ago. When Dylan closed with "The Times They Are A-Changin'," we had every reason to believe that that was true—again.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY

It was a big, roomy house, about three miles from the nearest village, and it had an iron gate, a rutted avenue, a weathercock, and a dilapidated conservatory. For years I had been begging to go there, to spend a holiday with my uncle and his wife. I was nearly nine years old, and a holiday was not something I was familiar with, but I imagined that on holiday one underwent some glorious metamorphosis and came home wiser and more worldly. The thing was to be worldly, like the grownups. Going down the rutted avenue, in the front seat of the mail van, I saw the iron gate and the weathercock, but when the driver asked if I was going to spend the whole summer there my heart gave a little lurch.

Inside, the house was just as my sisters had boasted, but then they had gone together and I was alone. There were such relics of grandeur as a stately sideboard with a silver tea set and silver ladles, and a marble fireplace, which, alas, had dust and empty cigarette packets in it. Upstairs was worse. As I crossed the threshold of my bedroom, the flowered basin and ewer rattled in the metal holder, and the wind keened like a banshee. The view of the slate-gray lake through the window gave me the shudders, worsened by the fact that my aunt was saying I was a lucky girl to be put in the second-best room, with a view of the lake—a panoramic view.

“Where will you sleep?” I asked. The question was an affront to her whole status. She said they slept in the master bedroom. But where? Across the landing and down some steps. She pointed to it. She then showed me the bathroom—or, rather, the w.c. It was spotlessly clean, with pink scouring powder in a saucer on the floor, and in the worn yellow bowl of the lavatory was the name of the maker in blue ink. She said to remember to always wash after I had been to the w.c. She was already being stern, and I knew that I would not be able to stay there and would soon be begging to go home. A bit of snivelling began.

“Don’t be a mollycoddle,” she said. She brought me outside to get some fresh air into my lungs, as if we had not had fresh air at home—as if the whole country were not full of fresh air and mutinous winds.

There were very old trees on the grounds, groaning and swaying, their roots bulging like veins, and here and there were primroses that also seemed to fret. She left me under the chestnut tree with a stationery box full of old photographs to amuse myself. Sepia photographs, of her and my uncle, the house in its better days, when the conservatory had a roof, the various grandees who had come during the dapping season, when the mayfly was up. In those days she had kept a few paying guests, because there was not a hotel for thirty miles around. She used to glory in it, and tell my mother that guests never tasted home cooking like hers. Roast lamb, roast suckling pig, apple crumble done in the pot oven with coals above and coals underneath to make it crisp, with the center moist the way it should be, and the whole thing served with a butter sauce. Powdered custard was for people like my mother—amateurs, gawks. For those two weeks, during the dapping season, glory and levity had reigned. The gongs in the kitchen were ringing as the paying guests (they paid a pittance) rang for breakfast, or a jug of warm water to shave, or, in the case of one man, a large whiskey, which his wife begged him not to take. He had to have it, simply had to have it—for the shakes. Afterward, when he had downed two or three, he sat in the deck chair and astonished everyone by doing the crosswords in record time. As a special, almost unheard-of favor, the mail-van driver would bring the papers very early in the morning so that the guests could read them and the drunk man could do the crosswords. I burst into tears when I saw my mother in one of these photographs, not alone but in a group, in which she seemed set apart—a troubled heroine in her box jacket with a very long slim skirt.

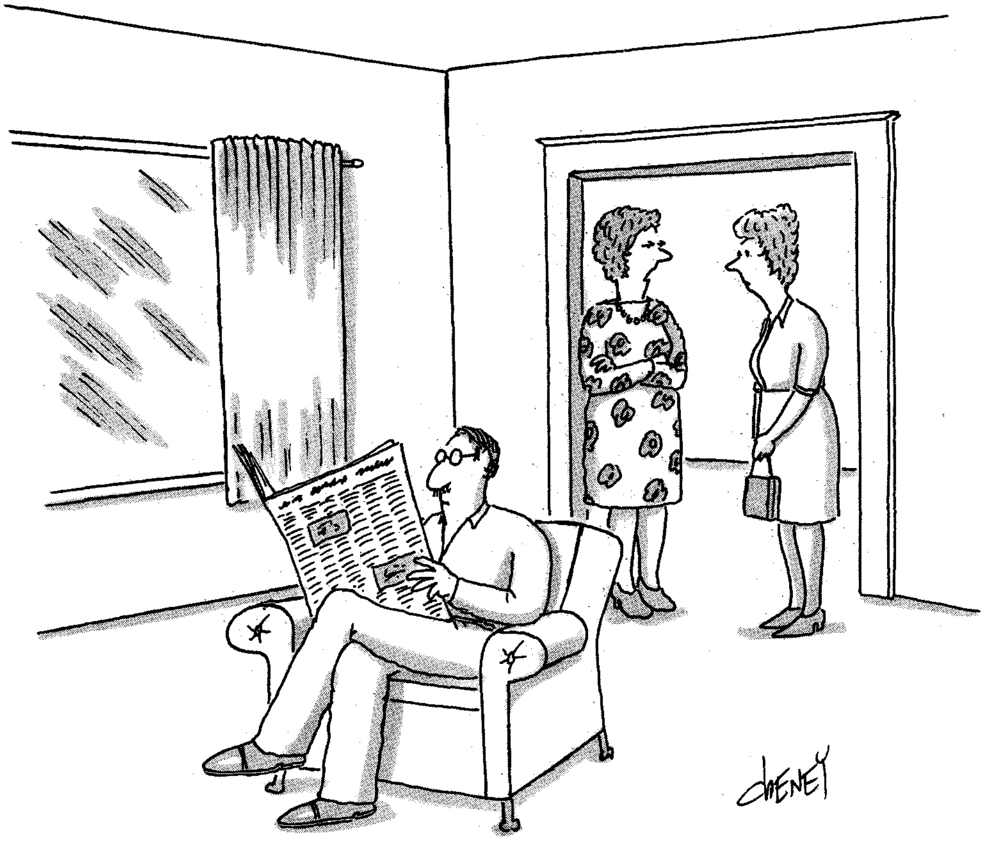
“Use your hankie,” my aunt said as she went by with a pan of mash. Eight or nine turkeys followed her, clucking. Soon my uncle returned from the village, carrying two rush baskets, his hat pulled down over his face. It was spotting rain. I could see he was angry; I could always tell when grownups were angry, either by their gait or by the way they pulled their hat solidly over their face or the way they walked past and said “Enjoying yourself, Missy?” After he went inside I could hear shouting, and then he came through the kitchen door, threatening to leave and never come back. My aunt dragged him back, but twice more he came with the baskets, and then flung one of them across the grass, dislodging bread, butter, and tins of salmon. The tins of salmon made me hungry.

SHOE REPAIR
meg

“In the name of Jaysus, can I do anything right, is everything I do wrong?” I heard him say as she gathered up the dispersed goods. I sang to myself, pretending not to hear—sang and hummed, staring at the photograph of my mother in the boxy jacket, which I knew to be of brownish velvet with ribs of cream in it. My uncle set off with the second basket, and was going through the back yard, away from me, when she followed, crying and beseeching, begging him to come back, pulling him by the flap of his raincoat; his raincoat was quite stylish—off-white and rather like a motor coat. Once they were inside the house, the quarrelling started up again as they each threatened the direst retribution. I was afraid for my aunt’s life.

Hours passed. I could hear the silences followed by the sullen bursts of rage, and still she did not call me in. The dogs were fed, the hens and turkeys closed in for the night, and it was beginning to grow dark. I played with the red fringed tassel of the stationery box, and every few minutes had to pee behind one of the big trees; they were small dribbles such as puppies make in their litter, out of fear. The moon—or, rather, a bit of moon—came up over the boundary of the far field, and the lake water was so dark it no longer resembled a lake, because there was no way of seeing the surface, with its shivers. Corncrake and owl competed. I heard my name and rushed toward the back door. She fussed over me and said they had been so busy, said that, not having children, they were unaccustomed to looking at the clock and thinking teatime or suppertime or whatever, they ate whenever they pleased.

"Isn't that right, Michael Patrick?" she said to my uncle, who was sitting by the fire on a cane chair, the front legs of it off the ground as he tipped backward and asked if I was good at my lessons. She said I would be having supper alone, as it was way past my bedtime. I said, as forcibly as I could, that at home I went to bed when my mother and father and everyone else went, and that I would not like to be banished upstairs alone. She said it was time for those bad habits to be corrected—time for improvement. She gave me a cup of lukewarm milk and some thick pieces of bread coated with chicken-and-ham paste. I refused to eat. She said who would have supposed what a spoiled child I was? Hadn't I begged to come? Hadn't I written a letter? Hadn't I saved the money for the postage stamp? The milk tasted vile, as if it were milk from a cow that had just calved. She watched me bring my lips to the cup but decline to drink. She eventually lost her temper, poured the milk into an enamelled pan, and called in the dogs, which had been whimpering outside the back door but were exultant at this second repast. She said, "All right, then, go hungry," and laughed, but it was a hard, castigating laugh, and it was not lost on her husband, who winked at me.



"Tomorrow, I'm taking him uptown for colorization."

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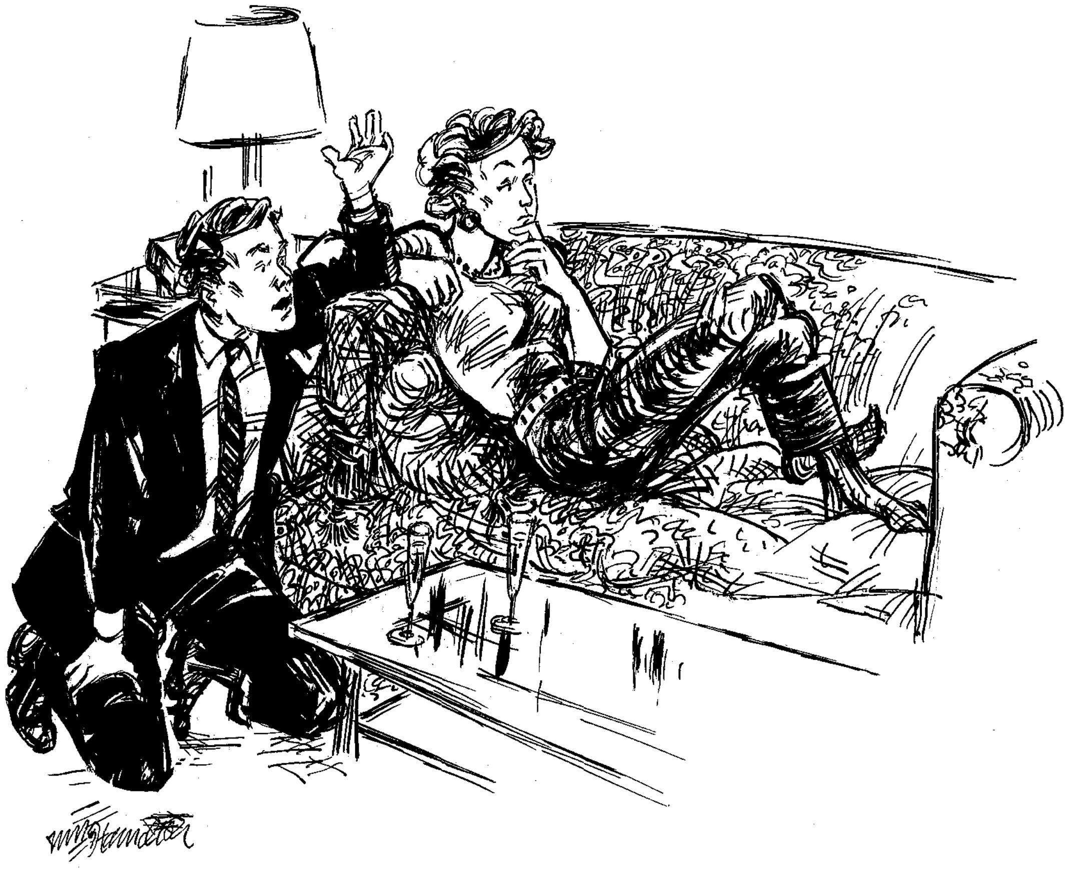
MY bedroom seemed miles away, farther even than it had seemed in daylight. It had an iron bed covered with two gray blankets and a white cotton coverlet. After she left me, I knelt and prayed. I thought that violent praying might induce God or the Virgin to do something to alleviate my plight. On the wall there were pictures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, St. Rita, and St. Joseph. The room was dark, but in the moonlight I could recognize these saints, as we had identical holy pictures at home, painted by an Italian who lived in Limerick and depicted the sufferings very vividly. I needed to go to the w.c., but I was too afraid to leave the room and make the journey down the landing in the dark. At least in the room I felt semi-safe, because of all this praying and the saints watching down. She had seen me to bed with a candle but had taken it away, as it was the only one they had and they would need it at their bedtime. What to do?

Tears. Enough tears to fill the basin and ewer. Enough tears to fill the room. A lake of tears, an indoor lake. I eventually resorted to the unseemly strategy of howling, and as I howled the dogs took up the cue and howled from the outside. The whole place was a cacophony of howling where neither owl nor corncrake stood a chance. When my uncle and his wife came up I was on the floor, imploring to go home or to a hospital. At first, my uncle tried to pull me up, to put sense into me, but my hysteria triumphed, and my aunt said there was nothing for it but for him to get on the bicycle and go to the village to summon the hackney car, so that I could be brought home. He muttered that maybe the hackney car was in Dublin or Limerick for some funeral, but I could see that he would go and that in some strange way the misadventure had cheered him, had taken the pall out of the night.

She helped me to take my clothes and things out of the drawer and put them back in the awful battered suitcase. She was sweet-tempered now, as she lamented the perils of being highly strung. She cited a cousin in our family: whenever she met people, especially good friends, her glands got the better of her and she simply cried buckets. I said I was very sorry for the trouble I was causing.

"No trouble, darling. No trouble, darling," she said, as she began to change into her good clothes. She changed in front of me. She had carried her clothes in from her room on a hanger. She was not letting me go home alone. She and my uncle would come, as they hadn't been anywhere since the plowing match the previous autumn, and I needed coddling and escorting. A fresh fear engulfed me, which was that my parents would be out rowing or would have gone to bed early, and that visitors would not be welcome. However, I was too frightened to mention it. She carried her shoes and her stockings in from the other room, and while donning them she asked me to redo the plait in her hair. Her hair was not as soft as my mother's; it was strong and springy, and she smelled of the talcum powder that she had showered over her chest before dressing. Then she picked up the plait and wound it



"Admit it, Arlene—you're going to have to start marrying people at some point."

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over her temples like a sturdy sausage.

In the car, she was a changed woman, all affability—joking with her husband, saying she had once been a shy violet like me, hopeless in new surroundings, a misfit. She recalled how at twenty-three she had come home from America, back to her folks, and how on the second morning she resolved to leave again, unable to bear the rain and the pigs and the dirt and the misery of it all. It was, as she recalled, that very night that she went to the public house—not to drink but to see her old friend the owner—and sighted her future husband playing cards with the lads.

"And we haven't spent a day apart since," she said, to which my uncle lovingly agreed, both of them forgetting the times he went off on a batter, or the two times that she went to a home for her nerves, or the rows they engaged in daily and were known for throughout the parish. The talk was so lively that I now regretted going home, and then, to crown my ambivalence, she gave me a florin so beautifully warm and shiny that I wished I were back in the bedroom, holding it, praying to the saints and at least waiting until morning to put them to this inconvenience.

AT home, my mother accused me of being mental, whereupon my aunt intervened and said to feel my heartbeat and not to be cruel—obviously I was growing, and at "that age," and full of unknown fears. My father came down with his trousers pulled up over his pajamas and asked what all the commotion was. Upon being told, he said he knew it, he could have predicted it, youngsters were not reared the way he and his brother had been, and were not used to roughing it and being packed off anywhere, to any old relatives. My sisters were upstairs, asleep. The eats that my mother served were not very enticing, simply because, as she said, she had not been expecting anyone, and she wished it were next day, when she certainly would have made a cake, because she hated the house without a bit of fresh cake. My aunt said it was delicious; but that was hypocrisy because in fact we ate stale scones that did not soften even after being stuck in the oven for five minutes. My aunt told of a married couple who kept the top tier of their wedding cake for a christening although they had been married fourteen years.

"I think they could put a knife to it," my mother said sagely.

"You said it, Ma'am," my aunt said, and laughed. They never addressed each other by their Christian names, deeming it too familiar. My father and uncle were talking of the harvest, vying with each other as to who would have the best crop of oats. My father had put in three types of corn, and wheat, oats, and barley, while my uncle had confined himself to barley and oats.

"In America they grow sweet corn. It grows on a stump, and they boil it and eat it," I said to join in.

"Shut up," my father said, and by way of sympathy my aunt touched the cuff of my navy jumper. I put the florin on the bread plate and played with it, both to let my parents see that I had been given it and to convey that I was willing to part with it, as indeed I was.

"That's too much altogether," my mother said to my aunt. My aunt said she was sorry that she hadn't had the chance to make apple crumble for me or to bring me down by the lake for a stroll. They marvelled about the air and the beauty down by the lake. It was getting late. Soon they would go. The visit had no ripple to it. Part of me wanted to volunteer to go back with them, while another part admitted that that would be absurd. Either way, I knew that I had lost some of my parents' love and God only knew how long it would take to win it back—days, weeks maybe, of slaving and washing up and shining at school. But even then it could come up at any time, this failure of mine, an added incentive for an outburst, another blind outburst in which my mother and father were always trying to tell each other how unhappy they were. —EDNA O'BRIEN

CONJUNCTION

Geoff Parrish, approaching sixty, had long enjoyed an uneasy dim relationship with the stars. In childhood, when one assumes the world to have been elaborately arrayed for one's own benefit, with a virtual eternity allowed for inspection of its many large and mysterious parts, he had taken the stars, like the clouds overhead, for granted; his mother knew the Big Dipper, and Orion, and on a summer evening might point out, in a voice of unaccountable excitement, Venus—a white shining puncture in the blue that was deepening above the gory sunset. As a child, for a moment or two at night, he might become aware, as a skater is suddenly aware of the dark water he skims across, of the speckled heavens, a dust of distant worlds, between the massy silhouettes of the black treetops. But in his back yard, where such revelations visited him, he was generally intent upon catching fireflies or feeling the throb of his breath and heartbeat as he ran, late for his bedtime, toward the tall lit windows of the house.

"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," illustrated by Vernon Grant, had been one of the big thin books, smelling like the oilcloth on the kitchen table, that his mother would read to him at bedtime, and somehow it seemed to be taking place among the stars:

> The little stars were the herring fish
> That lived in that beautiful sea

The images made him queasy; they were whimsically aimed at children, yet did testify to a vastness of activity that went on without him, all night:

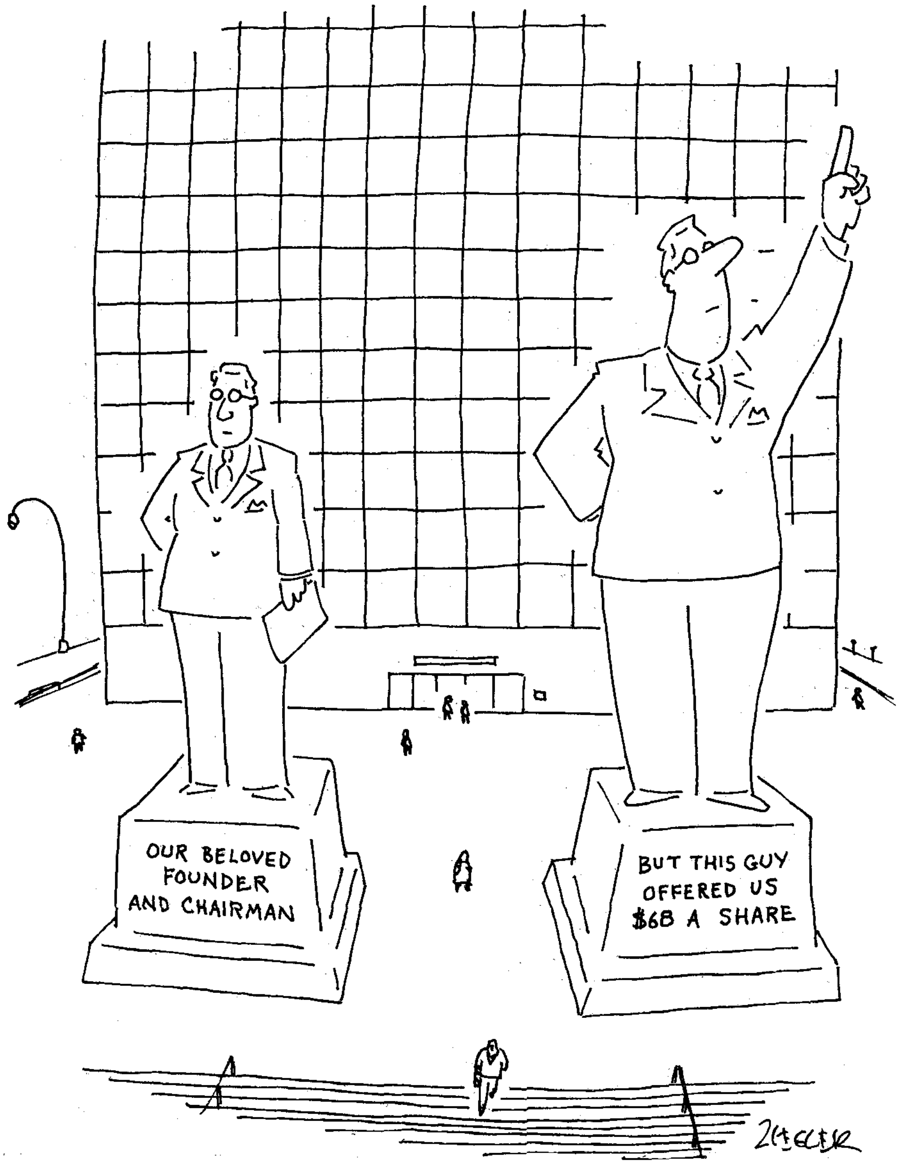
> All night long their nets they threw
> To the stars in the twinkling foam

Wynken and Blynken turned out to be his, the listener's, two little eyes, and Nod his little head; it was a hideous thought, like two eggs and a cabbage bouncing around in this glimmering soup, and in merciful escape from the unthinkable he let himself be lulled by his mother's enclosing voice as it promised:

> So shut your eyes while Mother sings
> Of wonderful sights that be,
> And you shall see the beautiful things
> As you rock in the misty sea

High school and college brought him word of what the stars really were, how senselessly large and distant and numerous, but such intellectual shocks were cushioned by the distractions of coeducation—the female bodies with their soft pale heft, their powdered and perfumed auras, their fuzzy sweaters and silken blouses, and the glimpses, at the edges, of elastic underwear. Why do girls wear skirts, with their strange nether openness and vulnerability, while boys get to wear trousers? And why do girls like to talk so much, and giggle at each other? Such questions, and courtship and marriage, eclipsed the stars, which yet seemed to hang waiting for Geoff to get to know them. One summer, while renting a seaside place with a long deck, he had purchased a pocket guide to the heavens and (with difficulty, for the blazing points strewn across the black dome overhead made a poor match with the little diagrams picked out by flashlight) taught himself the summer triangle of bright stars, Deneb and Altair and Vega, and a few proximate constellations—Andromeda's flying "V," and cross-shaped Cygnus, and boxy little Lyra, and Cepheus, shaped like a house in a child's drawing.

In these decipherings—the planks of the deck rough beneath his bare feet, the shingled house alive with lights and the voices of his wife and children—Parrish felt united with ancient generations, for man no sooner had attained erect posture than he began to try to unriddle the stars, to name them after gods and animals, and then to construct huge rings and pyramids of stone as if to demonstrate a placatory harmony with the cycles of the heavenly machine. Who was the first man—a creature scarcely more than ape—who realized that the frozen spatter above turned through the


OUR BELOVED FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN
BUT THIS GUY OFFERED US $68 A SHARE

night like an off-center disk? And who were those wakeful wise men who first noticed the planets, the wanderers keeping their own slow curving paths across the surface of this disk? The stars were the fathers of speculation, of philosophy. Under Geoff's upward gaze, as if he were suspended by his heels above an abysmal bowl, they seemed to sing, to scream in chorus. In actuality, he heard, from the deck, lonely sounds—the sea breaking on a distant beach, a bell buoy rocking outside the harbor, crickets droning in the dry grass. He would become dizzy, feeling upside down. His neck would begin to hurt. His patience and his sense of spatial relations were limited, and, having satisfied himself with a few chronic identifications, or having, out of the corner of his eye, seemed to see a meteor fall, he would leave the deck to go back into the house, into the womanly warmth, the electric light.

And then the summer was over, the heavens mostly unlearned, and a new season of constellations sent to bewilder the eyes. Decades went by in which his acquaintance with the stars failed to advance. He read about them now and then in the newspapers—eclipses, meteor showers, astronomical discoveries of huge vacancies in the web of galaxies, or of a mysterious giant arc millions of light-years in length. Scanning the paper one day while his wife tried to make breakfast conversation, he noticed a small article, with an illustration, stating that Jupiter and Mars were to undergo, this winter, a rare conjunction.

That evening, in spite of the cold, he took the torn-out illustration into his side yard, and there, above treetops that by coincidence closely matched the schematic ones in the drawing, shone the conjunction just as diagrammed—Jupiter bright and bluish, Mars smaller and red-tinged, a bit lower and to the right. He had studied the stars but had not knowingly looked at a planet since the summer evenings, a half century ago—could it be that long?—when his mother would dramatically gesture toward Venus. As he gazed, the stars surrounding the two conjoined planets swarmed into his vision, more and more as he looked, as if he were film in a developing pan, but he had no trouble finding the two planets again, their close pairing distinctive as a signature. The redness of Mars was lodged in its twinkle, a perhaps hallucinatory spark, whereas Jupiter's glow appeared cool and steady. Geoff's eyesight had deteriorated over the years, along with his agility and potency—simple causes, once, of an innocent animal pride. Without his glasses, near things blurred and far ones looked double. He needed a telescope. He began by suggesting to his wife that she might want to get him one for Christmas.

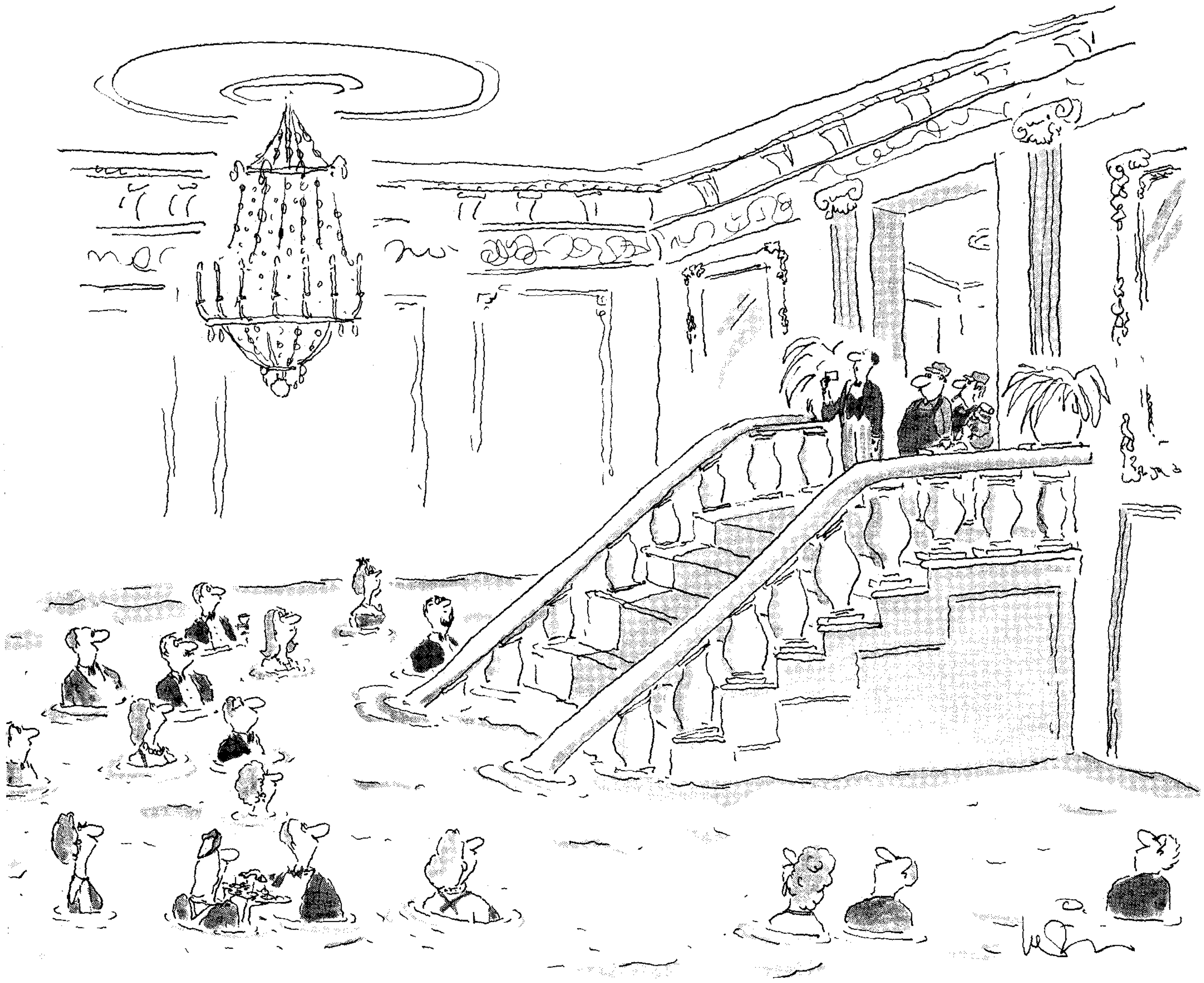
"Why don't you get it for yourself?" Berenice asked. "I might get the wrong kind."

"You're as much an expert as I am," he told her. "It's like everything else—you go by the money. The more it costs, the better it probably is."

"It would feel like a test you're setting me. I'd be scared to get any except the most expensive, and then you'll say I spent too much money."

He wondered if this was just. True, everything she did lately seemed to him slightly excessive or insufficient, a bit too determined and rigid or else irritatingly casual and heedless; yet he imagined his irritation to be invisible within the vast context of their decades together, their children and now grandchildren, their ever-expanding and circumambient troth. They had met at college and married in a burst of passion while she was still a junior and he a poor graduate student. Aeons later, it turned out that she had bitterly resented truncating her education and sitting home mired in pregnancy and motherhood while he paraded off in a business suit to a glamorous world of credit-card lunches and smartly dressed young female lackeys. Well, he could not help feeling in response, he didn't make the world, and he didn't ask to be born a male, with a male's responsibilities and prerogatives. Their children grew and went away, their automobiles became foreign, their houses increased in price and suburban remove, and at the center of all this centrifugal movement the cinder of her resentment remained, paired with his resentment of her resentment. He had laid his life at her feet, and all she cared about was gender politics. She went on, "Everybody says how fi-

"Oh, not a hell of a lot. What's soaring and triumphant with you?"



"Fredric W. Desbrow & Son, plumbers."

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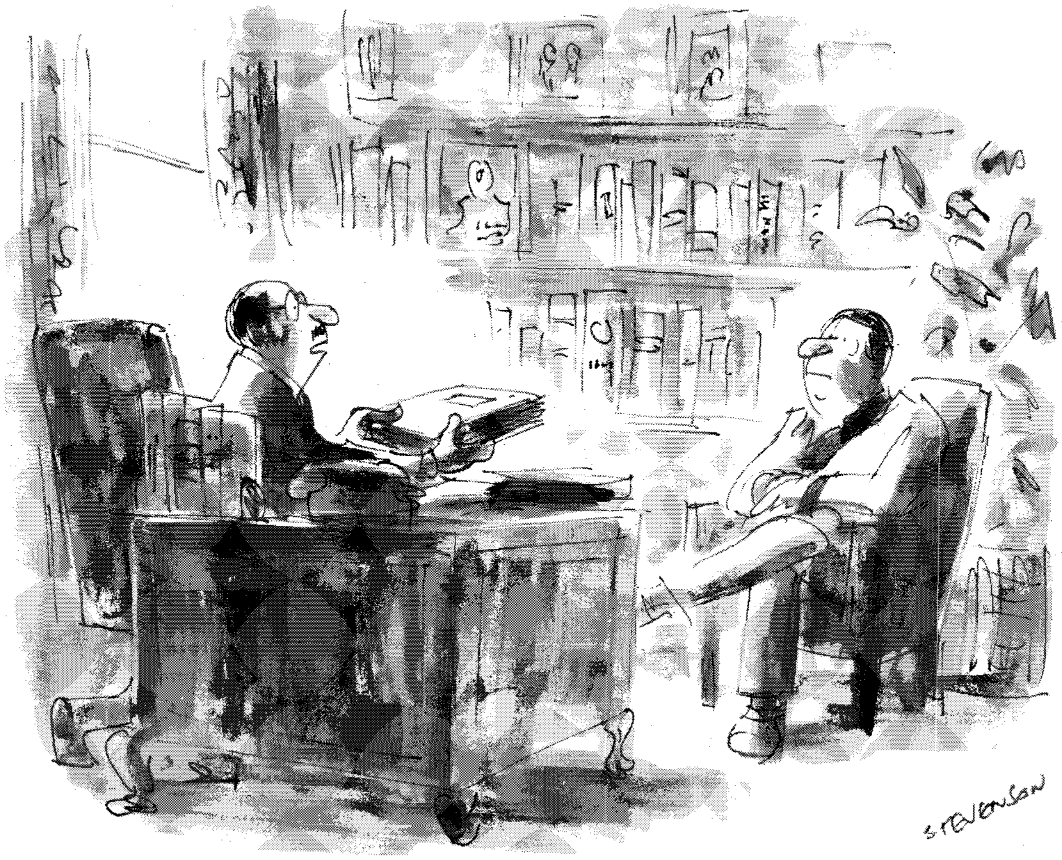
nancially timid women are, the ones that aren't extravagant, but look at the figures: your firm charges two hundred dollars an hour for your time and mine is absolutely worthless; I have to go give it away in volunteer work."

"Or else stay in bed," he said, "while I'm having a great time fighting the tunnel traffic."

GEOFF bought himself the telescope, wrapping it and putting it beneath the tree with a card saying "Love" from Berenice. The children and the grandchildren were impressed, and greedily took turns with it spying on their neighbors' windows and bringing closer the distant skyscrapers of Boston, but in fact it was not a very expensive telescope; his wife's uncertainties over the proper price to pay had infected him and made him cautious. Also, the very expensive ones looked too complicated. What he wanted was a tube that he would look into at one end and that would deliver reality, enlarged, at the other. This was not as easy as he had hoped. His own tremor jiggled the image, and the plastic eyepiece clicked against his glasses. A boat far from shore, a mere hyphen in the gray water, would reveal, in sudden focus, amazing detail—railings, and a pilothouse that needed paint, and a man in a watch cap and dark slicker standing on the forward deck within an eerie windless silence, an eerie ignorance of being seen. There was a bubble around things thus captured, a hermetic breathlessness and a pressure that squeezed the perspective flat.

On a clear night early in the new year Geoff took the tripod and the telescope outdoors, and set it up on the snowy driveway, and aimed it at the conjunction. Through even this weak telescope the stars multiplied confusingly; Mars and Jupiter, though obvious to his naked eye, took a lot of calibrated groping to center in the lens. Tremors, not just his own but those of invisible events within the transparent atmosphere, beset the planets. Mars, at the maximum enlargement, remained disappointing—no canals, no red deserts, no polar ice caps, not even the impression of a sphere. Just a stubborn small hole, elusively ruddy, in space. But Jupiter, that big smear of pallor nearby, did, unmistakably, thrillingly, resolve into a disk, a world calling out with its



"It's a remarkable write, but not an irresistible read."

solemn white roundness across the deeps of space. He could not make out the churning stripes or the big oblong spot so vivid in Voyager photographs, but there *was* something unexpected—off to the side, four bright dots in a curving line, a kind of plume lifted upward, to the left. Could these be the famous moons, whose observation by Galileo marked the end of Ptolemaic astronomy? Geoff would not have expected them to extend so far out from the body of the mother globe, or to be so distinct, and organized in so smooth an arc. When he lifted his head and looked with the naked eye, Jupiter was still there but they were gone; when he looked again through the telescope, they had returned, in their unexpected pattern and vividness—a small school of the herring fish that lived in that beautiful sea.

His face and fingers and feet ached with the cold; tears in his eyes now added to the difficulties of vision. He took his equipment back into the house, keen to share the triumph of discovery; but his wife had already drifted into sleep. Though he did not again trouble to set up the telescope outdoors, all winter he would glance toward that section of sky he had explored and watch twinkling red Mars slowly climb level with coolly glowing Jupiter, and then imperceptibly, inexorably pull away, as if tracing some movement of giant gears. The gap between them, once less than the moon's breadth, opened as the smaller planet ascended, yet Geoff had no trouble keeping track of these specks of light. He had worn a small comfortable place in the spangled void where his gaze could rest as he stepped from the car, home from a party, a meeting, a trip.

He and Berenice had the habit, as spring approached, of travelling to a warm island for several weeks, to reward themselves for having endured another New England winter; even though now she was afraid of skin cancer, and stayed in their cabaña while he went to the beach, they still made the trip, with its flavor of honeymoon. The tropical stars were different—the few constellations he knew sprawled crazily at one side of the sky, distended by their new relation to the horizon. Yet the air was familiar, the pregnant air of summer. Sitting after dinner on the hotel terrace while a steel band played beneath the strange stars, he suddenly again saw, as if an inner telescope had zoomed, his wife and himself, before they married, on the flat pebbled roof of the Cambridge row house where he had lived as a graduate student. Rules had been numerous in that dark age, and she had come to him illegally, to spend the night, and the sudden May heat was so great in his airless room they took blankets up to the pebbled roof, close to the stars, which their luminous bodies seemed to join, the spine of the galaxy bent above them like an immense torn, pale rainbow, and treasure glimmering wherever his eyes travelled.

He asked Berenice to dance.

"To this music? We don't know how."

"You just shuffle, from the look of it."

"Let the young people do it, Geoff. Don't put me to the test."

Her face, white on the dim starlit terrace, while the black band poured forth its practiced jubilation, did not look old to him but somehow closed, too firmly knit, as if her life, her life with him, were a wound that had nearly healed at last. Behind her, the warm dark open sea, struck by the light of a full moon, seemed to lift in an eclipsing bulge toward the cold brightness. Back home, where the snow had all melted, Geoff stepped from the car and glanced toward the sky, and could not find either Mars or Jupiter. They had parted and lost themselves among the stars. He could not believe it, and searched for minutes. His wife had taken the keys and gone into the house, turning on the switches, filling tall window after window with artificial light. Conscious of his breath and heartbeat, he followed her in. —JOHN UPDIKE

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BEAGLE—SPAYED—AKC—female—2 years old—excellent for breeding.—*Adv. in the Squirrel Hill (Pa.) Pennysaver.*

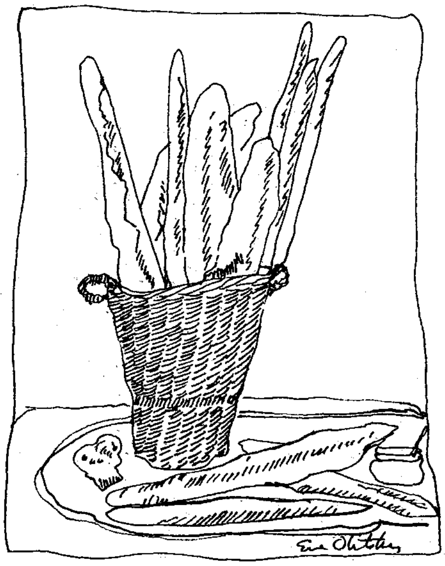
Hope springs eternal.

LETTER FROM ISRAEL

A FEW years ago, Peter Ustinov announced that he would never salute a flag before he knew who was holding it. This is still a minority attitude, but in one important sense modern democracies already live in a post-nationalist era. Even in the relatively young nation of Israel, few people seem nowadays to be in the mood for unreflective national celebration. The recent celebration of Israel's thirty-ninth Independence Day, which came shortly before the twentieth anniversary of the Six-Day War, is a case in point. In this exuberant country, there is usually no dearth of loud-talking generals and journalists and flag-waving politicians, especially on Independence Day. But veteran observers this year could not remember a more subdued Independence Day or one highlighted by so much political divisiveness. In former years, the celebrations were marked by displays of national unity in the face of outside threats, which have usually been ample. This year, there was not even a semblance of unity: doves and hawks, and secular and religious groups, were at one another's throats as never before in the country's short history. The consensus on making war or making peace was broken. For the first time since 1948, one of the two major political blocs, the Labor Party, was insisting that peace—or, at least, peace talks—with Jordan and with moderate Palestinian nationalists was a distinct possibility; the other, Likud, was saying that this was at best a dangerous illusion and at worst something close to treason. Labor regarded Jordan's readiness to attend an international peace conference with Israel, to be sponsored by the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council, as a historic breakthrough, an unprecedented opportunity that should not be missed. Likud vehemently opposed the possibility out of fear that the great powers, especially Russia and China, would put pressure upon Israel to relinquish territories occupied in 1967. The pre-1967 borders were "Auschwitz borders," Likud leaders claimed; Israel would never return to them.

In 1984, the two parties, each short of an absolute majority in the Knesset but between them holding the bulk of its hundred and twenty seats, formed an uneasy National Unity government with alternating Prime Ministers. This government has successfully presided over the withdrawal of Israeli troops from Lebanon and has trimmed three-digit annual inflation down to a more manageable level. The two parties, for all their disagreements on other important issues, had in the past been able to stand united at least on issues of war and peace: in 1979 on making peace with Egypt, in 1982 on making war in Lebanon. (Although Labor was in the opposition in 1982, the Party voted almost enthusiastically in favor of the Lebanon invasion. Doubts came only later, when things began to go badly for Israel and the casualty rate mounted.) And until this year outside threats, which are generally assumed to be the danger to Israel's existence, had been judged more or less similarly by the two parties. Now, for the first time in memory, this is not so. In the past, any differences that might have emerged between the parties on ways to deal with outside threats had essentially been tactical; this year, they are strategic. The Labor Party, led by the mercurial Shimon Peres, a hawk turned dove in recent years, has been intent on breaking the deadlock with Jordan and the Palestinians, in the belief that failure to do so would lead to another war; Likud believes that the territorial status quo can go on indefinitely.

Independence Day speakers this year reflected the polarization and the resultant sombre public mood. Some, hardened by the fears and uncertainties of forty years of war and rejection by the Arabs, or by old-fashioned national resolve, believed there was little, if anything, Israel could do to placate the Arabs; Arabs and Palestinians would eventually reconcile themselves to an Israel with its present frontiers. But when, as always on Independence Day, the 1948 Israeli Declaration of Independence was recited over the air ("In the land of Israel the Jewish people first arose. . . . Exiled, the people remained faithful to it in all the lands of their dispersion") it must have occurred to some Israelis that the Palestinians, too, had first arisen in this country, and that they, too, had remembered it in all the lands of their dispersion. If there was now an "unprecedented" possibility, as Peres claimed, of discussing peace with a Jordanian-Palestinian delegation, and perhaps even of making peace on the basis of a territorial compromise, to miss it would be a tragedy.



The mass media, too, reflected a curious, and perhaps significant, shift in public sensibilities and interests. On previous anniversaries of the Six-Day War, the media had tended, by and large, to highlight the grave dangers Israel faced in 1967 and the triumphant victory that dispersed those dangers with lightning speed. But this year television and newspapers were filled with harrowing reports of repression on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip. For years, the convention had been to refer to the West Bank obliquely as the "administered" territories, or, covetously, as Judea and Samaria; on this anniversary of the Six-Day War, the term "occupation" suddenly appeared again. It was a term that only leftist and Peace Now activists would have used in the past.

EARLIER this year, Abba Eban, the grand old man of Israeli diplomacy and the chairman of the Knesset Foreign Relations and Defense Committee, surprised a group of Jewish intellectuals from the United States by saying at a conference in Jerusalem that Israel had never been more *secure* against external menace than it was today, or more *vulnerable* to domestic folly. The statement was the more remarkable because Eban had until the nineteen-seventies been the most brilliant Israeli or Jewish articulator of the opposite view. His current reasoning, which he also expounded in a recent article in the Jewish-American magazine *Tikkun*, was that the "American-Soviet balance creates an international environment favorable to Israel's stability." No Arab army today posed a serious threat to Israel. There was formal peace with Egypt, which had "removed itself in its own interest from the cycle of recurrent wars." With Jordan there existed a state of de-facto peace, with borders open to trade and tourism. Iraq was weak, and busy elsewhere, and was likely to remain so for the foreseeable future. Syria, the only country still actively belligerent, was effectively checked by the deterrent power of the Israeli Army. True, Eban said, there was the serious problem of Palestinian terror, but terrorists are a threat to individual Israeli lives, not to Israel's existence. Under these conditions, Eban maintained, "the darkest shadow hanging over Israel comes from within itself."

Eban warned that "most tragedies in history are self-inflicted." He said that the grave danger facing Israel was its own impulse to incorporate the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, with their one and a third million rebellious Palestinians, into the State of Israel. The stupendous folly of doing so against the express wishes of the Palestinians—"1,300,000 members of a foreign nation owing no devotion to our flag, our faith, our tongue, our name or our national vision"—would cause a "structural defect" within the Israeli body politic which it might not be able to survive, at least as a civilized society or a democracy. If, Eban continued, we were to hear that the United States wanted to annex ninety million rebellious Russians, or that the Netherlands had decided to incorporate four million unwilling Germans into Dutch society—some of them engaged in terrorist activity supported by powerful neighboring states—we would assume that the governments of those countries lacked good sense. But, he said, in Israel there was still a major political party that continued to support the permanent incorporation of the West Bank and Gaza. The leader of that party was currently Prime Minister, and there were friends of Israel in foreign countries who supported this position. They continued to speak of annexation as though it were a "serious" option. It cannot be, Eban insisted, unless Israel is ready to cease being a Jewish state or a democracy, or both. It was astonishing, he said, to find so many American Jews, ostensible friends of Israel, seeming so indifferent to Israel's remaining a democracy, or even becoming, for all practical purposes, an apartheid state. (By the year 2000, an estimated four and a half million Jews will face three and a half million disenfranchised Arabs.) "The idea of exercising permanent rule over a foreign nation can only be defended by an ideology and rhetoric of self-worship and exclusiveness that are incompatible," Eban maintained, "with the ethical legacy of prophetic Judaism and classical Zionism." A conscious return to those legacies, leading to the repartition of Palestine between the two nationalities that have been contending for it since the beginning of this century, might now, finally, lead to a historical compromise between them, and—with luck or United States help—to peace.

TWO POEMS

A DYING HAWK

She stoops and drops
through a straight
funnel of sight
into falling air.
She folds gravity
to her heart and dives

behind her eye.
The one purpose
of her gaze
will not let her see
the clear windscreen
moving to kill her.

She spreads too late.
Her wings, her talons
set against air.
She dies at the roadside;
her hollow bones
are splintered

in the rags of her feathers,
and her brittle gape
is open and broken.
Before her head falls,
what is left
stares from her yellow eye.

THE SUMMER HAWK

I wait in blue light for
early thermals, a hint
of lift. My arms stretch

in effortless recognition, in
widening order at the day's turn.
Counties are opening under me,

in daylight, for my regard;
their fields, sleeping houses
beneath their tiles. The sun's

on my back, the cross of my shadow
closes a wood of singers.
One tractor hangs the pale

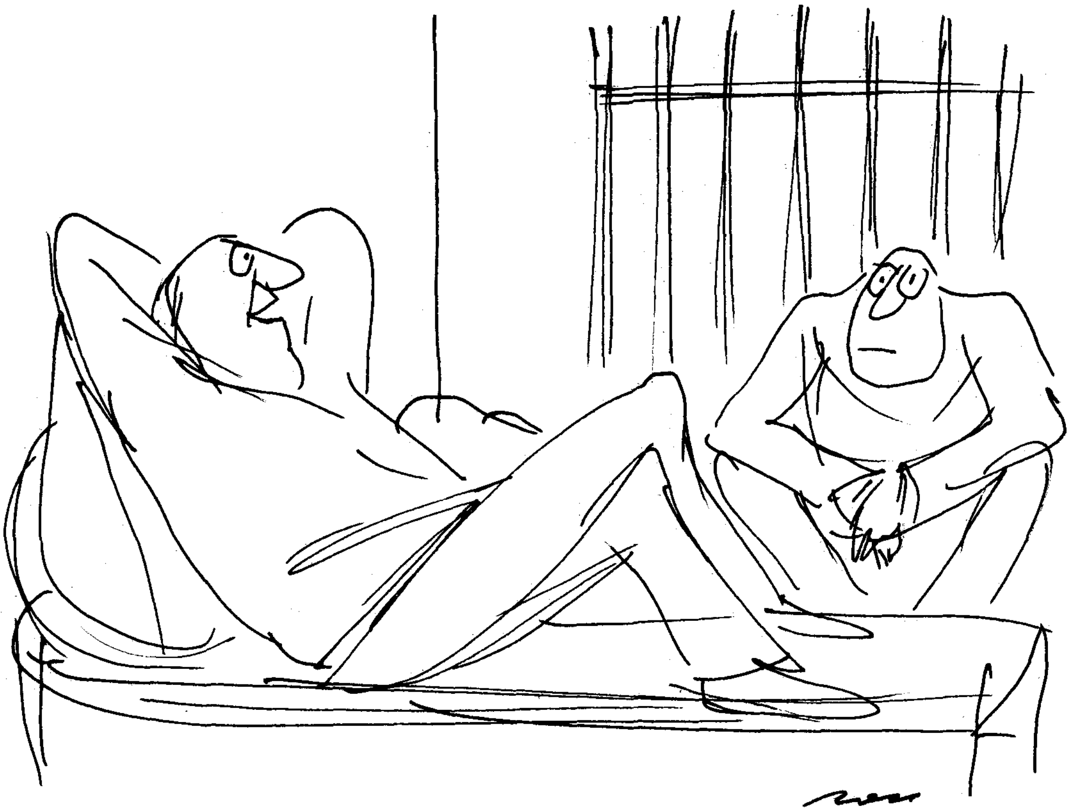
of its exhaust against a hedge.
I begin to organize my patterns,
shadows that lean into darkness,

anglers tied to their water all down
the river. And in the meadows
cruel children hunt among flowers.

—Leslie Norris

●

SOME of those same fears and hopes—though he has seen fit (for allegedly tactical reasons) not to articulate them publicly so far—are generally thought to have motivated Shimon Peres in his active pursuit since 1984 of some diplomatic breakthrough with Jordan and with moderate Palestinians on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip. As Defense Minister in the government of Yitzhak Rabin until 1977, he was regarded as a hawk. As leader of the Labor opposition to the right-wing government of Menachem Begin, he moved to the left. Both in and out of office, he surrounded himself with young aides openly sympathetic to the dovish extra-parliamentarian Peace Now movement. From September of 1984 until October of 1986, as Prime Minister of the Tweedledum-Tweedledee government of National Unity, and, after 1986, as Vice Prime Minister and Foreign Affairs Minister under the right-wing Likud leader Yitzhak Shamir, Peres is known to have sent peace feelers and secret emissaries to Jordan, and messages to intermediaries in third countries, notably in Morocco, Egypt, England, and France. He is said to have had three personal meetings with Jordan's King Hussein to hammer out the terms of a possible settlement and the framework of a peace conference where such a settlement, or an interim solution,



"Crime certainly doesn't pay. With me, it's always been a labor of love."

• •

might be agreed upon between an Israeli and a "Jordanian-Palestinian" delegation. Clandestine meetings between Israeli leaders and King Hussein had taken place before, always accompanied by elaborate exchanges of presents—guns for the King, Bedouin swords for the Israelis. (It is said that on one occasion Hussein flew his own helicopter to a government guesthouse near Tel Aviv and on another he presented Abba Eban with a gold-plated fountain pen for "signing our future peace.") But nothing politically substantial ever emerged from these meetings.

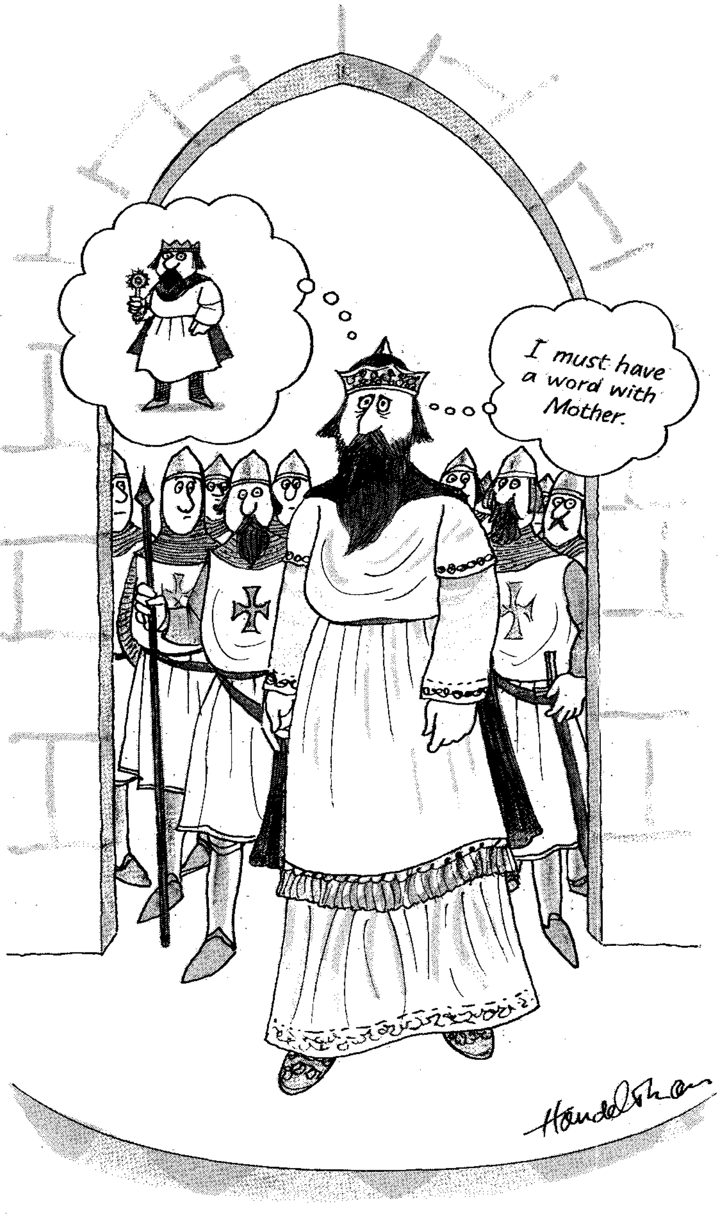
The King had been assuring Peres all along that if he received a promise similar to the one given Sadat before his famous flight to Jerusalem—namely, that Israel would withdraw from all former Jordanian territories it had occupied in 1967, including Jewish holy places in the Old City of Jerusalem—he, too, would be ready to come to Jerusalem and openly sign a peace treaty. The King's position, according to aides of Peres, was that if Israel was not yet ready, or able, to commit itself to full withdrawal he needed effective international backing—an "umbrella," as he put it, that would be held up by moderate Arab states (e.g., Egypt, Morocco) and the permanent members of the Security Council. In order to agree to any compromise—political or territorial, interim or permanent—that might be worked out between the sides, he needed an international "imprimatur," the King is said to have told Peres, to protect himself against Yasir Arafat and extremists of the Palestine Liberation Organization, with whom he had recently had an ugly quarrel.

Peres felt that this was an opportunity Israel should not miss. He was further encouraged by recent statements by the King to the effect that it was unrealistic to expect Israel to withdraw all the way to the pre-1967 boundaries, and that Jerusalem should remain united as a city, though presumably under two sovereignties. Peres was equally impressed by the King's apparent readiness to agree to a series of interim settlements in the form of partial withdrawals, or possibly joint Jordanian-Israeli administration of the occupied territories. The main obstacle was the King's insistence that while negotiations between the two sides would be direct, any unresolved differences must be referred to the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council. This Peres would not accept; the two sides must reach their compromises between them, with no pressure from the great powers, two of which (Russia and China) were far from neutral on issues at stake, and even refused to maintain diplomatic relations with Israel.

At a secret meeting in London on April 11th, which, it is said, lasted for more than seven hours, a breakthrough was apparently reached. The King, prodded by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain, agreed that the proposed international conference would not impose any solutions or veto any agreements reached between the Jordanian-Palestinian delegation and Israel. The United States, which was on the record as supporting free negotiations between the two sides, would in any event have vetoed an imposed settlement. Peres was highly encouraged by these results. Whether the Russians would play the game or were preparing to spoil it was not entirely clear at that stage, but it was thought likely that at least China might now be induced to take a role as an "umbrella" power. It was hoped, too, that some of the current restrictions on Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union might be relaxed.

Peres and his aides spoke ecstatically of "a historic breakthrough," an "unprecedented opportunity." The Palestine Liberation Organization would be kept out of the peace process at least for the time being, seeing that it was still unwilling to recognize Israel's right to exist. But there were hopeful indications that a number of prominent Palestinians on the occupied West Bank, with the tacit approval of Arafat, might join the Jordanian delegation and participate in the peace talks: mayors and former mayors, a well-known lawyer, and a prominent publisher. Even if the most crucial points of a possible agreement were to remain undecided—final borders, Jewish settlements, demilitarized areas, the future of Jerusalem—Peres was said to believe above all in the need to finally break the status quo and begin a new "dynamic." A written agreement—of a type that in the surrealist language of diplomacy is called a "non-paper"—was drawn up at the April meeting, on an "ad referendum" basis. Peres took it home with him to obtain the agreement of his right-wing partners in the coalition. He hoped that in one form or another such an agreement would be forthcoming, perhaps through defection to his side of one or two of the more liberal or more moderate Likud ministers. This had happened before, and had enabled Peres to force Cabinet agreement on withdrawal from Lebanon and to submit a petty but long-standing territorial controversy with Egypt to international arbitration. This time, his optimism was unfounded. To protect his flanks within his own party, Peres had been careful to take former Prime Minister Rabin, now Defense Minister, with him to London, to witness and endorse his agreement with the King. But Peres had grossly overestimated his leverage with his opponents in Likud. Prime Minister Shamir had been fully aware of and noncommittal about the long-drawn-out negotiations with the King. Peres had hoped to threaten Shamir with a government crisis and, possibly, new elections on the issue of "peace" or "no peace," which Peres felt sure he would win. But he had underestimated Shamir's talent as a tactician and political survivor. It has been said of Shamir that he has turned political immobility into an art. He is a man of considerable charm of the kind usually called Central European, but his unassuming figure, short and thickset, comes with a pair of piercing, hard eyes, which are the true index to his uncompromising nature. Shamir gave Peres a public dressing-down such as Peres had never received in his long career as a public servant and politician. He told Peres—and the press—that he would never agree to an international conference; that such a conference would be an invitation to pressure to withdraw from Judea and Samaria, and even from Jerusalem. The fact that Hussein had not been criticized in the Arab world for his meeting with Peres—not even by Syria or the P.L.O.—confirmed Shamir in his fears that Peres was planning a "sellout," in the words of one Shamir aide. In the Cabinet, the position Shamir held was stronger than that of Peres: Peres needed a majority, but Shamir needed only a deadlock. Hence the proposal that Israel attend an international conference was not even put to a vote.

To preëmpt Peres' call for new elections, Shamir quickly struck a bargain with Shas, an ultra-Orthodox splinter group in the Knesset. In return for denying Peres the two or three votes he needed in order to call new elections, Shamir promised Shas increased funds for Orthodox institutions, and also, within two months, new religious legislation on converted Jews. Conversions to Judaism by Reform and Conservative rabbis in America and elsewhere outside Israel have until now been recognized under the Israeli Law of Return, which grants automatic citizenship to Jewish immigrants; under the new legislation that Shamir promised Shas, only conversions confirmed by Orthodox rabbis would be valid. (The name of this game is power: the ever-recurring question "Who is a Jew?"—which has bedevilled Israeli public life since 1948—is really a question about who is a rabbi.) To Shamir's dismay, his first attempt, earlier this month, to push through the promised legislation invalidating Reform and Conservative conversions narrowly missed the majority he needed. The two big parties were deadlocked on this subject, too. But Shamir was bound to try again to uphold his deal with Shas and save his government. At this writing, a very narrow majority of the hundred and twenty Knesset members are still committed to voting against new elections.


I must have a word with Mother

Although Tall Enough to Play Basketball, Had There Been Such a Thing, the Emperor Charlemagne Was the Son of King Pepin the Short

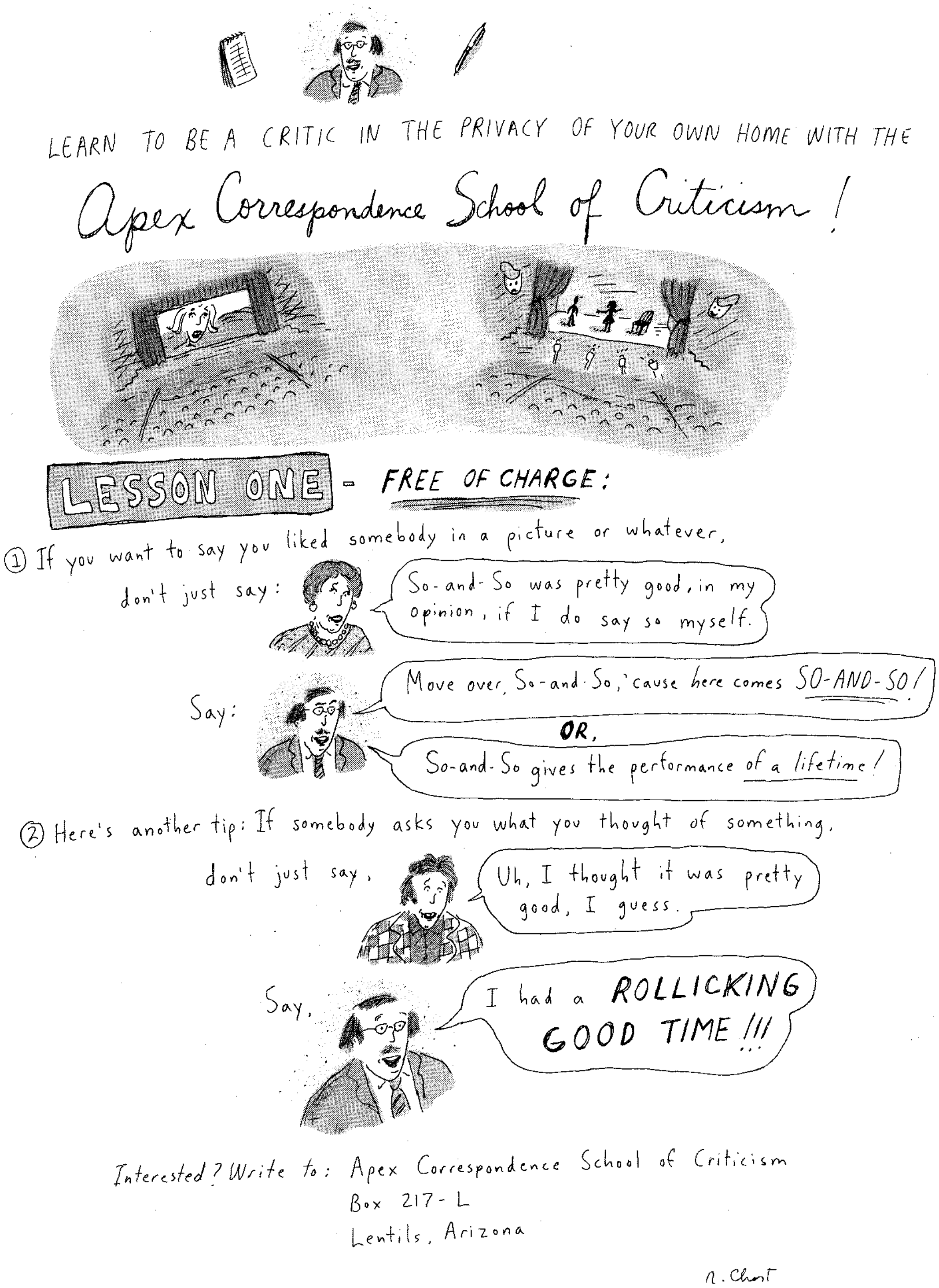
Peres was asked last month by an interviewer whether the ground could not have been prepared more thoroughly behind the scenes. No, a weary Peres answered, nothing can be done behind the scenes in Israel. Here we are always "onstage." He did not want to arouse the slightest suspicion that he might be electioneering. Shamir humiliated Peres further by informing Hussein, and the rest of the world, that the Foreign Minister represented only himself, and not the Israeli government. Privately, Peres aides complained that he had been let down by the

"Come here a minute, dear. Skeeter's learned a new trick."

Americans. The history of the Egyptian-Israeli peace process had clearly proved that no breakthrough could be achieved without active American involvement, but President Reagan and Secretary of State Shultz, according to Peres aides, had been oddly reserved about, if not downright uninterested in, the idea of the international conference as it had been worked out by Peres and King Hussein. At Shamir's instigation, Shultz was said to have cancelled a planned trip to the Middle East; he was also said to have been irritated by the way Peres had handled the Pollard spy affair—in which Jonathan Jay Pollard, a former analyst for the United States Navy, and a Jew, pleaded guilty to selling American intelligence secrets to Israel. The United States did not, of course, publicly oppose an initiative ostensibly advocated by both Israel and Jordan in the interests of peace. It was above all reluctant to become involved in an internal Israeli squabble, however, and, according to one Peres aide, Reagan and Shultz were also hesitant to give the Russians a role to play in the Middle East—as though, he said, "they had not been there for more than thirty years, for better or worse, mostly for worse." Peres sought throughout to persuade Shultz that an irreversible process was under way—one that would lead to elections in Israel and, it was to be hoped, to Israeli-Jordanian-Palestinian peace negotiations. He urged the United States to uncork its political energy to reinforce agreements already reached between him and Hussein. In mid-July there was as yet no sign that his approaches to the Americans were successful. There could be progress yet, within the context of a changed United States–Soviet Union relationship. In the meantime, the deadlock remained. It was reflected in a May editorial in the English-language Jerusalem *Post*. Alluding to a statement made by General Moshe Dayan immediately following the Six-Day War ("We are waiting for King Hussein to telephone"), the *Post* remarked upon the "historic irony that when King Hussein, after all these years, seemed ready to lift the phone, Israel's line was out of order and Washington's engaged."

Peres has since been cutting a rather pathetic figure, rushing from one European capital to another espousing his agreement with Hussein, and followed everywhere by Shamir's disparaging assertion that he is acting without authority, that he is just electioneering, just "power hungry." Peres is not under "house arrest," Shamir quipped on one occasion, but he ought not to be regarded by the outside world as an *interlocuteur valable*. Probably never before has a foreign minister wandered around the world as Peres has in recent weeks without a mandate from his government and in pursuit of a policy that his own Prime Minister was almost daily disavowing, publicly, in the strongest of terms. What Peres might have been telling François Mitterrand, Hosni Mubarak, Helmut Kohl, and others in these rather trying circumstances for a foreign minister is not known. He may believe that the international conference may still take place as a result of anticipated elections in Israel. Recently, coming out of a meeting with Mubarak in Geneva, he announced once again that 1987 will be the "year of peace."

At the same time, Peres has almost studiously avoided taking his campaign to the people of Israel, who must eventually, probably under new circumstances, vote on his plan. He took a great risk but did not prepare for the aftermath. His reluctance to campaign for his plan within Israel as he did abroad, along with a difficulty in projecting hope and confidence, was diversely interpreted. Moderates saw it as a personality flaw. Hard-liners said that it proved he was afraid to present his case to the people because he might lose it. He himself complained that his own party was not giving him the support he needed and deserved. Peres was further handicapped by Hussein; his position would have been easier if Hussein had not been so cagey, if Hussein had come out of the closet instead of insisting on clandestine meetings, and on denying—albeit with a broad, knowing smile—when he was asked, that they had taken place at all. Sadat had not been as secretive; with his keen eye for the psychological dimension of the Arab-Israeli conflict, he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was a master of political theatre and grand dramatic *gestes*, which visibly accelerated the Egyptian-Israeli process. By contrast, King Hussein, an authoritarian ruler, seems impervious to the psychological nuances that move politics and influence people in a democracy like Israel. Peres risked calling for an election to accommodate Hussein's drive for an international conference rather than a bilateral negotiation. But Hussein has done little if anything to make Peres' domestic position any easier. It also did not help Peres when Hussein invited Austria's President Kurt Waldheim, of all people, to pay a state visit to Jordan. That, a writer in the Jerusalem *Post* commented, could be another nail in the coffin of the peace conference.

Peres has faced his discomfiture with a kind of grim, grinding resoluteness. He has never been a charismatic leader. He is an intellectual, an avid reader, a loner, and what the French call *un triste*. (The best photograph of him I know shows him with his head lowered so that his shoulders are level with his ears, and his chin resting on the backs of his hands.) His rise through the ranks of the Labor Party apparatus was slow. For some curious, never clearly defined reason, he has continued to suffer a "credibility" problem, and his political enemies have exploited it with vicious and, as far as is known, totally unfounded accusations. Since his return to power in 1984, he had been looking for the opportunity to bring distinction to his leadership, but when the chance of the great breakthrough, the lever to a possible peace, presented itself he seemed oddly quiet, inactive, and, to some observers, without inner conviction. On the eve of a Peres tour to three European capitals, Yoel Marcus, a columnist for *Ha'aretz*, Israel's leading independent daily, reminded him that it was more important to convince Israelis of the importance of an international conference than it was to convince Thatcher, Kohl, and Mitterrand. "When Churchill believed in something, he spoke out forcefully, he fought for his belief, he did not take a public-opinion poll," a Jerusalem history professor remarked in May.

Public-opinion polls commissioned by the Labor Party in May showed that some sixty per cent of the Israeli public supported the international conference. Still, the campaign for peace—and new elections—did not warm up. The failure may have been caused at least in part by the aftereffects of the Pollard spy scandal. The affair cast a discrediting shadow on leading politicians of both parties, but Peres took a special beating. While the Knesset subcommittee for intelligence and security services, under the chairmanship of Eban, was conducting its secret hearings on the affair, Peres, annoyed by leaks, publicly called Eban a "pompous peacock." Eban responded that Peres might soon discover a new species—"a peacock with a sting in its tail." In its final report on the affair, the subcommittee tended to blame Peres more than

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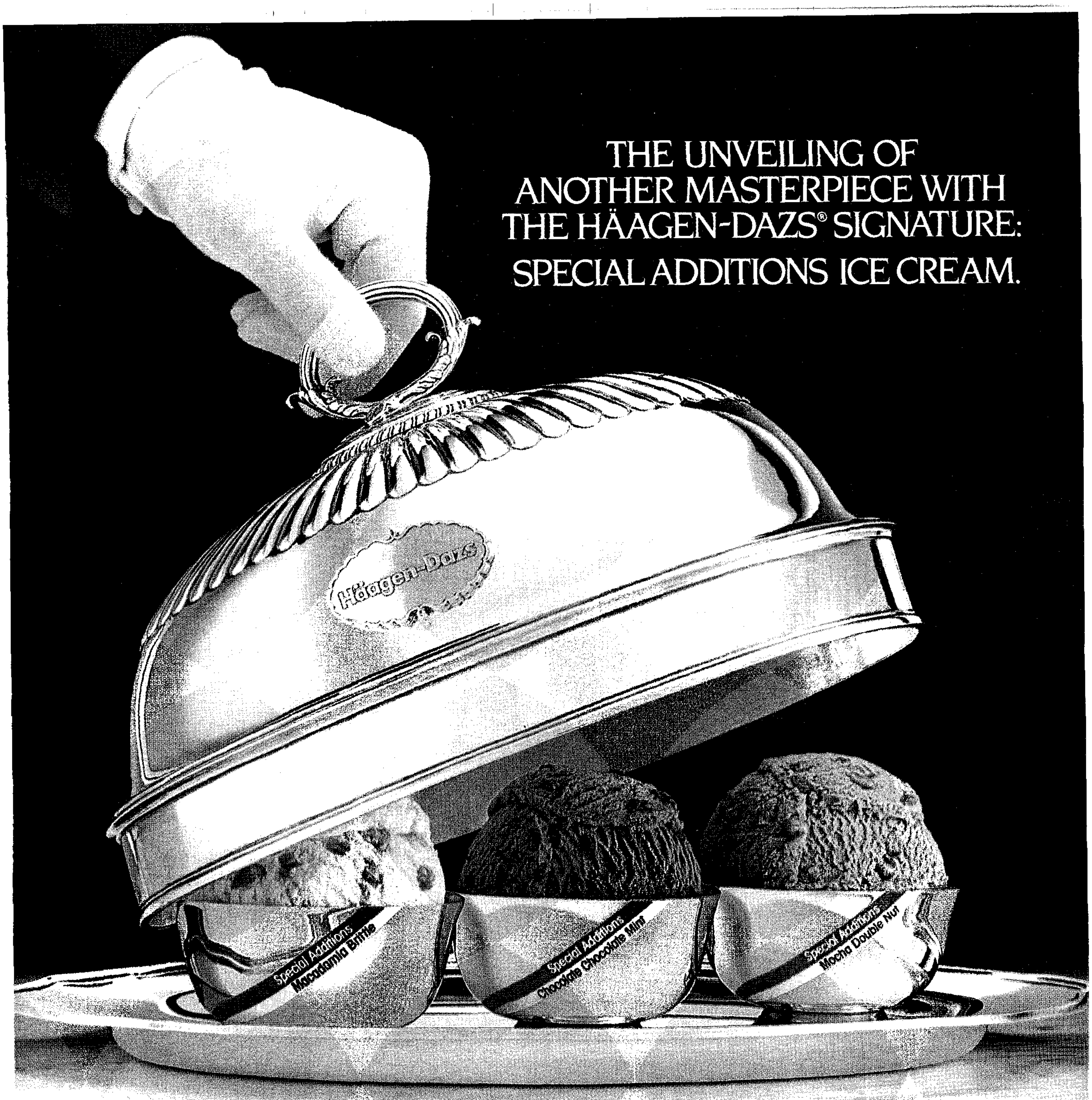
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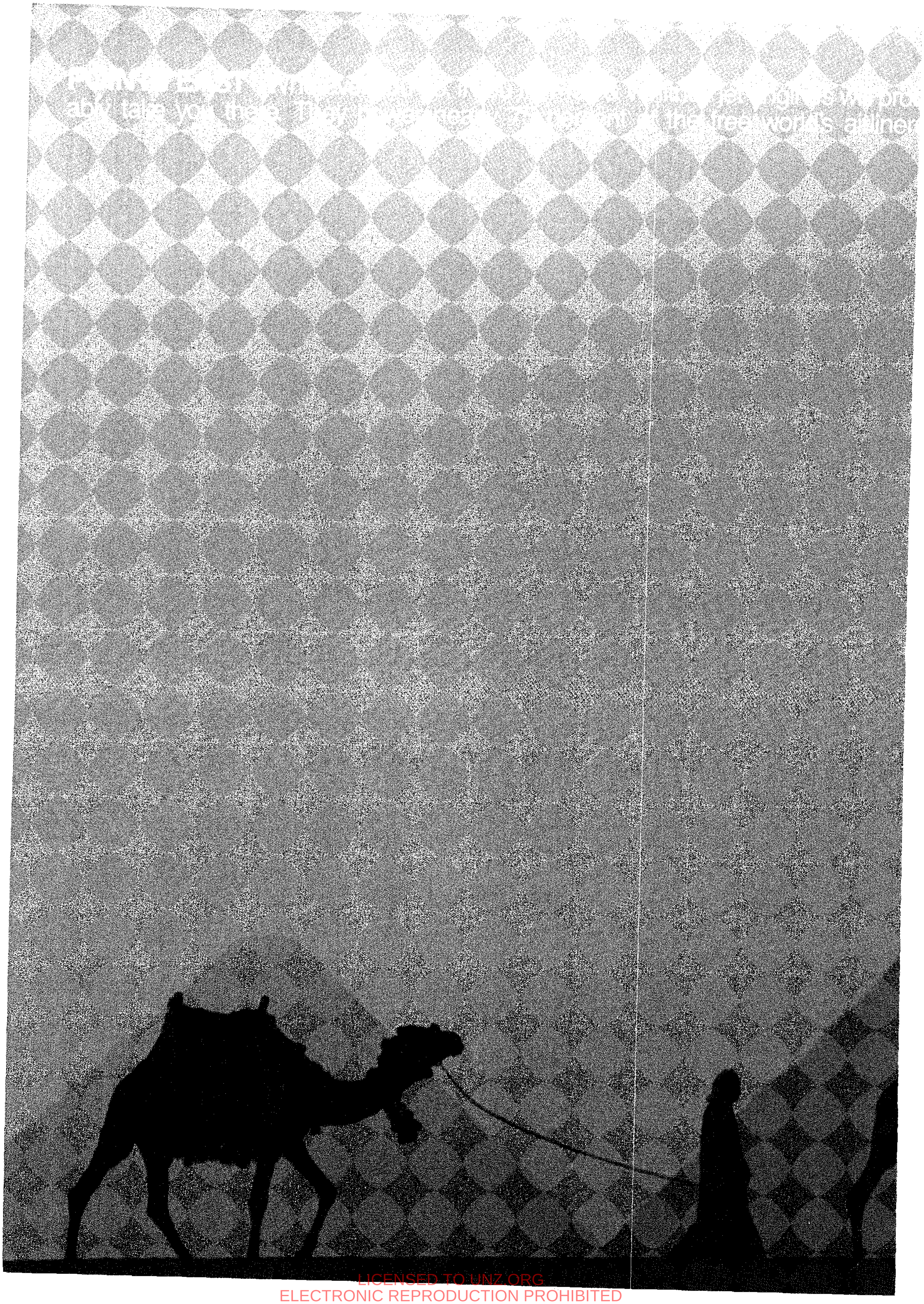
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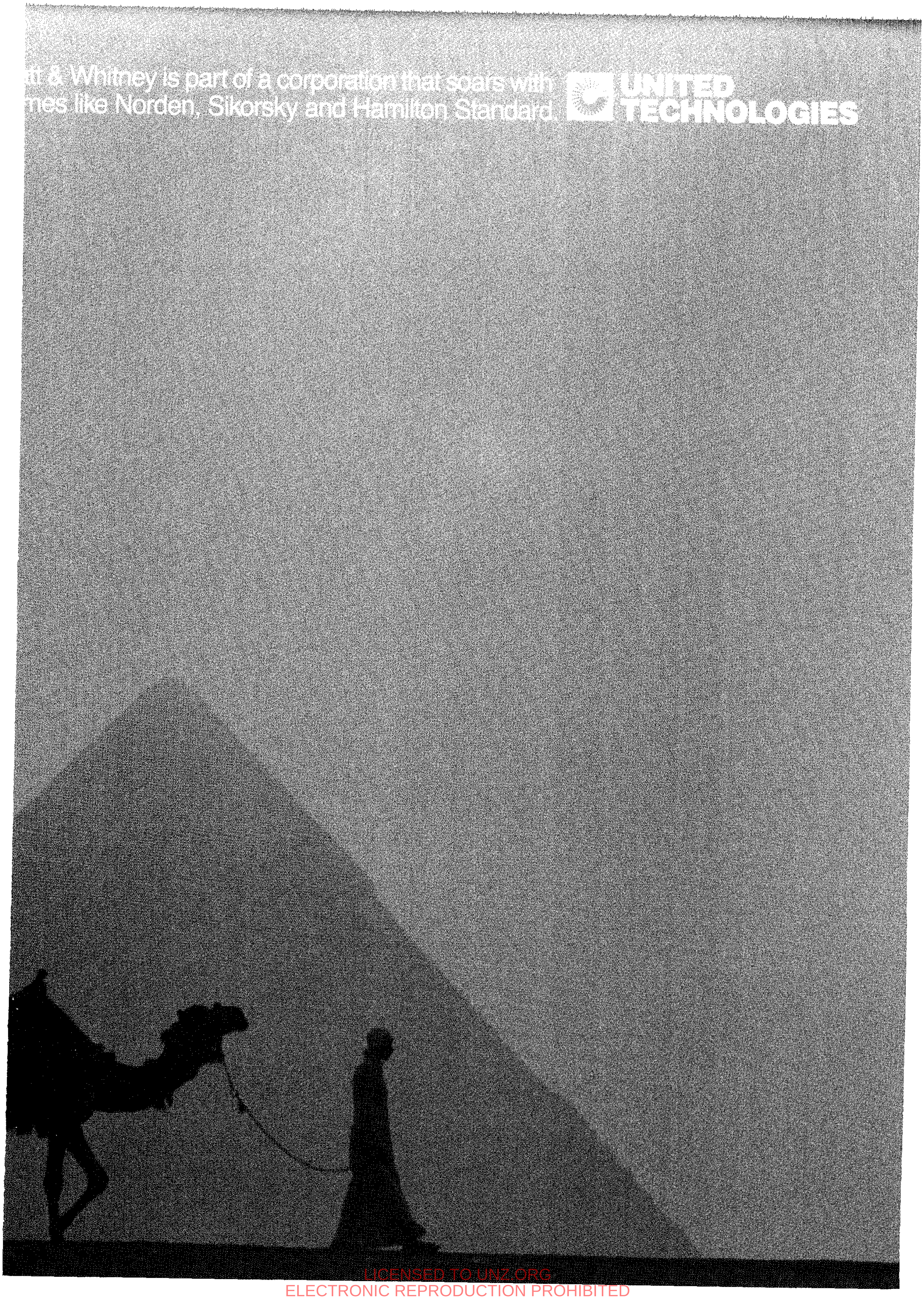
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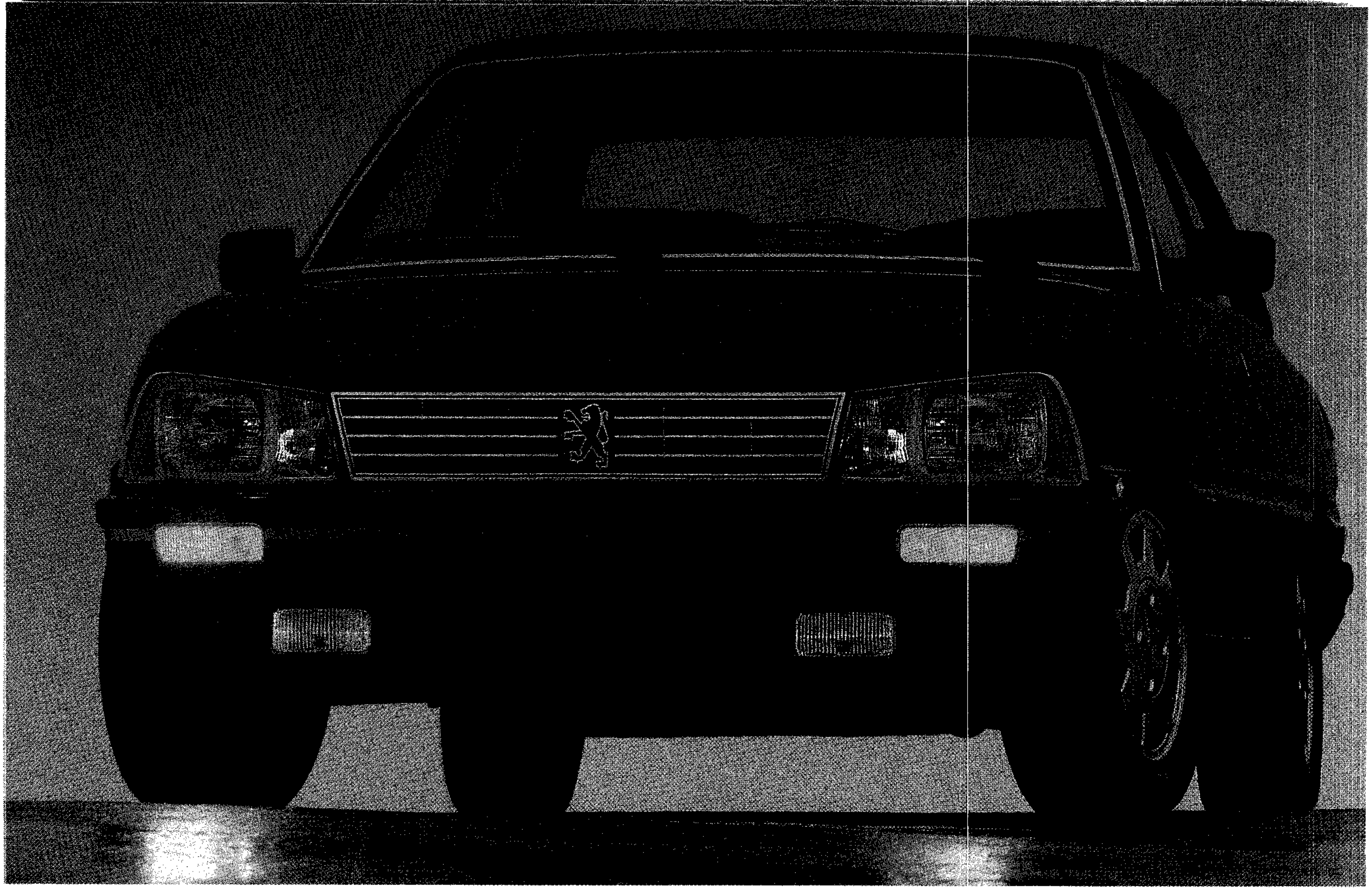

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others. Other ministers were blamed for the way they had handled (or conveniently overlooked) the sordid business, but Peres, the subcommittee pointed out, had been Prime Minister at the time. Because he was “first among equals,” it charged, his responsibility for what had been called —but was not—a “rogue” operation was greater. Peres’ public prestige was not enhanced by this report, or by the subsequent squabbles between him and committee members. He has tried to defend himself, rather lamely according to some, by saying that in England there were spy scandals, too, but no one had tried to blame Mrs. Thatcher. “Any three odd people, randomly picked on a Tel Aviv street, would have conducted the Pollard Affair with more good sense” than Peres, Rabin, and Shamir did, the columnist B. Michael wrote in *Ha’aretz*. The newspaper had up to this point wholeheartedly supported Peres in his efforts to reach an accommodation with Jordan; after the publication of the Eban report, it asked for his immediate resignation, together with the resignations of three other ministers—Shamir, Rabin, and Minister without Portfolio Moshe Arens—who were held politically responsible for the hiring of Pollard and, subsequently, for the coverup.

THE Pollard scandal no longer makes headlines here, but if only a fraction of the dire predictions in the local newspapers last spring come true the affair is likely to have a profound effect on Israel’s relations with the American Jewish community. Prior to the scandal, nobody could have foreseen how vulnerable these relations are, and how much they are complicated by conflicting loyalties, real and imagined. “The Pollard spy scandal has played itself out as a tragedy in three acts,” Henry Siegman, the executive director of the American Jewish Congress, warned Israeli readers at the height of the crisis, in an article published in the Jerusalem *Post*. “Were the acts to have been titled, the first would be named ‘Stupidity,’ the second ‘Arrogance,’ and the third ‘Coverup.’ The way the play is progressing, there may yet be a final act, called ‘The End of a Beautiful Friendship.’ ” Nothing so harsh or so ominous had been heard in the history of the Israeli-American Jewish relationship, in which the Israelis have been the glamorous role models in the American Jewish imagination.

Soon afterward, in a circular letter distributed among intellectuals and public figures for their comment, a former chairman of the powerful Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations in the United States protested, in strong language that created quite a stir, what he called the reluctance of Israeli leaders “to comprehend the essential requirements” that grow out of “the separate national identities” of Israeli and American Jews. It was not the first time that he had voiced this protest, he complained. A few years earlier, he had tried, but failed, to convince Prime Minister Begin that it was entirely inappropriate for an Israeli Prime Minister to stand before a large audience of American Jews and urge them to petition their own government to move the American Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. But that was a relatively benign matter, the letter said, in comparison with the insensitivity inherent in a decision “by Israelis of extraordinary competence, broad experience, and deep knowledge of Jewish and world history” to recruit an American Jew, a Zionist, as a spy for Israel. For the first time since Jews were enslaved because a king in Egypt concluded that they might side with his enemies, “the primordial myth has turned out to be fact,” and “the agony and pain that will emerge from this single provable instance of fact can hardly be exaggerated.” There was some kind of “macro-sociological difference” between Israelis and Jewish communities elsewhere, and “we must come to grips with it.”

Far from coming to grips with it, some Israelis reacted to the affair in a way that only exacerbated the bad feeling. Foremost among them was Shlomo Avineri, a professor of political science at Hebrew University and a former Director-General of the Israeli Foreign Ministry. In an open “Letter to an American Friend,” Avineri, without directly confronting the question of whether it had been right or wrong for Israel to recruit Pollard, resurrected the conventional Zionist argument—which one might have thought was passé by now—that the United States was a “diaspora” like all other diasporas, and the vehemence of American Jewish protest over the recruiting of Pollard merely proved that Jews do not really feel at home there. The argument has since bounced sharply back and forth, and has generated more heat than light. Those who have followed it are very likely to come away feeling that things may never be the same again between Israelis and Americans, both Jews and non-Jews. “The Israeli fad in America has had an unusually long run,” a former Labor minister said darkly. “I am afraid we have delivered it a terrible blow.”

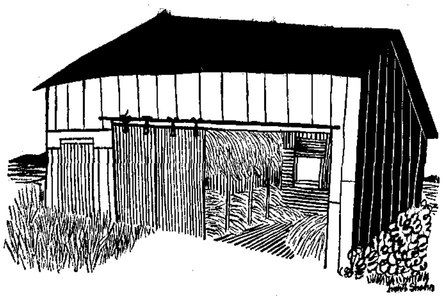
Criticism of Israel by leading American Jews was unprecedented in both tone and content. Arthur Hertzberg, a vice-president of the World Jewish Congress, wrote in *Ha’aretz*, “Israel has three main supports in the United States: right wingers who believe that Israel is America’s main strategic asset in the Middle East, liberals who see Israel as a democracy within the American political tradition, and the Jewish community. It takes a special kind of talent for self-destruction to cause such heavy damage to all three of these assets by one act of foolishness. I happen to know that Israeli diplomats in the United States have sent home calming reports. According to them, the Pollard Affair is a temporary, passing problem; in the words of Pangloss in Voltaire’s *Candide*, ‘all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.’ It is true that the immediate interests of their masters in the Israeli cabinet commit them to believe that this is the truth. But is it? The answer is no.”

The Israeli involvement in the Iran-Contra affair compounds the trouble, according to Israeli journalists reporting from the United States. “The problem is not whether the U.S. administration respects Israel—after all, our own government has become a joke recently,” the head of a major Jewish organization in America was quoted by Zvi Barel, the *Ha’aretz* correspondent in Washington, as saying not long ago. What worried this American Jewish leader was that with the recent spate of scandals in Israel “the American public gains a too intimate familiarity with Israel.” Israel, which was seen in the past more or less as a nation of supermen, now looks slightly “ridiculous.” The American press has begun to report on Israeli affairs in much the same way that “the Israeli press does.”

WITH one scandal following another in recent months, most ordinary Israelis can no longer tell the scandals apart. Watergate kept

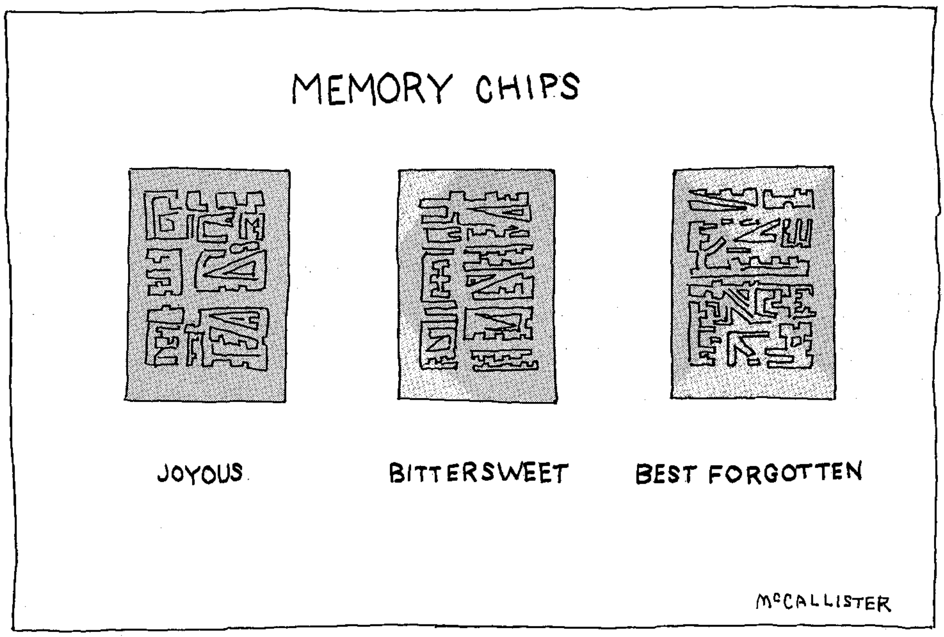
America busy for years; the Iran-Contra affair threatens to do the same. But in Israel there have recently been two or three scandals in a week. While the Pollard scandal was still riding high, the government almost collapsed over the international peace conference. It was threatened again when Shamir claimed that Peres was a "madman." Then came allegations of torture and revelations of extensive forgeries by agents of the Shin Bet, Israel's equivalent of the F.B.I., who for years had perjured themselves in order to secure convictions of suspected Arab terrorists. The Prime Minister quickly reassured the perjured agents and reportedly promised them immunity from prosecution. Another tremendous uproar arose when the government made a decision that in effect would charge Israeli Arab students almost fifty per cent more in college-tuition fees than Israeli Jews are charged. (The outcry caused its reversal.) Even relatively simple, albeit important, decisions, such as the appointment of ambassadors to the United States and Egypt, have been delayed for months because the two major parties that make up the National Unity government cannot agree on the candidates. In a series of dubious horse trades, which did little to enhance politics in the public view, small splinter parties in the Knesset have been able to make the most of the current deadlock between the Labor Party and Likud. In some instances, the small parties have settled for public funds for this or that project. In others, political figures have been bribed away from the minority parties by the inducement of safe seats on the list of a major party which will secure their reëlection. (The Israeli election system, unlike any other, is completely proportional. The entire country is a single constituency, and each party receives seats in the Knesset in proportion to the number of votes that its list of candidates receives nationally.)

The decline of parliamentary action is a direct result of the grand coalition between the two big parties, which essentially eliminates a lively, effective opposition. Ministers and members of the Knesset very often address a hundred or more empty seats. The discrediting of specific politicians—and perhaps of politics itself—has reached such a point in recent months that fears have been voiced that the system as such is on the verge of being discredited. That such fears are not entirely empty in a country of immigrants, many of whom come from authoritarian societies, is corroborated by the results of public-opinion polls, especially among young people, which point to a lack of or a decline in democratic values. There has been an acerbic debate here for many years over whether the reputed decline in democratic values does not derive partly from the fact that since the war of 1967 Israel has in effect been a "dual" society, with three and a half million Israelis enjoying full civil and political rights under the rule of law and one and a third million Palestinians within the same borders living under arbitrary military rule, with few civil rights and no political rights whatsoever: no right of free speech, of free assembly and political association, no right to travel freely or settle wherever they wish within Israeli territory, as Israelis can. Palestinians may go abroad only with permission from the military administration; they are not free to return home if they have stayed away for more than the allotted time, and are, in effect, expelled. The fact that the President of Israel bowed to right-wing and religious demonstrators by commuting the sentences of some of the Jewish terrorists, including those who had been serving life terms for murder and those who had been sentenced to shorter terms for attempting to blow up the mosques on the Jerusalem Temple Mount has been cited as an instance of "tribal justice"—one law for Jewish terrorists and another for Arabs. The extreme right and fundamentalist sectors of public opinion in Israel adhere to a theory of rights bestowed upon the Jewish people "divinely" in the entire Land of Israel within its never clearly defined Biblical boundaries. But the theories of democracy and of divine rights do not easily coexist. Democratic theory historically grew as a protest against divine rights, and the reëmergence, in whatever form, of a divine-rights principle in a modern democracy tends to undermine that democracy. Professor Dan Horowitz, a political scientist and sociologist at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is one of several academics who have warned in recent years of the fascist potential within Israeli society; its base, he says, is in the growing partnership of "tribal nationalism, religious fanaticism, and political populism."



The courts still function admirably to uphold the rule of law. But the political paralysis is imposing undue, and perhaps dangerous, burdens upon the courts. In a recent series of articles, Amnon Rubinstein, a former Tel Aviv University professor of constitutional law and, until last May, when he resigned in protest, Minister of Communications in the Shamir-Peres government, warned against this danger. The courts cannot substitute for ineffective or opportunistic legislatures and executives, Rubinstein declared. The Supreme Court, especially, has been pushed into making what would normally be executive or legislative decisions, in the vacuum created by the paralysis of the two branches. It was the Supreme Court, acting upon the plea of a citizen, that decided there should be television on the Sabbath, and it was the Supreme Court that ordered the Orthodox Minister of the Interior to introduce daylight-saving time. (He had been reluctant to change the time in deference to Orthodox fears that Saturday-night buses would begin to run in Jerusalem before actual Sabbath sundown.) For years, it had been impossible to reach agreement within the government or in the Knesset on whether the law on theatre censorship should be changed; the Supreme Court in effect decided against censorship, without a change in any law. It was the Supreme Court, too, that finally decided that newly formed political parties are entitled to public financing, that gasoline stations could remain open on Saturdays, that there was one definition of Jewishness, the Orthodox definition, but that converts to Reform Judaism can be registered in Israel as Jews.

Similarly, there has been a proliferation in recent years of "judicial inquiry commissions," which are called upon to perform what the executive or the legislature has been unwilling to do. Such commissions are usually headed by a Supreme Court Justice, and in the past one commission brought about the resignation of a chief of staff (General David Elazar), after the Yom Kippur War, and another the resignation of a Defense Minister (Ariel Sharon), after the Sabra and Shatilla massacres. When the



Pollard spy scandal burst, there were demands for a judicial commission to establish the personal and political responsibility for it. It was as though there were no Knesset.

Maintaining the link between authority and responsibility is a problem that many modern democracies face. In Israel, that vital link is further strained by the prevailing electoral system. The party system reigns supreme, a leftover from pre-Independence days, but an unusually high level of political awareness paradoxically coexists with sharply declining political-party membership figures—from eighteen per cent of the voting public in 1969 to sixteen per cent in 1973 and on down to thirteen per cent in 1977 and eight per cent in 1984. The first—and sometimes only—loyalty of a Knesset member is, necessarily, to the party apparatus that places him on its list; he is not even vaguely or indirectly responsible to the voter. He can thus play a part in the most bizarre manipulations without ever having to answer to those persons likely to be affected. Thus far, all attempts to reform the system have failed, for the simple reason that at least half the members of any given Knesset know that they would not be elected in a reformed system. When the National Unity government was set up, in 1984, it was hoped that Peres and Shamir, who agreed on hardly anything else, would at least agree to push through electoral reform, which both had advocated in the past, and thus put an end to the excessive power always exercised by tiny religious splinter groups. But this was not to be. Amnon Rubinstein, a longtime advocate of electoral reform, asserted shortly before his resignation that there were patterns of behavior in Israeli politics which if they happened outside parliamentary life would be regarded as illegal. He was referring to a deal with Likud struck by the deputy of a small, almost nonexistent party, who had little chance of being reelected, for a safe seat on the Likud list for the next Knesset in return for his vote against a possible Labor Party motion for new elections. (Similarly, if Likud fails in its attempt to block new elections it will be because Labor will have made an even more attractive, or outrageous, offer to a religious splinter group.)

The missing link between authority and responsibility has nowhere been so clearly evidenced as in the reactions of those most politically involved in the Pollard affair and its aftermath. Shamir's first response to the public outcry for a thorough investigation was that there was nothing to investigate. Those who should know all the facts know them, he said, and those who should not know need not. When the Eban subcommittee published its report criticizing the comportment of Peres and Rabin, Peres again attacked Eban personally, accusing him of "disloyalty" to the party that had given him his Knesset seat. Peres told Eban bluntly that he was not an almighty judge but was serving on the Knesset Foreign Relations and Defense Committee as a representative of the party. And Rabin said of Eban what, in colloquial Hebrew, is tantamount to "He can go hang himself." Eban was forced to defend himself at a meeting of the Party central committee which was convened expressly to censure him. These events could well mark the end of this civilized but lonely man in politics.

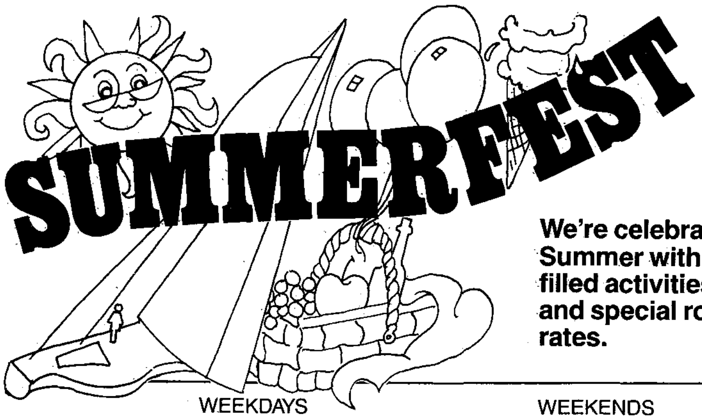
Shamir, Peres, and Rabin all dismissed the Eban report as just an opinion, of no particular consequence; they preferred to accept the conclusions of another team (a prominent lawyer and a retired general), which they themselves had appointed and which had in effect exonerated them by attributing "responsibility" for any mistakes that might have been made to the *entire* Cabinet. Only one Cabinet minister, Ezer Weizman, pointed out that ministers who had never heard of the spy operation in Washington before it became front-page news could hardly be held responsible. But if they *were* indeed responsible, he suggested, the entire Cabinet should resign. His proposal was made en passant, and was not put to a vote.

I LIVE in Jerusalem, where the Orthodox vote has always been higher than it has been in the rest of the country, although here, too, it is a minority. Only half a dozen or so restaurants have permits to open on the Sabbath in the Jewish part of Jerusalem, and some of those are occasionally stoned by ultra-Orthodox mobs, who also like to stone cars that approach their section of town. Needless to say, cinemas, theatres, and other places of entertainment are closed, and there is no public transportation. This spring, on the weekend following Independence Day, I drove by chance through Israel's coastal plain, the area in which more than seventy per cent of the country's population lives. The Sabbath in Haifa and Tel Aviv today is much as it is in any European or North American city. Theatres, restaurants, movie houses, public libraries, and swimming pools remain open. The buses are operating. Beaches and football stadiums are crowded. It is in Tel Aviv and Haifa that an essential characteristic of modern Israel immediately becomes apparent: the deepening gulf between the legal Israel and the real Israel.

The real Israel is a predominantly secular, easygoing Mediterranean country. But, even though the four or five religious splinter groups never win more than twelve or thirteen per cent of the seats in the Knesset, the legal

Israel is a country increasingly under the sway of ultra-Orthodox national legislation—especially in those areas which cannot be circumvented by local law, as can the opening or closing of restaurants and movie houses. There are many reasons for this situation—partly cultural and psychological and partly political. The psychological and cultural reasons are complex. The Zionist pioneers, through the nineteen-forties, were by and large secular—or, at least, anti-Orthodox. In his seminal text *Der Judenstaat*, the father of modern Zionism, Theodor Herzl, deliberately spoke of a country for Jews, not of a Jewish state. The early Zionist pioneers believed they were creating a new "Hebrew" nation on the ancestral soil. They assumed that their version of secular nationalism and humanist socialism would be an effective substitute for the Orthodox Judaism of their fathers, against which or against whom they had rebelled. In the Tel Aviv public school that I attended, in the nineteen-thirties and forties, an effort was made to shape our identities on the basis of the revived Hebrew language, of the Bible as literature, and of our teachers' Zionist interpretation of Jewish history: the diaspora was doomed, the future of the Jewish people was here. Jewish history, especially after the Holocaust, caught up with these simplifications and with the attempt to define Jewish nationality in purely secular terms; the composition of the Israeli population was radically changed with the mass immigration of Jews from Afro-Asian countries, who had little or none of the ideological background of the early pioneers.

There has been, in a sense, a Freudian return of the repressed. But the uniquely Orthodox terms in which this return has been *legally* defined—the refusal to separate synagogue and state, the exclusion of all Conservative, Reform, and Reconstructionist forms of Jewish observance—are due, for the most part, to *political* manipulation. Israel's unique electoral system has given small religious groups a vastly disproportionate power to push through their laws. The fact that in day-to-day life there is such an enormous difference between the real Israel and the legal Israel explains why the splinter groups, whose power would be severely curtailed under electoral reform, have so far vehemently opposed it. But the fact that there is such a deep gulf may also be an indication that in this area, as in others, the story is not yet finished. —AMOS ELON



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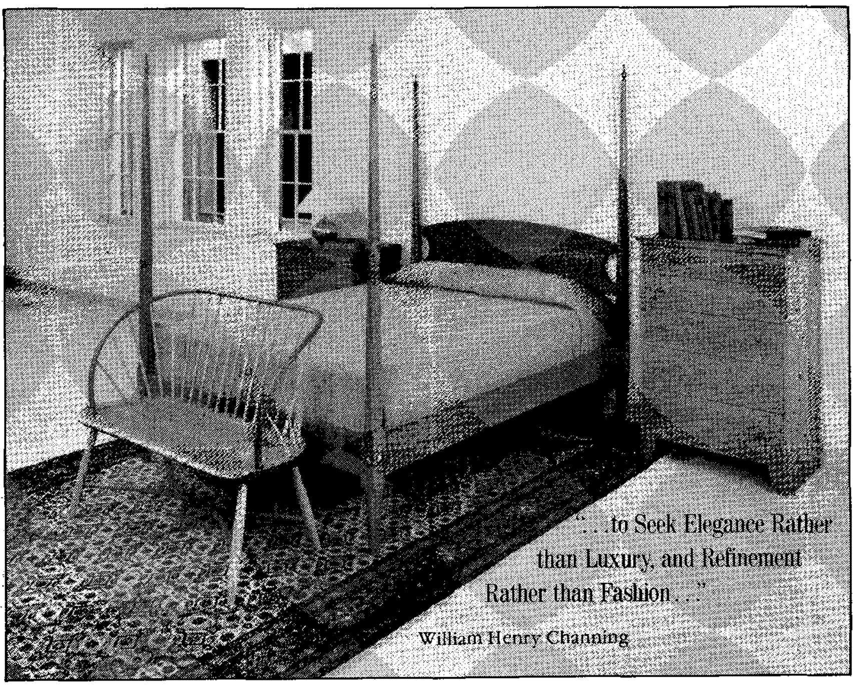

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE OLYMPIC CLUB AND THE OPEN

THE United States Golf Association was founded in December, 1894, and the following October the United States Open, our national championship, was conducted at the Newport Golf Club. The first time that the Open was held on the West Coast was in 1948, when it was played at the Riviera Country Club, in the Pacific Palisades section of Los Angeles. That year, Ben Hogan won his first Open, with a record-breaking total of 276. Prior to this, only in 1938, when the Cherry Hills Country Club, in Denver, was host to the championship, had the Open been staged west of Fort Worth. After the tournament had been played at Riviera, it was only a question of time before the Open, to balance matters, would be awarded to a club in the San Francisco area. In 1955, the Open, which had been generally recognized for about a quarter of a century as the premier golf championship in the world, was played over the Lake Course of the Olympic Country Club, in the area known as Lakeside—because of its proximity to Lake Merced—on the peninsula, south of urban San Francisco. The club has a second eighteen-hole course, which is called the Ocean Course, because at one time a number of its holes were situated close to the Pacific.

The 1955 Open turned out to be one of the most memorable Opens ever. For well over an hour on the third day, when the last two rounds were played, it looked as if Hogan had won a record fifth Open, but late in the afternoon Jack Fleck, an all but unknown professional, who managed two municipal courses in Davenport, Iowa, when he was not on the P.G.A. Tour, tied him by birdieing two of the last four holes. The next day, Fleck defeated Hogan in an eighteen-hole playoff. The Open was again held at Olympic in 1966, and another rousing tournament ensued. The previous year, the format of the Open had been changed: the concluding double round of thirty-six holes on the third day was abandoned, and the championship became a four-day event with a single round each day. Arnold Palmer, the magnetic star of the nineteen-sixties—who, along with President Eisenhower and color television, had helped to make golf a much more popular game in this country than ever before—appeared to be on his way to one of the greatest triumphs of his career. On the last nine holes, however, some wayward shots by Palmer and some inspired golf by Billy Casper, with whom he was paired, resulted in Casper's finishing the seventy-two holes in a tie with Palmer. The next day, Casper defeated Palmer in an eighteen-hole playoff.

With such a track record, it was not surprising that when the 1987 Open was scheduled to be held at the Olympic Country Club's Lake Course everyone in golf looked forward to another unpredictable, explosive championship. Because the eighteen holes of the Lake Course are packed tightly together, the number of daily spectators was limited to about twenty-five thousand. Badges for the tournament were sold out twelve months before the first shot was struck. (An Open badge cost a hundred and seventy dollars, and was good for the practice rounds and the four days of play.) Finally, the Tournament Committee had rented thirty-six hospitality tents on the club grounds to corporations for between forty-five thousand and seventy-five thousand dollars apiece. In January of this year, the Olympic Club sent the U.S.G.A. a check for a million two hundred thousand dollars as the association's share of the money received from the sales of badges.

THE Olympic Country Club's two golf courses were first opened for play in 1924. The Olympic Club itself is much older. It was founded in 1860—only a dozen years after gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill—by twenty-three young San Franciscans. They established it at a meeting in early May at the fire station of the Lafayette Hook & Ladder Company, on Broadway. They had modest aims—they wanted to expand a program of gymnastic training that they had been pursuing on an informal basis. By 1881, when the club had some seven hundred members, it established itself in spacious quarters, in the Morton House, on Post Street. At that time, the sport that the majority of the members were most

"If you're going to put everything in its proper perspective, I'll have another espresso."

interested in was track and field, and the club arranged for them to work out on the baseball grounds in Oakland. In the late eighteen-eighties, the club began to gain national recognition when some of the track-and-field stars it sent to compete in meets in the East and the Midwest turned in excellent performances. Then, in 1890, the club took a giant step forward by opening its own Outside Grounds on a block of land south of Golden Gate Park. This was an impressive facility. It had a sixth-of-a-mile oval track, with a hundred-and-thirty-five-yard straightaway, that was built of sand, crushed red rock, and cinders; a grass infield with jumping pits; a handball court; a clubhouse with a hundred lockers; and a three-thousand-seat covered grandstand. A second handball court and four tennis courts were later added. In January, 1893, the club's new home, an ornate four-story Romanesque building with a few Gothic touches, was opened, on Post Street. These were the days when private clubs devoted primarily to sports—the New York Athletic Club, for example—were springing up in the major American cities. The new Olympic Club was one of the grandest. It had everything, including a saltwater plunge.

The Olympic Club's building was destroyed in the great earthquake and fire of 1906. The club slowly regathered its purpose and resources, under the leadership of William F. Humphrey, a young lawyer, who was to serve as its president for forty-six years. In 1912, the club's present building, at 524 Post Street, was opened. It was five stories high, and its facilities included a billiard room, a gymnasium with a track, squash and handball courts, and a Turkish bath. Within two years, the membership had climbed to more than three thousand, and it has since doubled. In the early nineteen-thirties, the building was completely renovated. No substantial changes have since been made. From the beginning, the Olympic Club has had its share of wealthy members, but today, as in the past, it is egalitarian in spirit, and its members are distinguished by their vitality and the immense pride they take in their club.

In 1960, the Olympic Club published a history of its first hundred years, and in the section called "Sports Index" it listed alphabetically, and then briefly described its achievements in, the twenty-five sports with which it had been identified down through the years: baseball, basketball, billiards, bowling, boxing, crew, cricket, cycling, fencing, football, golf, gymnastics, handball, ice hockey, polo, rifle and pistol, rugby, soccer, squash racquets, swimming and diving, tennis, track and field, volleyball, water polo, and wrestling. The Olympic Club's finest hour may have come in 1924, when twenty-two of its members qualified for the United States teams that competed that summer in the Olympic Games in Paris. No other single organization or institution was represented by as many athletes that year. One of the first members to make his mark in sports had been James J. (Gentleman Jim) Corbett. A bank clerk in San Francisco, Corbett boxed and coached boxing at the club before he turned professional and, in 1892, defeated John L. Sullivan for the world heavyweight title. The first swimmers to conquer the daunting tides and currents of the Golden Gate and swim from Fort Point to Lime Point were two Olympic Club members, George Bond and Walter Pomeroy. They accomplished this feat in 1911. Maurice McLoughlin, the winner of our national tennis championship in 1912 and 1913, and William M. (Little Bill) Johnston, our national champion in 1915 and 1919, played on the club's tennis team. In the nineteen-twenties and the early nineteen-thirties, the Olympic Club's football team, made up largely of former college heroes, annually played the teams of such nearby colleges as Stanford, California, Santa Clara, St. Mary's, and the University of San Francisco. The club fielded its last football team in 1932. By then, professional football—the National Football League—had established itself firmly, and its teams were in a position to offer former college players good salaries for their services. The situation in basketball was different. Professional basketball did not outgrow its instability and become the sturdy league it is today until the middle of the century. After finishing college in the late nineteen-thirties, Hank Luisetti, the Stanford star—he invented the one-hand jump shot, which eventually replaced the traditional two-hand set shot—joined the Olympic Club team. In the 1940-41 season, Luisetti's team went to the final round of the Amateur Athletic Union championship. Cornelius Warmerdam, perhaps the greatest pole-vaulter in history, and Parry O'Brien, the record-breaking shot-putter of the nineteen-fifties, were on the club's track-and-field team. Bob Rosburg, Ken Venturi, and Johnny Miller are three of the many fine golfers who have been members of the Olympic Club. Incidentally, at present the club has just over a thousand golfing members. (About two hundred and fifty are women, but a woman member must be a close relative of a male member.) The initiation fee is fourteen thousand five hundred dollars, and a prospective member should expect to spend five years or so on the waiting list.

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TODAY, beyond the purlieus of San Francisco, the Olympic Club is best known for its two golf courses. Shortly after the close of the First World War, the club, responding to pressure long exerted by a large number of its members, accepted a proposal by the Lakeside Golf and Country Club, which was in financial difficulties, to rent Lakeside's course, between Lake Merced and a high ridge near the Pacific, merely for the cost of maintaining the eighteen holes and the clubhouse. In 1922, the Olympic Club bought three hundred and sixty-five acres, which included the Lakeside Club's course, for less than a half million dollars—a bargain, to put it mildly. Because of the size of its membership, the Olympic Club wisely decided to discard the old Lakeside course and build two new eighteen-hole courses on the property, which is about seven miles southwest of Nob Hill.

According to William E. Callan and James Innis, the Olympic Club's golf historians, the men responsible for designing and building the new courses were Willie Watson, a Scottish golf-course architect, and Sam Whiting, an Englishman, who had succeeded Macdonald Smith as the professional at the Lakeside Club. One of the main problems that confronted them was how to make the best use of

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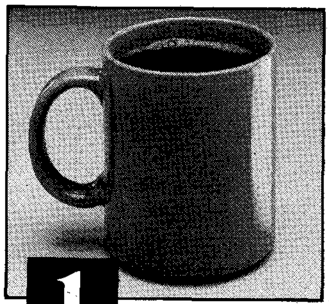

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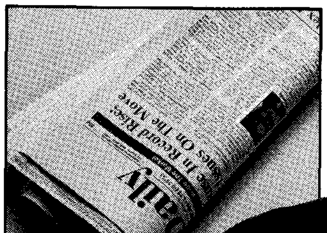

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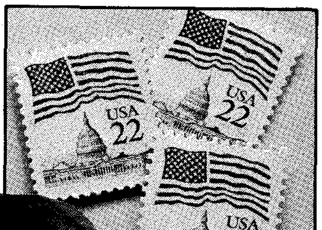

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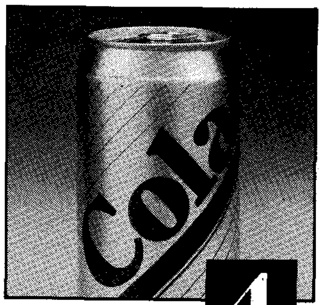

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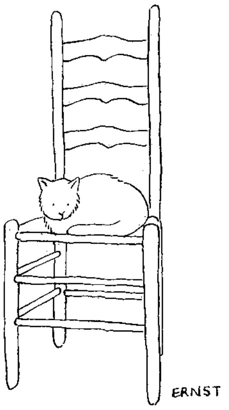
the strip of land between the high ridge and the ocean. The architect of the old Lakeside course had elected to spread his holes over the inland incline between the ridge and the lake, but Watson and Whiting wanted to use the land on the ocean side of the ridge, for two good reasons: first, a succession of holes alongside the Pacific would be spectacular, and, second, using the seaside acreage would make it easier to find room for thirty-six holes within the boundaries of the club's property. From the beginning, they thought in terms of a Lake Course and an Ocean Course. To stabilize the terrain of the holes that they laid out near the ocean, they built a line of dunes along the edge of the Pacific with clayey soil from the ridge. The two eighteens—the Lake Course and the Pacific Links, as it was then called—were opened on May 25, 1924, with suitable fanfare, but during the winter of 1925-26 many of the holes along the ocean were lost because of landslides. In 1926, Whiting embarked on the enormous task of redesigning the two courses. His master plan called for transferring the last six holes of the Lake Course to the Ocean Course, and for laying out twelve new holes to form a superior Lake Course. He routed these new holes with immense skill, making imaginative use of the existing fairways. He planted thousands of cypress, Monterey pine, redwood, and eucalyptus trees along the borders of the new holes to frame them and give them definition. He took full advantage of additional acreage that the club had obtained. In May, 1927, the revised Ocean Course, 6,053 yards long, and the new Lake Course, 6,432 yards long, were opened for play. It should be added that the remaining holes of the Ocean Course overlooking the Pacific were swept away by storms in the winter of 1982-83.



In 1955, when the U.S. Open was played for the first time at the Olympic Country Club, not many people east of the Sierra Nevada had heard much, if anything, about the Lake Course. Most golf fans figured that if the U.S.G.A. had selected it as the venue of the Open it had to be a sound and demanding course. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be on hand for the championship quickly appreciated that the course had a personality all its own. The trees that Whiting had planted thirty years before were now fully grown, sixty to ninety feet high. On several holes, the top branches of the trees on both sides of the fairway arched high above it and produced the effect of a canopy. Each hole was set off from the others by its thick border of trees. There wasn't a single water hazard on the eighteen holes, but we soon realized that the course was a good deal harder to score on than we had thought at first glance. A high percentage of the holes were doglegs, and those that weren't offered interesting complications. Many of the fairways were subtly canted, and on a number of holes the ball bounced in one direction and the fairway swung in a different direction. And then there was the rough. Even the short rough was so gnarled that occasionally it took several minutes to find a ball that had barely bobbled into it.

The transformation of the Lake Course into an Open course had been set in motion well before November, 1954, but in the middle of that month a party headed by Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the executive secretary of the U.S.G.A., spent two days studying the individual holes and deciding on the changes that had to be made to turn each hole into a fitting test for the best golfers in the world. The inspection party, which included Robert Trent Jones, the well-known golf-course architect, who had been engaged by the Olympic Club, reached clear decisions on all the major matters: the length of many of the holes was to be increased anywhere from ten to fifty-five yards by extending the existing back tee or building a new back tee; the fairways were to be narrowed to between twenty-eight and forty-two yards; the rough was to be allowed to grow in densely. There were other important decisions, too. New bunkers were to be added in the green area of several holes, and a number of the existing greenside bunkers were to be lengthened, so that they swung farther to the front of the green. Notable changes were to be made on the last two holes. On the seventeenth, a 487-yard par 5, a new forward tee was to be built, and for the Open the hole would play as a tough 461-yard par 4, uphill all the way. On the eighteenth, an extremely short par 4, a new back tee was to be built, forty yards behind the existing tee, and this would change the eighteenth into a narrow, sticky 337-yard par 4 and, it was hoped, into a much more perilous finishing hole. A new pot bunker was to be carved out in front of the small, raised green, which slopes from back to front and is situated at the foot of a natural amphitheatre, just below the clubhouse, that can accommodate a gallery of more than five thousand people. These alterations changed the old 6,432-yard, par-71 course into a far more punitive par-70 course, 6,700 yards long. By Open standards, a course of that length was decidedly on the short side. However, Olympic played much longer than its yardage. The solid lines of high-limbed trees that hemmed the holes had to be respected; the fog, which regularly rolled in during the night, made the fairways soft and slow; and the wind off the ocean was frequently laden with moisture.

ON the opening round in 1955, only one player, Tommy Bolt, broke 70. He had a 67. Eighty-two of the hundred and sixty-two starters shot 80 or over. The scores would have run even higher if the U.S.G.A. had not informed the general chairman of the Open several days before the first round that the rough, made up of wide-bladed stalks of Italian ryegrass, had been allowed to grow much too high on many holes, and directed that it be cut to a specified height: two inches for the short rough, and five inches for the high rough. During their practice rounds, the players had learned that the rough was so thick and grasping that if they missed the narrow fairways off the tee they could seldom get the face of an iron club solidly on the ball on their recovery shots. It was worth noticing that on the opening round Hogan, who always adjusted his game to the requirements of the course he was up against, was hitting his tee shots with a tight, shortened, somewhat flatter version of his usual swing. With his cultivated sense of course management, he was concentrating on hitting the fairway off the tee and, whenever he could, the side of the fairway that gave him the best angle to the green on his approach shot. In 1953, his best year, Hogan had won the Masters, our Open, and the British Open—a sweep that has never been duplicated. In 1954, however, he had failed to win either of the two major events he entered, and he very much wanted to carry off the 1955 Open and extend his extraordinary record—which had started in 1946 with his victory in the P.G.A. Championship—of never failing to win at least one of the four major championships over a two-year span.

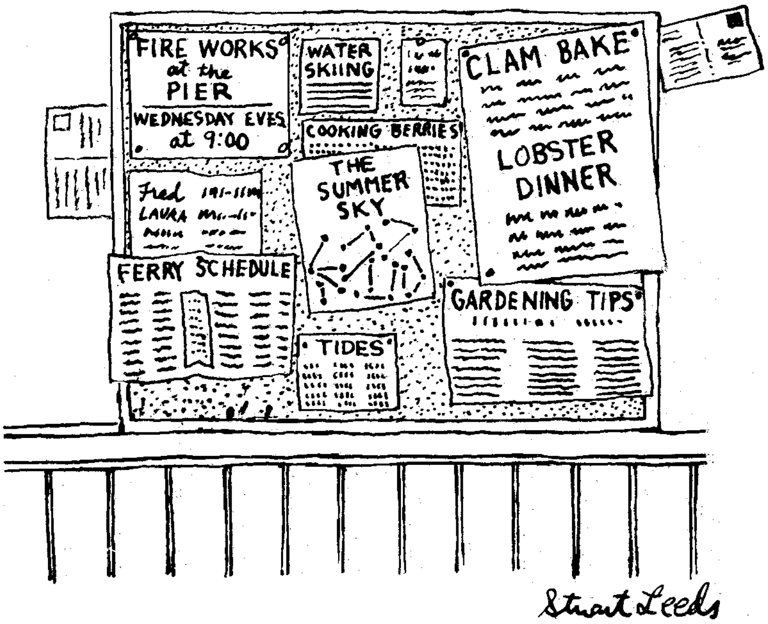
Hogan started his conquest of the Open with a round of 72, two over par. On the second day, he played a hardworking 73, for a total of 145 at the halfway mark. This put him a stroke behind the two leaders, Bolt and Harvie Ward, who was perhaps the most thoroughly talented amateur in this country in the years following the Second World War. Jack Fleck and Julius Boros, after 69s on the second round, were tied with Hogan at 145. On Saturday, the day of the last two rounds, Ward, struggling to find his best form, played a pair of 76s and was never a factor. On the morning round, Sam Snead brought in a 70. This gave him a three-round total of 218 and put him within a stroke of the new leader, Hogan, who had taken a 72 in the morning. As for Fleck, he was only three strokes off the pace after a 75, but no one considered him a possible threat. He had never won a tournament on the P.G.A. Tour. In fact, he had never finished higher than sixth in a tour event.

Midway through the afternoon round, Snead, playing about three holes in front of Hogan, went off on a streak of glittering shotmaking. It was wasted, however, when he failed to come even close to making birdie putts of nine, seven, and five feet. Most of his gallery had dropped back and picked up Hogan when word came over the grapevine that Snead had bogeyed the sixteenth and, later, the seventeenth. Hogan, who had gone out in 35, even par, fastidiously played each shot down the stretch, and added another 35 for a round of 70 and a four-round total of 287, seven over par but five strokes lower than the best scores on the board—292s by Snead and Bolt. After he holed out for his par on the eighteenth, Hogan received an ovation from the huge gallery packed around the home green, and then he dragged his weary legs up the hill to the locker room to sweat out Fleck, the only man who stood between him and his fifth Open crown.

When Hogan holed out on the eighteenth, Fleck, two under par for his round, was on the twelfth. He parred that hole and the thirteenth, but he took a bogey 5 on the fourteenth. As he walked onto the fifteenth tee, followed by a growing gallery, Fleck knew that in order to tie Hogan he needed to birdie two of the last four holes. He got one of those two birdies on the fifteenth, a 150-yard par 3, when he holed from nine feet. In the eyes of a number of people who had recently joined his gallery, Fleck, a tall, slim, somewhat gaunt figure, seemed to be in a world of his own. He barely missed sinking his chip for a birdie on the sixteenth and his putt for a birdie on the seventeenth. On the eighteenth, the short par 4, on which the small, sloping green is perched above the fairway, Fleck's drive finished four inches or so in the rough on the left, but he had a very good lie. He made the most of it. He played a crisp, three-quarter 7-iron that sat down quickly on the green about seven feet past the pin and to the right of it. He rolled his sidehill putt into the middle of the cup. Jack Fleck had tied Ben Hogan.

Hogan was a heavy favorite to win the eighteen-hole playoff the following afternoon. Fleck was not at all awed by the occasion. Striking the ball nicely and putting with a smooth, sure stroke, he was never behind. After the first eight holes, he led by a stroke. He widened his lead to three strokes when he made a twenty-five-foot putt to birdie the ninth and a seventeen-foot putt to birdie the tenth. Hogan continued to hit the fairways and the greens and to collect his pars. He got one stroke back when he birdied the fourteenth, and he picked up another stroke when Fleck failed to make his par on the seventeenth. Now it was Hogan who had to birdie the eighteenth. As he was hitting his drive, his right foot slipped on the sanded tee, and he hooked the ball into a thick, foot-high stand of Italian-rye rough, which, according to the U.S.G.A.'s instructions, should have been cut to a reasonable height before the start of the tournament. It took Hogan one swing with his sand wedge to dislodge the ball, a second swing to move the ball a yard, and a third to punch it laterally back onto the fairway. His pitch shot to the green finished about twenty-five feet past the pin, which was set to the front of the green. Fleck, who had hit a perfect drive, followed it with a hole-high approach eighteen feet from the pin. Hogan somehow managed to hole his long putt down the fast slope. A 6 and a 72. Fleck was down in two putts for his par and a round of 69. Hogan walked over to Fleck and, as he congratulated him, he broke into a hearty smile. At the presentation ceremony, Hogan expressed his sentiments. "First, I would like to make one thing clear," he said. "There is nothing unfair about this golf course. I have just witnessed one of the greatest displays of guts and courage on the golf course that I have ever seen."

During the championship, par was broken seven times, three of those times by Fleck. After his amazing performance at Olympic, he did not slip back into obscurity, never to be heard of again. He later won two tournaments on the P.G.A. Tour—the Phoenix Open in 1960 and the Bakersfield Open in 1961. In the 1960 U.S. Open, at Cherry Hills, he was in contention until the last few holes and finished in a tie for third. Jack Fleck was an able golfer, even if he never again reached



"You do competent work, Jennings, but you never take wing."

the heroic level of his play at Olympic. As for Hogan, he continued to compete in the championship through 1967, when he was approaching his fifty-fifth birthday. The previous year, he had been on hand at Olympic when the Open was held there again. He had finished twelfth—a splendid performance by this exceptional man, who had won nine major championships between 1946 and 1953. Hogan was as fine a striker of the ball as has ever lived.

WHEN the Open returned to Olympic in 1966, the course was set up to play 6,719 yards—nineteen yards longer than in 1955. Par remained 70, and there were still nine rugged par 4s between 403 and 461 yards in length. There was only one significant change in the preparation of the course: except in a few spots, the rough was neither as high nor as brutal as it had been eleven years before. This was a key reason that the scoring in general ran much lower. The weather was also a contributing factor: after a foggy, gray opening day, the Open enjoyed a stretch of sunny, dry, windless days. There was no explaining why so many long putts were made. The greens at Olympic are planted in a mixture of bent grass and *Poa annua*, an annual bluegrass. They have quite a bit of contour, and they are on the small side, averaging about four thousand square feet. They require accurate iron play. All in all, Olympic was not as intimidating as it had been in 1955, but a player had to think out his shots prudently and keep his wits about him.

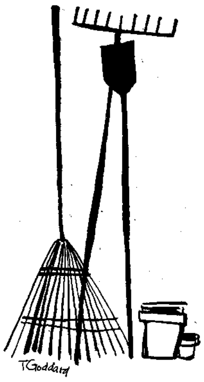
Arnold Palmer came to the 1966 Open in somewhat the same position as Ben Hogan had been in eleven years earlier. Palmer had won the United States Amateur championship in 1954, shortly before his twenty-fifth birthday, and had captured his first major championship as a professional in 1958, when he won the Masters. In the summer of 1966, he faced the challenge of having to win either our Open or the British Open or the P.G.A. Championship in order to sustain his record, starting with his 1958 breakthrough in the Masters, of winning at least one of the four major championships over a two-year span. He had his heart set on winning our Open. He had won it only once, in 1960, at Cherry Hills, and he had lost it twice in playoffs—in 1962, to Jack Nicklaus, at the Oakmont Country Club, outside Pittsburgh, and in 1963 to Julius Boros in a three-way playoff with Jacky Cupit at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts. Now, at thirty-five, Palmer was an excitingly long driver, though he had recently changed from drawing the ball from right to left and started fading it from left to right. He felt that he got into less trouble with a fade. He still made an inordinate number of long putts, though he was beginning to miss some of the five and six footers coming back. After a mediocre front nine on his opening round, Palmer came home in 33 for a good 71, four strokes higher than the low round of the day. As usual, he had attracted by far the largest and most ardent gallery.

On the second day, Palmer was paired with Billy Casper, the 1959 Open champion. In 1966, Casper, approaching thirty-five, was not as rotund as he had been during his earlier years on the tour. He was on an anti-allergy diet of exotic foods, such as bear and buffalo meat, and he had lost over forty pounds. He had not lost an ounce of his ability to handle the pressure of tournament golf. His uncomplicated swing was based on superb hand action, and he was almost as sound from tee to green as he was on the greens. He had an uncomplicated and reliable putting stroke: he closed the blade of his putter a fraction as he took the club back, and he opened the blade to a square position as he brought it smoothly through the ball. After starting with a 69, Casper added a 68 for a thirty-six-hole total of 137. This tied him for the lead with Palmer, who had played one of the most impressive rounds of his career—a 66, which could have been at least a few strokes lower. On the last two holes, for instance, he had missed putts of less than a yard.

Under a new regulation introduced that year by the U.S.G.A., the leader of the Open at the halfway mark would be paired on the third round with the golfer with the next lowest score for the first two rounds. Accordingly, Palmer and Casper were paired again. This time, Casper had one of those rounds in which neatness on and around the greens made up for his indifferent golf from tee to green. He was around in 73. Palmer had a 70. His score hardly indicated the unusually high quality of his shotmaking over most of the round. At the start of the back nine, he had struck a bad patch, missing the fairway on three successive tee shots, and on a course like Olympic he paid a high price for such errors. The big thing was that Palmer held a three-stroke lead on the field with a round to go.

On the fourth day, Palmer and Casper, the leader and the man closest to him, were paired for the third straight day. Palmer, in top form, reached the turn in 32, three under par. At this point in the championship, he had widened his lead to seven strokes. If he went on to play the second nine in even par, he would break Hogan's record Open total of 276, which had been set at Riviera in 1948, and he might also break the modern record nine-stroke margin of victory, which had been established by Jim Barnes way back in 1921. For one reason or another, there was a noticeable drop in the keenness of Palmer's concentration on the second nine. He missed his par on the tenth when he failed to get down in two from just off the edge of the green. On the short thirteenth, he pulled a 4-iron well to the left of the green and lost another stroke to par. There was still no need for alarm. With five holes to play, Palmer still held a five-stroke lead on Casper. The par-3 fifteenth and the 609-yard par-5 sixteenth were Palmer's undoing. On the fifteenth, the pin was set on the right side of the green. Casper, with the honor, went for the pin with a 7-iron, and hit a firm shot that finished twenty-two feet past it. Palmer also went for the pin with a 7-iron, but his shot missed the right-hand edge of the green by inches and caught the bunker below. When Palmer took three to get down and Casper boldly holed his breaking putt for a birdie, Palmer's lead had been cut to three strokes. On the sixteenth, which swings in a long arc to the left, Palmer made the questionable decision to go back to his old method of drawing the ball from right to left on his tee shot. Instead of drawing it, he pull-hooked it into the line of trees on the left, and the ball ended up in heavy rough only a hundred and fifty yards from the tee. He managed to escape with a 6. Casper, however, was on the green in three, thirteen feet from the pin, and when he made his putt for a birdie 4 Palmer's lead had been whittled down to a single stroke. He lost that stroke on the seventeenth when he left his five-and-a-half-foot putt for his par short of the cup.

On the eighteenth, Casper's tee shot finished on the right side of the fairway. Palmer played an iron off the tee and hooked it into the rough on the left side of the fairway. His ball was embedded in wiry stalks of ryegrass eight inches high. As Palmer studied his lie, one could not imagine how even a man of his strength would be able to whack the ball more than halfway to the green. Somehow he tore the ball out of the rough with his sand wedge and muscled it onto the green and thirty feet past the pin. His putt down the slope finished hole-high about four and a half feet from the cup, and he made the touchy sidehill putt for his par. Casper's approach had pitched about fourteen feet past the pin and to the right. Feeling that there was a chance his downhill putt might get away from him, he chose not to go for the birdie. He trickled the ball a foot from the cup and carefully made the tap-in. Casper: 36–32—68. Palmer: 32–39—71. Casper: 69, 68, 73, 68—278. Palmer: 71, 66, 70, 71—278. What a killing pace they had set! The man in third place, Jack Nicklaus, was seven strokes back.



The playoff was a sort of reprise of the fourth round. Palmer played the first nine in 33 to take a two-stroke lead. The turning point was the eleventh hole, a 430-yard par 4, on which the fairway slides gradually to the right and then, just before the green, breaks more acutely to the right. Casper, playing a long iron on his approach, fired a low left-to-right shot that hopped into the bank of rough to the left of the green, hopped out of it, and rolled onto the green some twenty feet short of the pin. Palmer played an almost identical shot on his approach. His ball hopped into the bank of rough, hopped up briefly, and then expired in the rough. When Palmer proceeded to take three to get down and Casper holed his putt for a birdie, Palmer's lead had vanished. On the short thirteenth, Casper rolled in a putt of at least thirty feet for another birdie, and went out in

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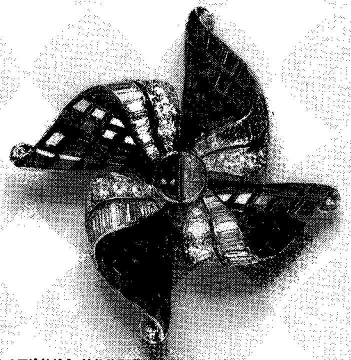

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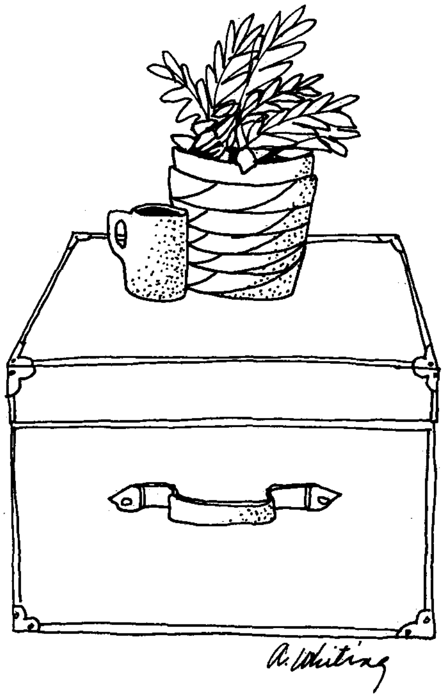
front. He gradually bolstered his lead, and he administered the coup de grâce by spinning his pitch to the eighteenth a yard from the pin to set up a final birdie, which extended his margin of victory to four strokes. Casper: 35-34—69; Palmer: 33-40—73. Casper had played with great skill and resolution throughout the tournament, holding on calmly when Palmer went off on one of his dashes, and then countering with steadfast shotmaking from tee to green and some magnificent putting.

Palmer never did win the Open again, although there was something about the championship that continued to stir him deeply. Down through the years, whether he was playing well or poorly in the other tournaments, he managed to raise the level of his game in the Open. He finished second in 1967, tied for sixth in 1969, was third in 1972, tied for fourth in 1973, and tied for fifth in 1974. In 1981, when he was fifty-one, Palmer won the second United States Senior Open Championship, at Oakland Hills, outside Detroit, after an eighteen-hole playoff with Casper and Bob Stone, and although this was nothing like as sweet as winning the Open, he treasured it.

IN 1969, Joe Dey, after a third of a century at the helm of the staff of the U.S.G.A., resigned his post to become the first commissioner of the P.G.A. Tour. Since then, the responsibility of setting up the courses on which the Open and the other important national championships are played has belonged to Purvis James (P.J.) Boatwright, Jr., a soft-spoken, pipe-smoking Georgian, who had joined the staff of the U.S.G.A. in 1959. This year, for the first time, Boatwright faced the challenge of seeing to it that Olympic presented the "stern but fair test" that he believes an Open course should provide. He made few changes in the layout, none of them radical. For the 1987 Open, the course measured 6,709 yards—ten yards shorter than it had for the 1966 Open. The seventeenth tee was extended forward, and, at 428 yards, this rugged par 4 played fifteen yards shorter than it had in 1966. The tee on the 137-yard eighth hole was extended several yards to the left to reduce the chances of a ball's lodging itself in the bushy branches of the tall cypress trees that reach out over the right side of the fairway and green. The fairways ranged in width from twenty-six to thirty-four yards, but for the most part they were about thirty yards wide, which is customary for Open courses. When a group of us walked the course on Wednesday, June 17th, the day before play began, we were struck by how hard and bouncy the fairways were. After a drive landed on them, the ball would usually take a high kick and veer toward Lake Merced or in whatever direction the contours of the fairway decreed. The San Francisco area had experienced its usual rainless June, and, on top of that, the fairways had been cut extra short with a triplex green mower. The greens, too, were firm and fast. As for the rough, it was the kindliest rough an Open course has had for some time. The first six or eight feet adjoining the fairway was only two inches high, and the deeper rough was a mere four inches high. It was not especially thatchy. Our group concluded that Boatwright must have felt that the course would be difficult enough just as it was, without the lush, matted rough generally associated with our Open courses. Boatwright had got the kind of ball striker's course he was after, and the players seemed to be happy with it.

On the morning of the opening round, the skies were overcast, but by noon the sun was out and the weather was ideal. There was little or no wind to worry about, and the scores ran lower than most people had expected. Bernhard Langer, of West Germany, who was in the chase almost all the way, was one of three players who shot 69. Three players, including Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, of Spain, brought in 68s. Ballesteros had struggled through one of those scrambling rounds that are becoming all too typical of his play. The round of the day was a 67, by Ben Crenshaw, the popular Texan. Crenshaw was two under par after the first fifteen holes—he had rolled in birdie putts of sixty and thirty-five feet on the slick greens. The shot that made his round was one he played on the par-5 sixteenth, which bends to the left off the tee and continues to bend to the left until it finally arrives at the green. Crenshaw's 3-wood tee shot caught the edge of the rough on the left. He then pulled a 1-iron deeper into the rough at the point where the fairway makes its last lunge to the left, about a hundred yards from the green. Crenshaw experimented with several different stances that might allow him to hook the ball safely around the trees edging into the rough and carry it over the large bunker that protects the right side of the green. He then made an inspired decision: this was no time to take a possibly costly risk. Instead, he played a little thirty-yard chip with his 8-iron laterally back onto the fairway. He knew that his ball lay about eighty-five yards from the pin, because he had practiced pitching from that spot. His pitch with his sand wedge stopped five feet from the pin, and he made the putt for his par. He proceeded to par the seventeenth, and to birdie the eighteenth when his approach with his pitching wedge finished a yard from the pin.



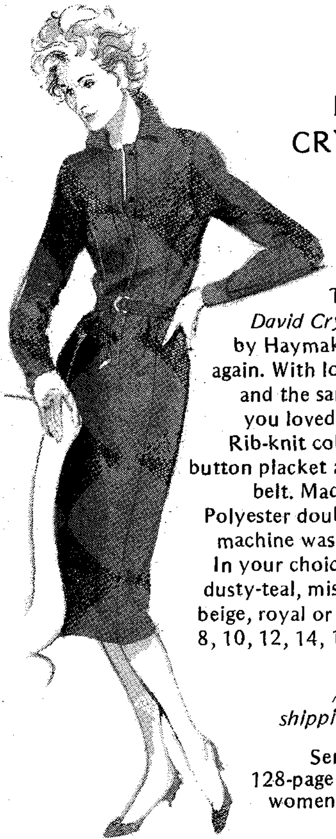
On Friday, the day of the second round, a heavy morning fog was followed by a light drizzle. This change in the weather softened the greens and fairways, slowing them down discernibly. This made for much better scoring conditions. On the opening day, many people had doubted whether the course would yield a score as low as 66. On the second round, Tom Watson, one of the early starters, brought in a 65. In his press conference, Watson stated that the fifty-foot birdie putt he made on the third hole was the shot that got his round started. If the ball had missed the cup, he said, it would probably have run ten or fifteen feet past it. From that point on, Watson had played attacking golf and had putted the way he used to putt. He holed for birdies from thirty feet on the ninth, from twenty-five feet on the eleventh, from eight feet on the fourteenth, from six feet on the sixteenth, and from four feet on the eighteenth. That rundown will give you an idea of the momentum that Watson generated on a round that featured nine one-putt greens. He explained that he had made some slight adjustments in his putting stroke: he was trying to use his arms and shoulders more; he was also concentrating on keeping his hands ahead of the blade of the putter as he stroked through the ball. The previous evening, he added, he had made an adjustment in his swing which might have accounted for his accuracy off the tee on his second round. He had shortened his backswing.

Watson, who grew up in Kansas City and still lives there, is regarded in San Francisco as a local boy, because he is a graduate of Stanford University, in Palo Alto. Many of the fans rooting for him at Olympic knew his record well. Starting in 1974, he had won thirty-one tournaments on the P.G.A. Tour, but his last victory had come three years ago, in the Western Open. What made him a star was his performances in the major championships: five victories in the British Open, in 1975, 1977, 1980, 1982, and 1983; two victories in the Masters, in 1977 and 1981; and one victory in the U.S. Open, in 1982. The big question, of course, was whether Watson, at thirty-seven, had seen his best days or was still a golfer with the skills and the heart to continue to win important events. Like the many faithful followers he has acquired in England and Scotland, his American galleries admire the sporting qualities that he brings to tournament golf, and the thousands cheering him on at Olympic were hoping that the 1987 Open would mark a signal triumph for him in a major championship after his three years in the wilderness. It is worth noting that at the annual U.S.G.A. dinner on the eve of the Open, Watson had received the Bob Jones Award for sportsmanship—an annual citation that is one of the game's highest honors.

Watson's two-round total of 137 (72–65) placed him in a tie for the lead at the halfway mark with Mark Wiebe, a burly Oregonian, who had followed an opening 70 with a 67. There had been a number of other surprises. Nicklaus, who had failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut the week before in the Westchester Classic, was one of five players tied at 138 after rounds of 70 and 68. He had manufactured his 68 in a most un-Nicklausian way: he scrambled for six pars by getting down in two from off the green—four times from the rough, once from a bunker, and once from the apron of a green. (On the third round, he fell well off the pace.) One of the other players tied with Nicklaus at 138 was Jim Thorpe. A strong man who plays difficult courses well, Thorpe had made excellent showings in the Open in 1981 and 1984. Crenshaw, after a 72 on his second round, stood at 139, along with Bob Eastwood, Larry Mize, and Scott Simpson. The thirty-six-hole cut had come at 147. Seventy-seven players, the highest number in the history of the Open, made the cut, and it was decided that the field would be less cumbersome if the players went out in threesomes the next day, rather than in twosomes, as they traditionally do in the last two rounds of the Open. One of the players who missed the cut was Payne Stewart, a top star on the P.G.A. Tour, who also ranks among the most recognizable professional golfers, because he always wears knickers and a cap on the course. Long after Stewart had cleaned out his locker at Olympic, he often flashed into one's awareness. All the volunteer marshals at the championship wore outfits that featured white caps, tan-and-red blouses, tan plus fours, long tan stockings with red diamonds, and white shoes. The colors of the Olympic Club are cardinal red and white. Where the tan came from is anybody's guess—perhaps from a football fan who liked the San Francisco Forty-Niners' uniforms. Last year, the marshals at the Open, at the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, in Southampton, on Long Island, simply wore white shirts, tan trousers, and planter-style straw hats with wide brims that curled up fashionably.

ON Saturday morning, when the third round got under way, the skies were cloudy, but at noon the sun broke through and quickly dried out the fairways and greens. Playing with Thorpe and Wiebe in the last threesome, Watson, hitting his shots somewhat tentatively, bogeyed three of the first four holes. He settled down after that and played the next five holes in one under par. Watson is a man of medium size—he stands five feet nine and weighs a hundred and sixty pounds—but when he is on his game he hits the ball farther than most bigger golfers, because of the wide arc of his swing and his superlative coördination. On the second nine, playing one confident shot after another, he started home with five solid pars.

Only one player in the field, Keith



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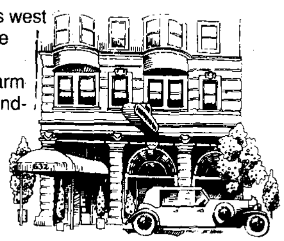

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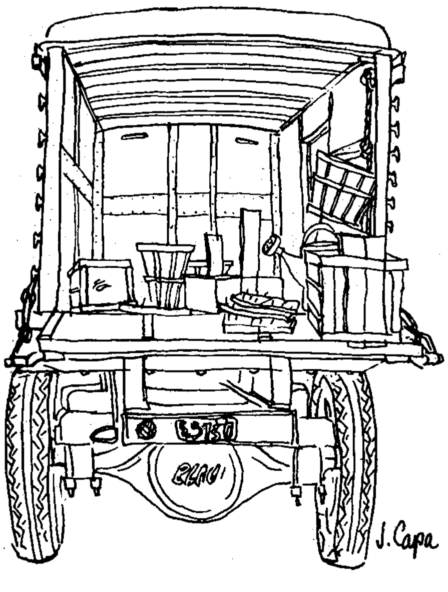
Clearwater, took full advantage of Watson's faltering start. A handsome twenty-seven-year-old Californian, who had played on the golf team at Brigham Young University, Clearwater had qualified for the P.G.A. Tour last autumn, in his fifth attempt. In mid-May, he had come to everyone's attention when he shot two 64s on the final day en route to winning the Colonial National Invitation tournament, in Fort Worth. No one had ever handled the exacting Colonial course like that before. At Olympic, Clearwater, one of the early starters on the third round, made his par on the first hole, a 533-yard par 5, but this was the only 5 on his card: 543 344 423 for a 32 out, and 434 343 434 in for another 32 and a 64—a stunning combination of twelve pars and six birdies. This gave him a total of 209, one under par, for the first three rounds. Clearwater made a lot of sense when he was asked to comment on his round. "You don't get too thrilled about it," he said. "You can't. You really haven't done anything yet."

Clearwater's score had been posted on the leader boards by the time Watson stepped onto the fifteenth tee, two over par for his round. The green on the fifteenth, now a 149-yard par 3, is hidden from the golfer by a large bunker that thrusts itself up in the middle of the fairway quite close to the green; he can see the upper part of the pin, though. Watson hit a pretty 8-iron fifteen feet short of the hole and made the putt for a birdie. That put him one over par for the round. On the long sixteenth, he was on the back of the green in three and down in two for his par. He bogeyed the seventeenth when he missed a hard-to-read six footer. He finished in style. His 2-iron off the eighteenth tee was down the fairway. His approach with his 9-iron drew up fifteen feet to the right of the pin, which was set at the back of the green a shade to the left. He studied his sidehill putt almost a minute. He played the difficult break just right, but the ball stopped on the lip of the cup. Watson lunged forward expectantly. The ball still hung on the lip. An instant later, it fell in.

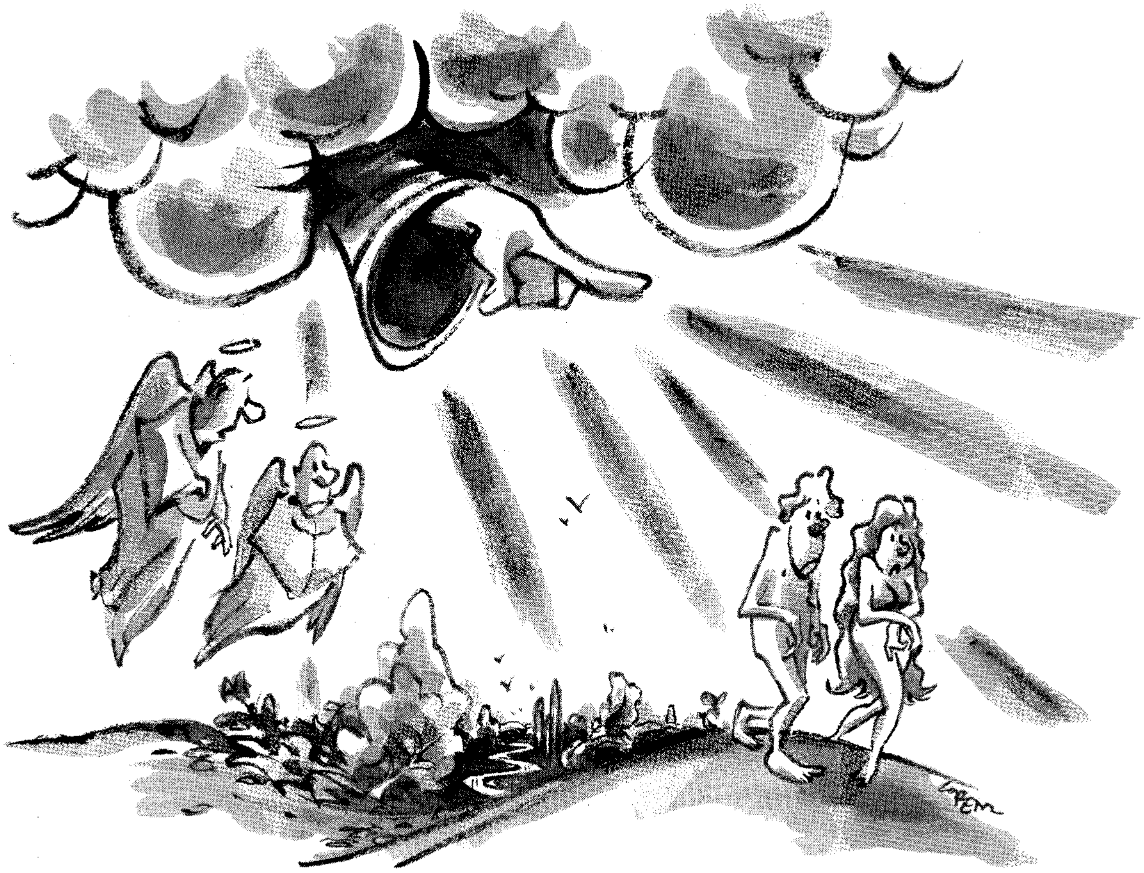
This dramatic birdie putt gave Watson a 71 for the round and a three-round total of 208, which kept him in the lead, a stroke ahead of Clearwater (74–71–64) and Scott Simpson (71–68–70). (There are two Simpsons who are professional golfers. Scott, a thirty-one-year-old Californian, who attended the University of Southern California, is in his ninth year on the tour. He is a tenacious competitor and has prospered. Tim, a thirty-one-year-old Georgian, who attended the University of Georgia, is in his eleventh year on the tour. He, too, has done well.) After a third straight round of 70, Lennie Clements, a San Diego State alumnus, was two strokes off the lead at 210. Clustered at 211, three strokes back, were Ballesteros (68–75–68), Crenshaw (67–72–72), Langer (69–69–73), Thorpe (70–68–73), Mize (71–68–72), and John Mahaffey (72–72–67). It made for a splendid leader board.

The fourth round, on Sunday, was played in perfect weather. The skies were cloudless, and there was a touch of wind off the ocean. Most of the spectators who poured onto the course were well aware that in the two previous Opens at Olympic a playoff had been necessary. With nine players within three strokes of the leader, and with ten others only four strokes off the lead, this Open might well repeat the pattern. That afternoon, as I was walking the sixth hole and noticed the bunker to the left of the fairway, Hogan popped into my mind. When the course was being transformed into a suitable test for the 1955 Open, a new bunker was added, at Trent Jones' suggestion, on the left edge of the fairway in the landing area of the drives. It was, and remains, the only bunker on the fourteen par 4s and par 5s which a golfer must watch out for on his drive. Oddly, the incident the bunker reminded me of was connected not with the 1955 Open but with the 1966 Open. During that championship, a story circulated about a practice round that Hogan had played with Bruce Devlin, the talented Australian golfer. Devlin had never played the course before. After peering down the sixth fairway from the tee, he asked Hogan if the bunker on the left was in play. "No," Hogan replied. "You play to the right of it."



In the last five twosomes to go out on the fourth round, Thorpe was paired with Langer, Crenshaw with Mize, Ballesteros with Mahaffey, Clements with Simpson, and Clearwater with Watson, in that order. Watson again played the opening holes shakily. He missed his par on the first when he took three putts from the fringe twenty feet beyond the hole. He bogeyed the second when his 8-iron approach from the rough bounced over the green. He parred the next two holes but three-putted the fifth for his third bogey of the round. One over par for the tournament at this point, Watson had come back to the field. There was a brief period early in the afternoon when Langer, one under par for the tournament through the fourth hole, was out in front, and there was a moment shortly after this when Langer, Mize, and Simpson, all of them even par for the tournament, were apparently tied for the lead. There were simply too many contenders bunched together for anyone to be certain who was coming on and who was falling back. It was Watson who eventually clarified the situation. Playing with poise now, he birdied the short eighth when he planted a 9-iron shot fifteen feet from the pin and made the putt. On the ninth, a 433-yard par 4, he followed a big drive with a pitching-wedge approach twenty feet from the pin, and then made that putt for another birdie. These back-to-back birdies put Watson one under par for the tournament and out in front again. Under the pressure the Open creates, there were few birdies on the fourth round at Olympic, a very testing Open course.

As the round went on, the spectators were beginning to wonder if one of the players near the top might suddenly make a run at Watson, who over the last decade has been the nearest thing to a Hogan or a Palmer, and possibly overtake him, in the tradition established at Olympic by Fleck and Casper. Both Mize and Crenshaw, who were paired for the fourth time in four days, managed to get back to even par for the tournament when they birdied the tenth hole, but that was as far as their rallies would take them. Ballesteros, after slipping to three shots over par for the tournament early in his round, had fought his way back to even par when he birdied the eleventh, but his rush ended there. Clearwater, Clements, Mahaffey, and Thorpe had never got started. Gradually, it dawned on everyone that if a challenger were to appear it could be Scott Simpson. A well-built man who stands six feet two, he wears an authoritative black mustache, and goes about his golf in a quiet way. On the last round of the Open, Simpson had on, as he usually does, the golfer's enlarged version of a white visor.



"Frankly, I think we'll regret introducing these organisms into the environment."

Simpson was one over par for the day and even par for the tournament when he came to the thirteenth, a 186-yard par 3. He put his 5-iron shot about sixty feet past the pin, which was set to the front of the green. He read the speed of the green expertly and rolled his approach putt two feet from the cup. He made his short putt and moved on. Watson, still one under par for the route after parring the eleventh and twelfth, went with a 6-iron off the thirteenth tee. The ball landed and stuck in a deep patch of rough ten feet short of the front of the green and twenty-five feet from the pin. Watson went down after the ball with a sand wedge and wafted a marvellous recovery, which landed softly on the green and stopped three feet from the cup. He made the putt.

The 417-yard fourteenth breaks to the left two hundred and seventy-five yards from the tee. There it plunges down steeply and rises just as steeply to a green protected by bunkers on the right and the left. Trying for a big tee shot, Watson pulled his drive slightly, and it finished in the rough on the left. His recovery shot with his pitching wedge ran to the back of the green, twenty-five feet past the pin. His putt was slightly downhill. As he was studying the line, a tremendous roar erupted only a hundred yards or so behind him. The spectators walled around the periphery of the short fifteenth were undoubtedly saluting a birdie by Simpson. Watson regathered his concentration and played a great answering stroke. He holed his birdie putt. At that moment, all of us who were following Watson were under the impression that by matching a birdie by Simpson with one of his own Watson had regained his one-stroke lead. The leader board on the fifteenth corrected this misapprehension. It showed that Simpson had birdied the fourteenth as well as the fifteenth. He was tied for the lead with Watson, two under par for the tournament. What baffled us was that we had heard no gallery applause at all when Simpson birdied the fourteenth. At the end of the round, we learned a possible explanation for the absence of a roar: Simpson had put his approach shot four feet from the pin, and his birdie putt had been a relatively short one. But, then, why hadn't we heard the shouts when Simpson put his approach shot stiff to the pin? In any event, we were now aware that we were watching a terrific battle down the stretch between Simpson and Watson. We also learned within the minute that Simpson had holed from thirty feet for his birdie on the fifteenth.

THE best way to bring out the protracted drama of this duel, I think, is simply to set down the shots that Watson and Simpson played on the finishing holes. On the fifteenth, Watson's 9-iron off the tee left him about thirty feet short of the hole. His second putt barely caught the right corner of the cup and spun completely around before falling in. Up ahead, on the long sixteenth, Simpson, after finding the rough on the right off the tee, played a 2-iron and followed it with a 9-iron that stopped fifteen feet to the left of the pin. His birdie putt on the fast green went into the middle of the cup. He was now three under par for the distance, a stroke ahead of Watson. Watson played the sixteenth well. He was on, fifteen feet from the pin, after an accurate tee shot, a 2-iron, and a 9-iron pitch. He was down in two putts for his par 5. He had seen

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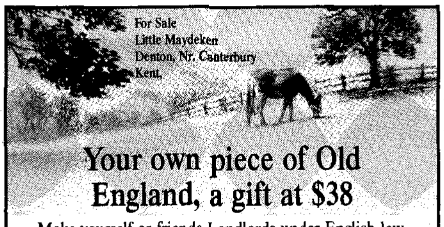

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Simpson make his birdie putt, and he realized that he would now have to pick up a stroke on him on the last two holes to tie for the lead.

The 428-yard seventeenth roughly parallels the sixteenth. Two first-class shots are needed to hit and hold the green. The fairway climbs gradually to the green, which sits well above two formidable bunkers that flank its narrow entrance. In addition, the fairway tilts from its high left side at such a severe angle that when the surface of the fairway is hard and the grass is cut short, as was the case in the Open, even some balls driven left of the center of the fairway will gradually dribble all the way down to the light rough on the right edge. I didn't see where Simpson's drive had landed, but it ended up banked against the light rough on the right. The difficulty of the lie helped to explain Simpson's poor second shot. He hooked his 4-iron approach into the bunker on the left side of the entrance to the green. He was approximately seventy feet from the pin on a fast green that slants down from back to front. Simpson played a stupendous bunker shot. The ball bounced onto the green and ended up ten feet from the pin, to the right of the hole and slightly below it. Simpson stroked a gentle putt into the middle of the cup. He had saved his par.

Watson had observed Simpson's bunker shot and putt from the right side of the fairway, where his tee shot had finished. He hoisted a high 4-iron approach that landed pin-high and hopped thirty feet past and above the pin. He was faced with a wicked downhill putt. He hardly touched the ball. He had the speed right, but the ball slid five feet to the right of the hole. He made the putt for his par, and kept his chances alive.

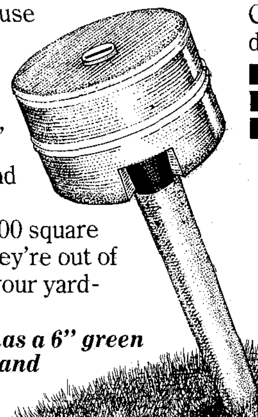
The pin on the eighteenth was set that day at the back of the small jewel of a green, well up the slope and about midway between its sides. Simpson played the hole exactly right. A 2-iron off the tee down the fairway. A sure 8-iron twenty feet below the hole. Two putts, the second a tap-in. This gave him a 68—36 out and 32 in—for a four-round total of 277.

To tie Simpson, Watson had to birdie the eighteenth. He certainly gave it a try. He found the fairway off the tee with his 2-iron. He went with his pitching wedge on his approach. The ball landed on the front part of the green and spun back to its low right-hand edge, almost banked against the higher grass of the fringe. He had needed to play a club more—a 9-iron. He knew this as soon as he took a few steps toward the green and felt the breeze in his face. It had all come down to whether or not Watson could make his forty-five-foot putt, uphill and with plenty of break. He came awfully close. The ball ran up the slope, gradually lost its speed, and came to a stop five inches below the hole and a shade to the left. Watson walked up the green and tapped the ball in for a par, a round of 70, and a four-round total of 278, a stroke higher than Simpson's. This must have been a hard moment for Watson—to have played such fine golf and to have lost a significant championship that he had seemed destined to win. The way he responded to the occasion, one would never have guessed it. Besides some five thousand people jamming the hillside behind the green, upward of fifteen thousand more had flowed onto the eighteenth and were tightly packed together in the fairway and the rough. Watson, who has been a key figure in so many final rounds of major championships both as the winner and as the loser, was just the right man for this moment. He answered the cheers and applause with a bright smile and waves of his hand. He would naturally have been much happier if he had managed to win the Open, but he understood that the warm reception of the spectators was primarily a show of appreciation for an extraordinarily stirring Open, which had included the kind of battle down the stretch that Olympic was renowned for. And, naturally, the cheers were also for the winner, Scott Simpson, who had caught and passed Watson with one of the finest dashes down the last nine holes in the history of the Open: a 32, with birdies on the sixty-eighth, sixty-ninth, and seventieth holes and pars on the others. The spirit of this occasion, which Watson had perceived so well, continued into the formal presentation ceremonies on the final green, with some words from the runner-up, the presentation of the Open trophy to Simpson, and the new champion's graceful acceptance speech.

MOST people who play golf, I believe, prefer to attend a golf tournament rather than to watch it on television. They see more of the action on television, but what they see in person has a much greater impact. A fortune awaits the individual or the company that comes up with the instrument or process which can produce on the television screen the slopes and rolls of the fairways and greens—and, in general, the three-dimensional qualities of natural terrain. I mention these things because I very much enjoy watching the telecasts of golf tournaments. My guess is that over the last nine years I have watched close to twenty-five hours of televised golf in which Scott Simpson was the golfer on camera. Since 1980, his sophomore year on the tour, Simpson, it seems to me, has been in contention in countless tournaments. I was surprised to learn that the 1987 Open championship is only the fourth professional tournament he has won in this country. He carried off the Western Open in 1980, the Westchester Classic in 1984, and the Greater Greensboro Open this past April. In 1984, he won two tournaments in Japan—the Chunichi Crowns and the Dunlop Phoenix. In his seven earlier appearances in the Open, his highest finish was a tie for thirteenth, in 1983. He tied for fifteenth in 1982 and 1985.

Simpson, a soft-spoken man, is not just another successful professional golfer. He came to the tour with superior credentials. In both 1976 and 1977, he won the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship and was a member of our Walker Cup team in 1977. He has a lot going for him. He is big and strong. He appears to have an unusually good temperament for the draining demands of competitive golf. He is a deliberate golfer, who takes the time to think each shot through before playing it. He has a dependable short game. He is a good putter. He has a grooved swing with a nice tempo, although his swing is not as smooth as it used to be. Nowadays, when he nears the top of his backswing he lifts his right shoulder with a little lurch. This movement certainly didn't affect the high standard of his shotmaking at Olympic. In recent years, three winners of the Open—Nicklaus, at Baltusrol, in Springfield, New Jersey, in 1980; David Graham, at Merion, near Philadelphia, in 1981; and Raymond Floyd, at Shinnecock Hills, in 1986—have played the last nine with a brilliance comparable to Simpson's at Olympic. However, I cannot recall any previous winner of the championship who played the last six holes of the grind, as Simpson did, in three birdies and three pars when it was clear that nothing less would see him through to victory.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



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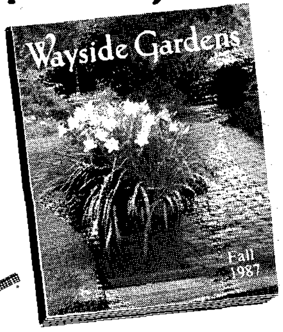

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DANCING

The Bolshoi Bows In

NEW YORKERS who went to the Bolshoi Ballet this summer at the Metropolitan Opera House were put through an elaborate security net. Standing in long lines, they submitted to having their handbags searched and their persons surveyed by metal detectors, then to being penned inside the Met for the entire performance: no going out-of-doors into Lincoln Center Plaza during intermissions, not for an ice-cream cone, not even to smoke. When the performance started again, every ticket stub was rechecked, in case someone had got into the building without a ticket. Since the Met has four thousand and sixty-five seats and every one of them had been sold (at a top of sixty dollars), the security procedures were a great bother, especially during the congested intermissions, but they were preferable to the type of assault on the audience which had taken place on the first night of the Moiseyev Dance Company's season at the same theatre last fall, when members of the Jewish Defense League released tear gas inside the house. On the first night of the Bolshoi season, a bomb scare caused the curtain to be delayed for an hour. The security checks that went on thereafter added considerably to the running time of every performance, but no one seemed to mind getting out late. Many people even stayed on to applaud, whipped up as much, no doubt, by the tension of the occasion as by the performance.

And by the Bolshoi mystique. This mystique, the joint creation of balletomanes, P.R. men, and politicians, has at its root a fixed belief in the supremacy of Russian ballet and the benefits of cultural exchange. Applauding Soviet dancers—letting them know we approve of and understand their art—is supposed to be good not only for one's own cultural health but for the health of nations. The Bolshoi mystique has always been a factor in the company's success here. People gripped by it don't just applaud dancing; they applaud demonstratively, caringly, as if casting a vote. They *come* to applaud, and, this being the first Bolshoi visit in eight years, they sounded off with an enthusiasm that would not be dampened—not by bomb scares and security checks and boosted ticket prices, not by a heat wave that blanketed the city, not even by the ballets of Yuri Grigorovich. Every night, they rushed to the opera house, passed their security test, and cheered the cause of art and peace.

So eager was the response of these good citizens that it became disruptive, constantly anticipating cues for applause. And the Bolshoi dancers are very particular about cues. When the applause wasn't forthcoming at the right moment, the fact that it had already been granted made no difference; they demanded it anyway. When it died, they walked out and revived it by bowing some more. They bowed between the acts of a ballet, taking half-risen audiences by surprise, and they bowed during the coda of a classical grand pas de deux, rudely cutting off the music to do so. Plainly, the Bolshoi is used to an applause *routine*. Dancers with so little audience rapport that they can't adjust a simple curtain call are very strange to see, but the failing is symbolic of the insecurity and the lack of finesse that have afflicted the Bolshoi command all these years. (I don't mean to exempt the Kirov, in whose dancers the same bad habits are ingrained; but the Kirov has consistently held itself more aloof from the public than the Bolshoi.)

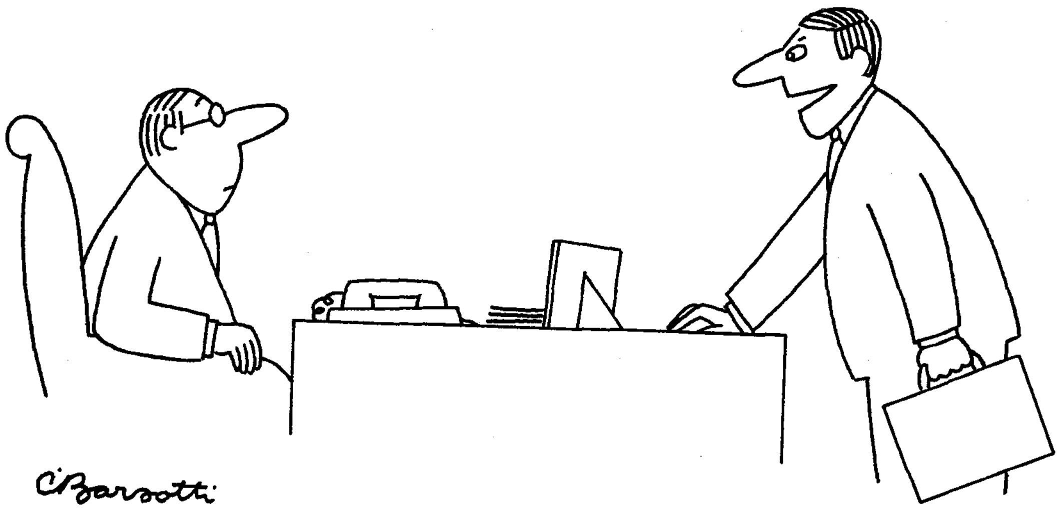
The great treasure of the Bolshoi has long lain in the talent of its dancers, not in its choreographers or musicians, and not, God knows, in its designers. (Actually, there is only one—Simon Virsaladze, who does both scenery and costumes. His stylistic signature—slapdash washes and glitter dust for the backdrops, particolored arms and legs for the costumes—is scrawled across every ballet with a heavy hand.) And the whole-souled passion of its dancers was the Bolshoi's gift supreme. It created a marvellous generosity of feeling in the theatre; it was the source of the Bolshoi magic. No matter what you thought of the ballets, these were dancers you could love.

In the first two decades of the American tours—the sixties and the seventies—one tended to take their talent for granted. The largest ballet company on earth, with the greatest supply of dancers to choose from—it stood to reason that Bolshoi casts were the pick of the crop. But the sixties and the seventies were a period of self-conscious renewal for the Bolshoi, during which it strove to meet the objections of Western critics that it was old-fashioned. Grigorovich's regime has largely silenced the critics; one no longer sees mime gesticulation in Bolshoi productions, either in the new ballets or in the classics. And one notices an attempt to conform to Western standards of classical style and breeding, especially in the female corps. The Bolshoi never was a classical company in the same sense as the Kirov or the great companies of the West; its expressive strength lay in the romantic ardor of a plastique that, to Western eyes, recalled the *danse moderne* of Fokine and Isadora Duncan. This *was* old-fashioned, and it was keyed to mime expression as necessarily as classical dancing is keyed to pure rhythmic and architectural expression. But it was real enough. Nothing, it seemed, could have been farther from the Bolsho aesthetic than what the rest of the world understood by neoclassicism. What the Bolshoi understood by it can be seen in the singularly drab, unimaginative, and monolithically unexpressive ballets by Grigorovich that have gradually replaced the old repertory.

The term "neoclassical" was actually applied by credulous Western critics to Grigorovich's choreography the first time they saw it ("The Stone Flower," in 1959). It is true that in the years he has spent directing the Bolshoi (he was appointed in 1964 Grigorovich has succeeded in overhauling its image and in evolving a brand of Soviet neoclassicism, but he has had to undermine the company's native strength to do it. That old style had no great poetic radiance, but it did have vitality; it had conviction. The dancers could believe in it and could communicate their belief. The closest they've ever got to communicating belief under the Grigorovich regime is in his ballet "Spartacus" (1968) which incorporates the old-style heroic romanticism as the content of a new-style "story" ballet without mime. "Spartacus" doesn't really have a story; it's an exercise in formalism—a sequence of set pieces (like a typical sixties "Highlights" program) linked by references to a story.

"Spartacus," one act of which was on the "Highlights" bills this season, remains Grigorovich's only feasible solution to the problem faced by the new Bolshoi: how to put across a socialist-realist message and look modern at the same time. The latest Grigorovich ballet, "The Golden Age," restates the dilemma in more openly competitive terms, trying for jazzy, Western-style elegance. It makes no more narrative sense than "Spartacus," but in addition to being directionless it is incoherent. Grigorovich doesn't tell stories, he untells them. You can sense what the untold story of "Spartacus" is; in "The Golden Age," though, every scene is like a scramble to find out who's concealing the point of it—the stalwart hero, his tango-dancing girlfriend, her partner, or her partner's girlfriend. (Grigorovich's ballets always have four principals; he's as superstitious about that as David O. Selznick was about his four-word titles.) The music, from a once suppressed ballet by Shostakovich, has been rearranged by committee; it includes Shostakovich's orchestration of "Tea for Two" and movements from two of his piano concertos. The libretto tosses around references to agitprop theatre and popular art, crooks and Komsomol youth, but you get nowhere by trying to follow any of it. It's Grigorovich untelling a story of the twenties, trying to be smartly nostalgic about this most liberal period in Soviet history and yet trying to fill a socialist-realist prescription, too. (The Virsaladze décor, with its cynically superficial allusions to Constructivism, tells which side the ballet's heart is on.) What's more, he has to fill a three-act ballet. There are about forty acrobatic pas de deux for the lead couple, not lyrically acrobatic, as in "Spring Waters"—ponderously acrobatic. Even so, you'd think a choreographer would have used some of the twenties' infatuation with gymnastics as a background for these duets. But to expect Grigorovich's choreography to evoke place, time, and atmosphere is like expecting his crooks and gigolos to be interpreted as they would have been in the old days, by first-class character dancers. Stanislav Chasov, as a wiggly m.c., dances the famous wrong-note polka and manages to get a few seconds of fun into the first act. But fun is not in the Grigorovich line. (His tangos and foxtrots are the equivalent of painting by numbers.)

Grigorovich can't tell a story because his reformative impulse is negative—anti-mime, not pro-dance. He took the company off the mime standard and substituted steps for plastique. Technically speaking, his idea of Western neoclassical style comes from the Paris of Petit and Béjart, not the New York of Balanchine and Robbins. The real problem with "The Golden Age"—the real problem with the Bolshoi—is that its dance regimen doesn't engage the dancers the way the old mime regimen did, because it's not a transparent medium of expression; it's a choreographer's medium, with meanings of its own to express. And when one choreographer rules a company, sooner or later every ballet comes to be danced in the style of that choreographer or under his spell. The Petipa ballet "Raymonda," diffuse and dramatically inert, virtually invites the Grigorovich treatment, and his production of it is a Grigorovich ballet, so heavy and lobotomized that the Petipa sections look perkily impertinent. The 1898 nonplot has three main characters; four actually would have been better. Except to dance scholars curious about Petipa remnants in Soviet archives, the production is worthless. The ballet was designed for a Russian classical company, not a neo-French institution with an identity crisis, an agenda to defend at home, and a mystique to promote abroad. Grigorovich's policies have been periodically attacked by factions of dancers. According to a report this spring in the Manchester *Guardian,* the younger dancers are beginning to criticize "male chauvinism" in ballets like "Spartacus" which "give the best roles to male dancers." This goes to the heart of the Petipa matter. Without a cultivated classical style for women, a company can't dance Petipa ballets. The new "Raymonda," supervised by Grigorovich, is the same sort of hollow tribute that his 1973 "Sleeping Beauty" was; it might even be the same women dancing it, so little does their style seem to have progressed. It has no lyricism, no precision in lightness, no variable speed, no intricacy, no repose. When, over the years, dancers with these gifts emerged, their gifts weren't used. Lyudmila Semenyaka, enchanting a decade ago, has become mannered and dreamy. Nadezhda Pavlova, whose virtuosity portended new developments in the company's adagio technique, isn't on the American tour. I can't help thinking it a reflection of her absence, and of her wasted potential, that in the many grand adagios of "Raymonda," and especially in the ensemble adagio of the third act, the dancers would rather hold poses than sustain a line. They like alternating a static pose with one en promenade, and they build toward a climax not gradually but all in one rush, usually with a furious en-dedans spin-pirouette. Adagio thus becomes something that doesn't quite happen between two extremes of movement. Since the same vacancy occurs in all the Petipa adagios on the "Highlights" programs, and since the kind of adagio favored by Grigorovich



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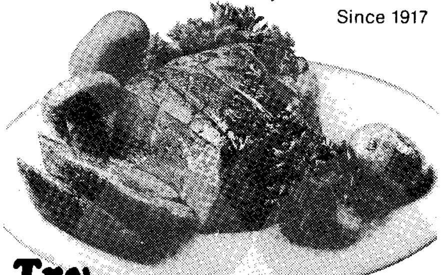

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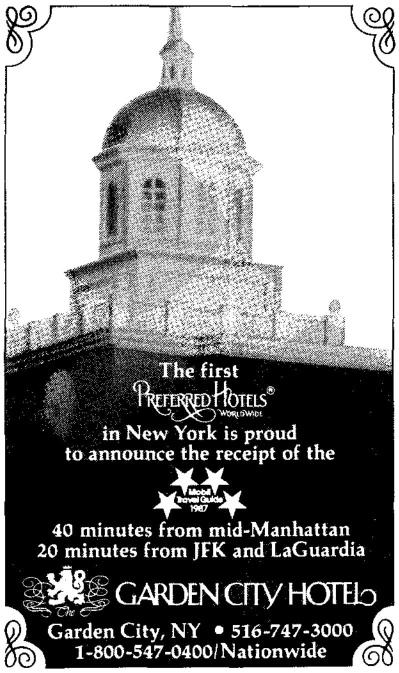

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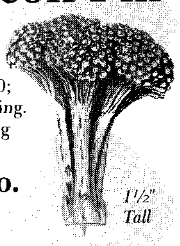

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is the gargantuan-acrobatic kind (with ever more novel lifts), one can grow a bit desperate waiting for a ballerina to demonstrate her skill in this fundamental area of technique.

Male dancing suffers from a corresponding deficiency in the number of good character roles. The new Bolshoi seems to know only one kind of character—brutal. And he appears throughout the repertory. In his materialization as the sheikh Abderakhaman in "Raymonda," he is also supposed to be sexy, but Grigorovich's attempt to stylize his mime (so it doesn't look like mime) made him appear hysterical. The worst blow, though, came in the mazurka and czardas of Act III; this was Hungarian bravura that could not have withstood a challenge from New York City Ballet in "Cortège Hongrois" or American Ballet Theatre in *its* "Raymonda" excerpt. In classical dancing, the middle rank of Bolshoi men is stronger than the middle rank of women. When the male quartet takes the stage in the double-tour variation in "Raymonda," you get a glimmer of the style that made the Bolshoi so interestingly a men's company even before "Spartacus." Even now, when the top line is made up of mostly earnest, unadventurous young men, you see a dignity, a weight, an amplitude that might still be the envy of the rest of the world. Unfortunately, you also see some beefy amateurs, who have the conscripted look of the porteurs on the early tours—men whose chief business was lifting women.

On the closing night of the season, the performance ended with all the principal dancers, led by Grigorovich, coming out in their street clothes and taking a final bow. The ballet had been "Giselle," danced by Semenyaka, with the season's two most publicized dancers, Irek Mukhamedov and Nina Ananiashvili, as Albrecht and Myrtha. An injury to the company's senior ballerina, Natalya Bessmertnova, had prevented her from dancing Giselle, but she was onstage bowing, and so were Galina Ulanova, the Giselle of the first Western tours, and Marina Semyonova, another legendary figure of the past, whom New York never saw and who now, like Ulanova, coaches the younger dancers. It would have seemed wrong if this bowing event of the season had followed any other ballet. "Giselle" still has its traditional form. Grigorovich has revised the old Leonid Lavrovsky version that so influenced the West (in ways both good and bad), but except for rearranging the entrance of the royal party to include some absurd dance steps he hasn't altered it in any significant way. True, Virsaladze's décor is an eyesore, especially hard to look upon after the beautiful A.B.T. staging earlier this season. And the performing, even on closing night, wasn't all that great. (Semenyaka looked exhausted.) A.B.T. does a better Act I, and the Kirov a better Act II. Nevertheless, "Giselle" was the only production we saw all season that wasn't *poshlost* or cabaret classicism; it was the only ballet with developed adagio passages that displayed women, and the only link to the freely lyrical, impassioned performing style of the grand old days. The ballerina who came the closest to embodying that link was Nina Semizorova, whose high-voltage energy and sharpness of definition, wildly misplaced in the "Highlights" programs, worked in an attractively risky way for her Giselle. Ananiashvili deserved her publicity. She showed off her lovely figure and strength of form in role after role. At twenty-four, she lacks edge and discrimination, and her mask of self-satisfaction—the Bolshoi's official-first-lady look—is firmly in place. Probably, she can do a lot more than she knows. My guess is she won't get the chance.

It's the male dancing at the Bolshoi that tantalizes the general public. The poster for the tour features a photograph of the dashing Gediminas Taranda as Abderakhaman. (As it turned out, misdemeanors kept him home, and the role was given to Aleksandr Vetrov.) The most impressive dancer on the tour is Mukhamedov. At first, in "The Golden Age," I took him for an athlete rather than a dancer, the Bolshoi brute as hero; later I saw his virtuoso gifts. Though much about the Bolshoi has changed, its style of expression still seems to take its cue from the men. Bolshoi dancing is easy to read. It focusses on one thing at a time; it prepares visibly and follows through. It employs the large contrasts and exaggerations of popular entertainment. The fact that it is simplified ballet, which can only repeat and multiply its effects, is not a disgrace. Simplified and serious is not a bad thing to be. Simplified and mediocre is.

—ARLENE CROCE

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Lady Surrenders

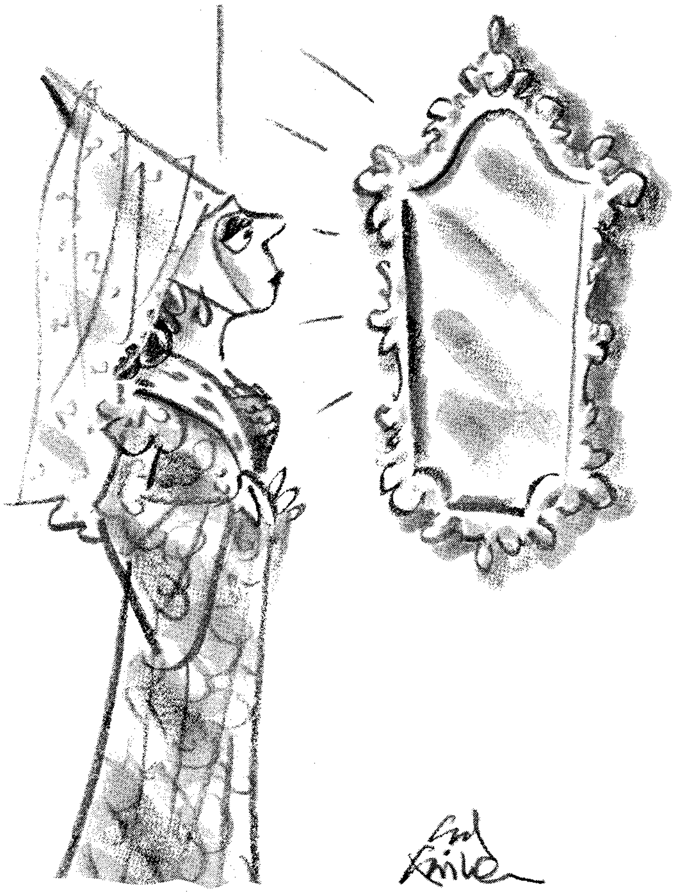
"WISH YOU WERE HERE," an English comedy about an uncontrollably ribald girl, is shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, in orange and pink and russet, with interiors that have the lived-in look of the wallpapered rooms of Bonnard and Vuillard. The colors seem to radiate from the willful Lynda—from her fair skin and strawberry-blond hair, from her frankness. Lynda blurts things out. If she thinks a woman is an old bag, that's what she calls her. Lynda, who lives in a seaside town on the south coast of England, has been contemptuous of sham since her childhood, during the Second World War, and her language has always got her in trouble with her tidy, stiff-necked hairdresser dad. It wasn't so bad when he was serving in the Navy, but it's 1951 now, her mother has died, and he's operating a barbershop. A proud Freemason, he doesn't understand why she can't behave like a demure, proper young lady—why does she have to shock people? At fifteen, the snappy girl flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. She lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers.

Written and directed by David Leland, the movie has a satirical yet dreamlike texture and an elusive grace. This is the first feature film Leland has directed, but it has some of the boardwalk atmosphere of "Mona Lisa," which he co-wrote, and it's related to his script for "Personal Services." Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in that movie, inspired this one, too. It's based on her early life, as the daughter of a widowed hairdresser father. As Lynda, dimply, curly-lipped Emily Lloyd, who turned sixteen on the first day of shooting, has something of the fluffy pertness of a newly hatched chick. (A friend of mine described her as a cross between Molly Ringwald and Laura Dern.) She embodies everything that Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. She makes Lynda's tactlessness—which would be somewhat monstrous in life—seem a comic expression of truthtelling. And she has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera.

It's an entrancing performance, especially in the set-piece scenes that demonstrate Lynda's enthusiastic spirit. Ashamed of her cussing and her exhibitionist displays, her father (Geoffrey Hutchings) takes her to a psychiatrist, played by Heathcote Williams in a haircut that gives him a high-top resemblance to the title character of "Eraserhead." The session in which the prissy, weirdo doc supplies her with words he considers provocative and tries to get her to associate freely is a high-camp vaudeville routine. It's perfection of its kind. She doesn't respond by the book, and the doc is stymied; Lynda feels she's the winner. But the townspeople don't ever regard her as a winner; they feel superior to her, because she's so obviously available. There's a sexual-initiation sequence that's a vaudeville skit, too. Dancing at the Rex Ballroom with a young bus conductor (Jesse Birdsall), Lynda is so elated that she eagerly goes home with him. Their night of lovemaking leaves her feeling that she's still practically a virgin. She wants a boyfriend so badly she could forgive him that, but her father leans on him and he doesn't ask for a second date.

You can see that this girl, in her long, full skirts, feels pretty and sexy, and that the townspeople almost fear her sexiness. The one who doesn't—the one who sees her eagerness as his opportunity—is an unsavory middle-aged pal of her father's, a bookie with a game leg. She cruelly calls him Long John Silver. And as Tom Bell (grown hawklike) plays him he's a loner with nothing to offer a young girl except his sensual expertise. Bell gives a fine morbid performance as a burned-out, self-protective man so ingrown that he can't loosen up and respond to Lynda. He devalues her because she accepts him. It's a seamy relationship; he exploits her youth and inexperience.

There doesn't seem to be anything in the culture to help Lynda get her bearings. When she goes to a movie with a teen-age boy, it's the swank spectacle of "Love Story" (known here as "A Lady Surrenders"), a 1944 film reissued in 1949, with Margaret Lockwood hilariously awful as a classical pianist who doesn't have long to live and Stewart Granger as an R.A.F. pilot who's going blind. The cutting between the petting teen-agers in the audience and the noble, grimacing Lockwood (with a pure-white bow in her dark hair) is a



"This opinion has been rendered in compliance with the fairness doctrine."

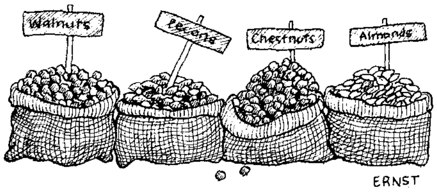
short, full essay on high-flown British kitsch of the era. (“Wish You Were Here,” like just about everything of interest that’s come from England recently, is from Channel Four, which doesn’t go in for salutes to the Empire.) Lynda falls into the traps that rebellious, sassy girls have fallen into for decades, for centuries. She does it with a toss of her bright hair, but when she’s pregnant and down, the picture loses its comic rhythm. Leland has a knack for dream-logic non sequiturs and batty, reminiscent details (the bus conductor has the kind of ear-lowering haircut that makes him look a total jerk), but he also has an earnest side: he puts unnecessary limits on the sexual-rebel theme by explaining the reasons for Lynda’s behavior. She wants her father’s attention, and since she thinks she isn’t getting it she tries to get everybody’s attention; she wants all eyes to be on her. That way, he’ll have to see her. This sort of thing isn’t much more to the point than the doc’s word games. And Leland doesn’t hit many resonant notes in his efforts to link Lynda’s troubles to the death of her mother. (That’s what the title refers to.)

The picture makes its feminist points comically, then becomes diffuse when it turns into a poignant melodrama. But its banalities and simplifications are generous, and Pat Heywood’s performance, as Lynda’s aunt who comes to her aid, transcends the explanations. And the action is never visually banal. The cinematography, by Ian Wilson, makes you feel as if you could touch the shafts of sunlight and Lynda’s pink clothes. Even when the film isn’t completely effective, it has its feeling for the dance at the Rex, where a male vocalist whose ears stick way out sings the film’s theme song, “Lost in a Dream;” the van on the beach where Lynda works selling fish-and-chips and sees the bus conductor queuing up with his new girlfriend; the Dome Cinema, with its outsize figure of Betty Grable and, above the theatre, the room with large, arched windows, where the bookie lives.

Lynda goes to Bournemouth and works as a waitress at the staid, upper-class Paris Café Tea Room that suggests a mausoleum for meals. Riled up when she’s fired, she climbs onto a table, addresses the guests on the subject of sex, and denounces the hypocrisy of the management. (After she finishes spouting off, an ancient lady in a lace floor-length tea gown who plays the piano for the guests applauds her enthusiastically. This desiccated old dame still has her own spark of rebelliousness.) When Lynda returns to her home town, she holds her head high and walks about briskly in an attention-getting bright-yellow dress that says “I’m here, everybody.” She’ll find her bearings by herself.

“Eat the Peach” is whimsical, but it has an element of desperation underneath. (The title is from “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,” with a switch in meaning.) The story takes place in an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. When the local Japanese computer factory closes down, the principal employer in the area seems to be the mob that runs the smuggling. Vinnie (Stephen Brennan), one of the men thrown out of work, is tall, handsome in a morose way, and obsessively ingenious. You may think that he’s the sort of man you’d want with you if you were a pioneer heading out into the wilderness, or if you were cast up on an island and needed someone to figure out how to build a shelter and construct a boat. He seems a natural leader of men who’s stranded in the peat bog, with nothing to do and nobody to lead except his amiable brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), who seems a natural follower. One of the departing Japanese executives hitches a ride with Vinnie and Arthur on their motorcycles, and, already nostalgic, he shouts to the wind, “I love this place! . . . You’re free here!”—which, in terms of the movie, is both irony and simple truth. “Eat the Peach” is about Vinnie and Arthur’s freedom, but we retain the image of the beautiful green helicopter that lifts their Japanese friend off the spongy earth through overcast skies. That copter is the last piece of shiny, dream hardware to be seen in this movie.

Killing time in the village bar, Vinnie and Arthur watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 “Roustabout” and see a cyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Vinnie immediately starts diagramming and measuring, and clearing a patch of land near his house. Despite the protests of his wife, Nora (Catherine Byrne), who packs up their little girl, Vicky, and goes back to her mother’s, the two men begin sinking tree posts into the ground and putting up a huge cylindrical construction. Now that they have their “project,” as they call it, they become energetic and resourceful—scavenging wood, talking villagers who have machinery into helping them, and smuggling booze, so they can buy the lumber they can’t steal. Vinnie is the man he might have been in a different place at a different time, and his enterprising manner persuades Nora to return. He convinces himself that his Great Wall of Death will be a source of income—that people will buy tickets to stand on a gallery around the top of the rink and watch him and Arthur give daredevil performances. Then they can build another Great Wall, in sections, and take it on tour to carnivals.



The movie is actually about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who doesn’t use his problem-solving ingenuity in order to make a living or to provide decent quarters for the wife and child he loves or to give his wife the kitchen she longs for. He’s an impractical man who solves only those problems that tease his imagination, and his wife learns to value him for what he is. Her brother Arthur is more than a follower: he’s a man with a gift for companionship—he has riches inside. He eats the peach all the time.

Just about everything in the picture is based on actual events. The director, Peter Ormrod, who stumbled on the story when he was searching out items for Irish television and saw a huge, wooden tank just off the road, co-wrote the script with John Kelleher, who arranged the financing through Channel Four and his own new Irish production company. (Many of its subscribers are in the crowd of ticket buyers who stand on the rattling, swaying Wall at the first public performance.) Ormrod and Kelleher tell the story as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. The three leads, who are well-known stage and TV performers, are backed up by Niall Toibin as Boots, a local fellow who wears a cowboy hat and Western footgear and tries to pawn himself off as an American-style promoter. Boots signs on as the manager and publicist for the Wall (and tries to make time with a blond barmaid, played by Bernadette O'Neill, by telling her that he'll turn her into a singing star). The other characters include the brutish head of the local mob and his suave younger brother—a politico who's the elected official of the region. This engaging film gives you a pretty clear sense of the accepted level of corruption in the countryside and, more centrally, of how a "project" can keep a man's brains and hopes from rotting.

It has wonderful, uninsistent images. Hauling a truckload of Smirnoff across the border, Vinnie tells the guards it's pigs, and Arthur sits in the middle of the cases playing a tape of pigs squealing. After Vinnie's first test ride on the Wall, he and his buddies celebrate just outside his house: he plays the guitar and they all sing "Heartbreak Hotel." And then, after Nora has put Vicky to bed, she comes out and he takes her for a lovers' spin and rides the cycle right into the house. This is poverty-row filmmaking, and often the shots don't match. (Sometimes you can't tell whether the action is meant to be at dusk or night or dawn.) But it's the kind of movie in which you rather enjoy the shots' not matching. It draws you into the moviemaking process; the informality is likable, and, with your head cleared of the usual expectations (this is not like any other film you've seen), you respond to the way the characters go about living their lives. At times, you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together.

After little Vicky has watched her father flying around the tank (he loves it, he's completely happy), she, too, becomes obsessed, and there's a quick shot of her, her face as determined as his, as she rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it. There's nothing coy about this kid. She wakes up one night hearing the crackling sounds of burning wood; she rushes out the front door and sees her parents and her Uncle Arthur watching a fire, and she stares at the spectacle without a sound, the flames lighting her awed, startled face. For an instant, with her hair streaming back from her head, she's the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in "Juno and the Paycock."

IN "Innerspace," Dennis Quaid plays a frisky, brawling Navy test pilot who loses the girl he loves, a San Francisco reporter (Meg Ryan), because he can't seem to get it through his head that it's time to grow up. A lush who talks back to his superiors isn't going any higher in the Navy, so, just for the hell of it, he volunteers for a top-secret Silicon Valley human-miniaturization experiment that nobody else is willing to take on. It involves the use of two microchips—one for the reduction, the other to reverse it. Quaid becomes a germ-size pilot in a tiny pod that's meant to be injected into a lab bunny (called Bugs), but industrial spies break in, the reversal chip is stolen, and, in the ensuing chaos, he is injected into the backside of a fretful hypochondriac supermarket clerk, played by Martin Short. This fellow is ready for a nervous breakdown even before Quaid starts talking to him and he thinks he's possessed—as, in a sense, he *is*.

With one guy floating around in the other's bloodstream, this sci-fi buddy-buddy comedy sounds stupid-crazy-funky, and at its best that's what it is. But mostly it gets by on being good-natured enough for you to accept its being clumsy and padded and only borderline entertaining. The director, Joe Dante, made his reputation by the subversion of cuddly themes. Here, working from a script by Jeffrey Boam (and Chip Proser) that's a synthesis of the 1966 "Fantastic Voyage" and the 1984 "All of Me," he seems to be slogging through pages of plot, dutifully trying to set up the mechanics for the gags to pay off. And a lot of the time he's setting up the emotional apparatus to give the movie "heart." The gimmick is that the Quaid character is a rooster with, as he says, "zero defects," and the Short character is a harmless hysteric who sees himself as a catalogue of malfunctions. Quaid has to coach Short to develop the courage necessary to fight the spies and help Quaid get out before he exhausts his twenty-four-hour supply of oxygen. Short is changed from a neurotic pipsqueak into a confident man of action, and Quaid learns to value life, and that allows for a reconciliation with his girlfriend. The picture strains to be inoffensive.

Luckily, the three leads are just about everything they should be. Dennis Quaid has the leering big smirk of a smartmouth satyr. He may be the only actor who can be infectiously free and breezy while scrunched up inside a pod. He got some practice as Gordo Cooper in "The Right Stuff;" this role is a continuation of Gordo's brief in-pod sequences, but here it's an almost totally encapsulated performance. Quaid and Short are rarely in the same scene, yet Quaid's personality leaps out and they seem to be together. When Short, at Quaid's urging, has a drink, so that Quaid can get a tingle, and Rod Stewart singing Sam Cooke's "Twistin' the Night Away" blasts forth from Quaid's stereo deep inside him, Short reacts with the euphoria of someone who isn't used to alcohol, and dances. It's a nerd's letting-go Twist. Gluey-legged, he's like an insect in convulsive ecstasy. A terrific yet familiar insect: Short moves like his Ed Grimley getting carried away on "Saturday Night Live." But "Innerspace" is held down by so much slow-moving script that it's starved for craziness, and this dance is its high point.

In one scene, Short goes to his doctor's office; in the waiting room, he sits between his old SCTV cronies Joe Flaherty and Andrea Martin, and, hearing Quaid's voice, thinks they're talking to him. These SCTV troupers know how to respond to each other's rhythms—it's as if they were all inside each other. The scene is just a doodle—it isn't developed—but it can make you register that the movie needs more doodling (and needs to run with it). And it makes you conscious of how little comedy Dante is able to squeeze out of his character actors and his supposedly comic villains. (The problem isn't that they're cartoons but that they're pointless, impersonal cartoons.) Meg Ryan's blitheness gives the picture a lift; she brings a quirky, resilient spirit to the scenes in which she and Short have to chase after the thieves in order to locate the tiresome microchip and save Quaid. But the movie is too commercially clever in its notion of having Short fall in love with her. Short is a wild-eyed, furiously inventive performer; he shouldn't need this trumped-up tenderness and pathos. This movie puts him among the screen's ranking comic actors, but the danger looms that he could become elfin-lovable—a darling. Dante is already tapping that possibility. —PAULINE KAEL

•

NATIONS AGREE TO PROLONG LIFE ON EARTH
—*Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.*

Way to go, nations!

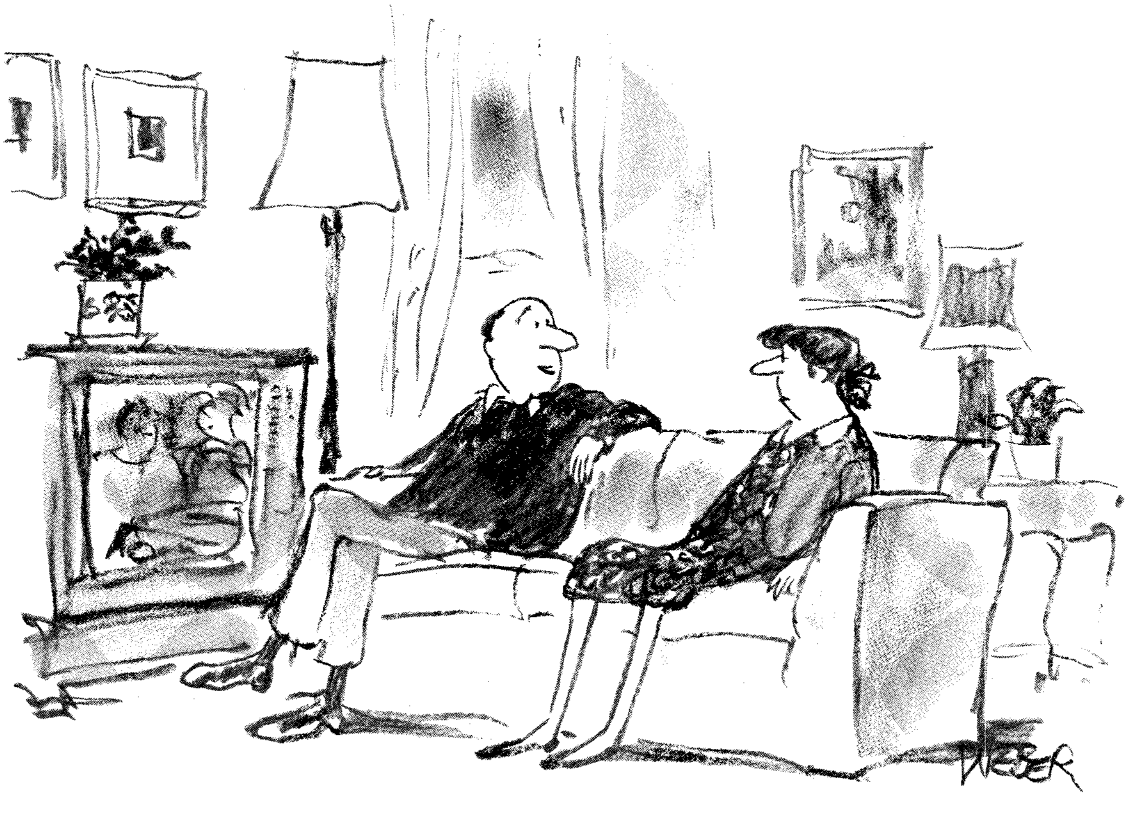
AROUND CITY HALL

MOOEY

CLUSTERS of red geraniums in large cement pots brighten the plaza in front of City Hall these days, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the small park to the south—where on July 9, 1776, General George Washington assembled his troops and sat listening on horseback as an aide read aloud the words of the Declaration of Independence—different bands play lively tunes for office workers on their lunch hour, rarely leaving out the one according to whose lyrics anybody who makes it here is king of the hill, top of the heap. Each day, Mayor Edward Koch's nearby office hands out a half dozen press releases designed to demonstrate how well he is running the city despite the corruption scandals that continue to cloud the municipal scene. "You don't expect me to announce bad news, do you?" he asks reporters on occasion.

The Mayor's daily schedule is about as crowded as it has ever been with drop-ins, award ceremonies, courtesy calls from foreign visitors, and similar events that require the participants to be all smiles. Even so, the City Hall atmosphere nowadays is not festive. Most significant political history is, after all, being made elsewhere. Earlier this month, Koch, who is accustomed to being a cynosure, managed to get into the act by reviewing the performance of another cynosure, from well outside the five boroughs. "There is a standup guy . . . an extraordinary personality," he said of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. The Mayor may prefer to weigh in on events in other jurisdictions because even the cheeriest mayoral pronouncement on the achievements of his own administration can be dampened by unwelcome reminders of matters that also have to do with his governing performance. "One more great day for the city," he commented at a press conference this spring, referring to recent gratifying financial reports. "And only one more commissioner indicted," said a low voice at the back of the room. The corridors of municipal power are full of the ghosts of departed commissioners, mayoral deputies, political allies, and other City Hall regulars who, after coming under investigation by one level of government or another, have been indicted or convicted, or have resigned or—in the case of Donald Manes, the former Queens borough president and Democratic boss of that borough—committed suicide, or who have retired in haste to protect their pensions.

Just because a public employee departs in disgrace doesn't mean that he isn't getting a regular government check. If at any time before he leaves office he opts for Plan B in the retirement program, for example, his annual income when he retires—provided he has reached the age of fifty-five—will be reduced, but the pension cannot legally be withheld, no matter what the outcome of a criminal inquiry may be. The *Chief*, the local civil-service paper, suggested recently that reporters keen on finding out which City Hall figures were in danger of indictment would do well to hang around the offices of the New York City Employees Retirement System and see who was looking into Plan B. A lead story by Barbara Ross in the *News* this month ran under the banner headline "THE CHECK IS IN THE JAIL," with the subhead "FALLEN OFFICIALS REAP FAT PENSIONS." It listed scores of former government employees, convicted on corruption charges, who were collecting substantial pensions, including about fifty former city Housing Authority, building, electrical, and sewer inspectors found guilty of extortion and bribery.



"What's the matter with our way of life? It's a very popular way of life."

Former Queens Supreme Court Justice William Brennan, who is serving a five-year sentence for taking bribes to fix organized-crime cases, gets forty-nine thousand a year. Koch's former commissioner of transportation, Anthony Ameruso, whose integrity Koch described as "impeccable" the day he resigned, was found guilty this month of lying to an investigative commission, in an effort to conceal a quarter-million-dollar investment in a company in which a principal figure had a close relationship with a corporation seeking a city ferry franchise, which Ameruso granted in his last days in office. He is down for a pension of forty-nine thousand five hundred dollars. Hortense Gabel, the Manhattan Supreme Court Justice who resigned last month while she was under investigation for having reduced the alimony payments of Carl Capasso, the lover of Bess Myerson, after Miss Myerson, as Koch's commissioner of cultural affairs, gave a job to the judge's daughter, will collect forty-one thousand dollars. (After the judge's daughter did not work out in the Cultural Affairs Department, the head of Koch's Commission on Human Rights obliged her with a job that paid twice as much.) Bertram Gelfand, the Bronx surrogate who was cashiered earlier this month by the state's highest court for a sex scandal in his office, will get at least forty thousand. Queens Supreme Court Justice Francis X. Smith, who on July 1st was found guilty of perjury and criminal contempt in connection with an alleged million-dollar cable-TV bribery scheme, is due to receive fifty thousand. In the hallway by the stairs leading up to the City Council chamber at City Hall is a gallery of photographs of previous presidents of the City Council. (The holder of the office succeeds the mayor, in Vice-Presidential fashion, if there is a vacancy.) One of the portraits is Smith's, but so far there has been no move to turn it to the wall. In commenting on Smith's conviction, Queens Representative Thomas Manton—who is now also the Queens Democratic chairman, the clubhouse post formerly held by his friend Manes—indicated that he badly missed the way things used to be in his borough, when a fellow knew what he could count on. Of the guilty verdict on Smith he said, "It wasn't supposed to end that way. He was supposed to be exonerated."

Shortly before Bess Myerson's friend Capasso—who, in the last few years, had been awarded a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of city sewer contracts—went off, last month, to serve four years in federal prison in Allenwood, Pennsylvania, for income-tax evasion, a *Post* cartoon showed the glum figure of the Mayor beside a huge, dark building labelled "NYC Prison." The caption was "Ed Koch Stands by His Friends." This comment was doubtless especially depressing to the Mayor, because it appeared in the local paper from which he had been accustomed to getting rave reviews.

LIKE many other highly successful politicians, Koch looks resolutely on the bright side of things. The June 16th verdict that found Bernhard Goetz not guilty of attempted murder and assault—Goetz having, as the world knows, shot four young blacks, one of whom is paralyzed for life, on a subway train after one of them asked him for five dollars—was seen by many blacks as still another demonstration that when members of their race are injured or killed by white people the perpetrators can count on being found blameless. Some black leaders expressed concern over the verdict's effect on the safety of blacks. At a press conference here, Benjamin Hooks, Jr., the executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, described the trial result as "covertly racist" and announced that the N.A.A.C.P. would ask United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani to reopen the case and prosecute the subway gunman under federal civil-rights laws. Condemning those who were treating Goetz as a hero, Hooks said the verdict had "produced a wave of apprehension within the black community" that it would be "interpreted as approval of an open season on black males," and he added, "Not too many years ago, we called it lynching." The Mayor's position was that the American system of justice had spoken and one had to accept its verdict, whether one agreed with it or not. A *Newsday* poll published on June 28th showed that by an overwhelming seventy-one per cent New Yorkers did agree with it, including eighty-three per cent of the city's non-Hispanic whites, seventy-eight per cent of local Hispanics, and forty-five per cent of blacks.

Koch had been scheduled to go to the Mother A.M.E. Zion Church in Harlem on June 17th and address a conference of two hundred black ministers from the New York area, and he gamely kept the appointment. "If substantial numbers of the jury are black, you cannot accuse them of racism," he told the group. One of the ministers, the Reverend Vernon Shannon, said, "This opens the door to those who think they can come to our city and annihilate others at will." The ministers expected the Mayor to stay and discuss the implications of the verdict

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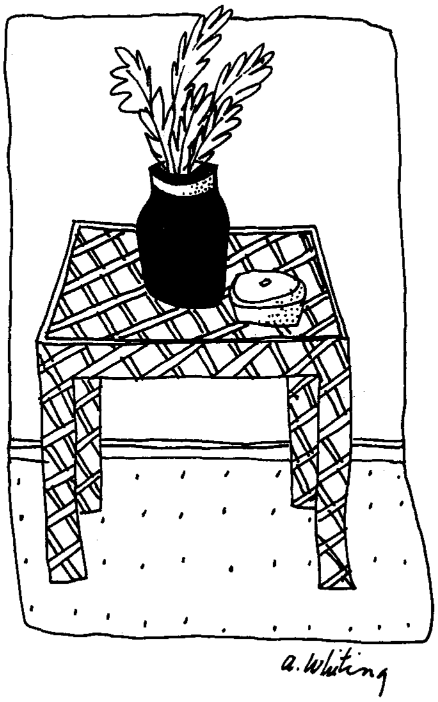
with them, but Koch, whose reception the *Times* described as "rather hostile," left without doing so. Afterward, another of the black ministers, commenting on the Mayor's statement about the racial makeup of the jury, noted that only two of the twelve members of the Goetz jury had been black, and added, "But, considering the number of blacks the Mayor has in his administration, even one black juror would strike him as substantial." When Koch got back to City Hall, he told his staff that the meeting had "gone well."

A poll on Koch conducted by the Gallup Organization and published in *Newsday* July 1st dealt not with the Goetz verdict but with the Mayor's handling of corruption. This has not been a good year for Koch in the polls. Last March, Channel 5, the local television station owned by Rupert Murdoch, who also owns the *Post*, invited him to preside over a half-hour program called "Koch on Call" at 9 A.M. on Sundays—a time slot that, the Mayor soon learned, had previously been occupied by a cartoon show called "Dangermouse." Devotees of "Dangermouse," who, it turned out, included quite a few viewers of voting age, were outraged, and, in fact, Koch's ratings proved to be far below those of his predecessor. The Mayor—delighted, some thought, by one more diversion of attention from the municipal scandals—pretended to be devastated. ("To lose . . . to a rat—Oh, sorry, a mouse!") The *News* ran a telephone popularity poll between the cartoon and the Mayor: the rat—sorry, the mouse—won by a ten-to-one margin.

Last month, the *News* ran another poll, in which readers were encouraged to vote on whether they agreed with the Mayor or with Donald Trump, the real-estate developer, with whom Koch has been having a loud dispute over the best way to handle the threat that NBC might move its headquarters to New Jersey. The Mayor also lost to Trump, but only by a five-and-a-half-to-one margin, so—looking on the bright side—he could argue that he was going up in the polls. At first glance, there didn't seem to be much comfort for him in the July 1st Gallup poll: seventy-eight per cent of those who had an opinion said that he should have known about the corruption in his administration, and only twenty-nine per cent thought he had told all he knew about it. Fifty-seven per cent said that he hadn't done all he could to investigate and resolve the situation involving Bess Myerson. Only half of those who said they had voted for him in the last mayoral election said they wanted him to run for a fourth term. Over all, the Koch approval rating in the poll was fifty per cent. Koch pronounced this result "extraordinarily positive." He added, "After something like fifteen, sixteen months of constant attacks on this administration . . . I think fifty per cent is terrific. . . . By the way, I'm not crowing or anything."

SOME numbers that the Mayor and others at City Hall unquestionably have reason to feel cheerful about are those on local tourism, which brought in more than two and a half billion dollars last year. Fortunately for this city, many out-of-towners who couldn't bear to live in New York don't mind stopping off here from time to time to be relieved—legally—of substantial amounts of money by hotelkeepers, ticket brokers, and the like. Some out-of-towners also associate the city with money in another sense: it is a place to which people come to collect, sometimes in transactions that are evidently considered a local specialty. Followers of the first phase of the Iran-Contra hearings were reminded of the city's reputation for good offices in this department when Robert Owen, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's poetry-reciting centurion, testified to having been sent by former Air Force Major General Richard Secord to collect cash at various points in Manhattan. On one occasion, in September, 1985, the destination was a Chinese market on the lower West Side, and he was instructed to say "Mooey" to a clerk, who thereupon rolled up his pants leg and "pulled out a wad of hundred-dollar bills," ninety-five in all. Demonstrating that people who live elsewhere often think of New York as more Jewish than it is, Owen explained that he had been directed to go to the Chinese grocery because it was Rosh Hashanah and all the banks in New York would be closed; the fact is, however, that most banks here do not close on Jewish holidays. Owen's air of comic desperation over his money-shuttling duties invoked for some the memory of the testimony at the Watergate hearings by Tony Ulasewicz, the former New York City policeman, about his trips here from Washington to launder money, which men in the Nixon White House then used to pay off the Watergate burglars. In the Nixon tapes, the President referred at one point to the need to turn to "a New York bookie;" apparently, there were no bookies in the nation's capital.



There are, of course, many people who come to this city looking for money and not expecting to have to say "Mooey" to get it—for instance, Presidential candidates. New York and California are famous for being the two states most hospitable to political fund-raisers. Delaware's Senator Joseph Biden has raised nearly a million and a half dollars in this city, and, now that New York's Governor Mario Cuomo is officially out of the race, Massachusetts' Governor Michael Dukakis is said to be giving Biden a serious run here for other people's money. Though the city is five-to-one Democratic in registration, its openhandedness to candidates is bipartisan. Senator Robert Dole, of Kansas, has hit the town this spring to do business with local Republican high rollers, and Representative Jack Kemp, of the Thirty-first District of New York, an area of Erie County south and east of Buffalo, is a regular visitor downstate.

Kemp is said to be particularly upset by suggestions that with the withdrawal of Cuomo, a Queens resident, New York state is consigned to the sidelines of the 1988 Presidential race, but in fact many New Yorkers, and even many of his fellow-Republicans, apparently have difficulty thinking of Kemp as a favorite son: so far, ten of the state's thirteen Republican representatives other than Kemp have en-

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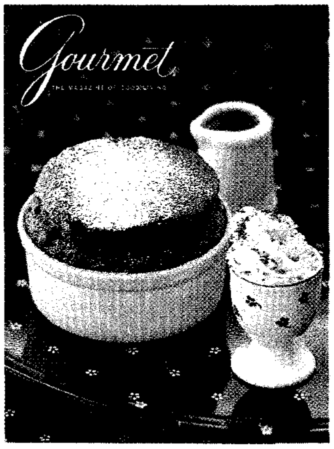

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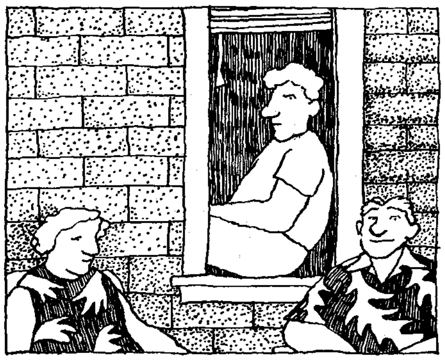
dorsed a Presidential candidate, and all of them have lined up with Vice-President George Bush. Bush, on a recent trip here—during which he collected in a single Waldorf-Astoria luncheon an estimated eight hundred thousand dollars for his campaign—mentioned a historical precedent involving this state, and complained that he was constantly being reminded of it: the last President to be elected directly from the office of Vice-President was Martin Van Buren, of Kinderhook, New York. Not all fund-raising gatherings go off without a hitch. When Bush met with local Republican leaders, the Bronx Republican chairman, State Senator Guy Velella, complained that New York was treated like a "stepchild" by Republicans on the national scene. "They say the South and Midwest are the Republican heartland," he told the Vice-President. "So go *there* for your money."

POLITICIANS intent on winning the Presidency don't come here only for gold-digging purposes, and in the last several months two sets of candidates have made special appearances at events in New York for reasons other than passing the hat. Some of the bad-news items that have caused much local distress in recent years have been the reports that yet another corporation or organization, pleading high taxes or high rents, was planning to get out of town. Lately, this recessional has picked up so much speed that City Hall sometimes holds a press conference to honor the fact that some corporation has decided *not* to leave. There was a particular sense of loss here in 1982, when the N.A.A.C.P. announced that, unable to afford the city anymore, it would probably be moving elsewhere, and again in 1986, when it settled in Baltimore. The association's headquarters had been here since it was founded, in 1909, on the hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Its return here this month for a five-day convention at the Hilton—its first national convention to be held here since 1959—therefore had a special significance not only for the city but for the association. From the dais where the N.A.A.C.P. leaders sat, speaker after speaker mentioned "coming home."

One of those who appeared before the convention was a resident of Queens, Marine Corporal Arnold Bracy, who had been accused by the Marine Corps of engaging in espionage in the Moscow Embassy. Bracy was there to express his heartfelt thanks to the N.A.A.C.P. lawyers, who had helped win his exoneration. The convention leaders had also encouraged Presidential candidates to stop by. Four announced candidates, all Democrats, addressed the convention—Bruce Babbitt, the former Arizona governor; Dukakis; Missouri's Representative Richard Gephardt; and Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore—and so did Jesse Jackson, an unannounced contender, and Cuomo, who had announced out. The last two got by far the most enthusiastic response. The convention organist, J. R. Williams, of St. Louis, routinely played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" as most of the candidates mounted and descended from the rostrum. When Cuomo concluded, to a standing ovation, the organ played "God Bless America." The finale for Jesse Jackson was a highly emotional "We Shall Overcome," with Mr. Williams amending the words of the first line by shouting out "Jesse, lead the way!"—a message in which the crowd, linking hands, swinging and swaying, joined in.

Both Jackson and Cuomo referred with great concern to Howard Beach, the Queens neighborhood in which, last December 20th, a dozen white youths—all currently under indictment by a special prosecutor appointed by Cuomo—attacked three blacks, chasing one of them onto a highway, where he was killed by a passing car. In the weeks after the attack, there were several protest marches, led by some of the city's more militant blacks, including a demonstration in which four thousand marchers gathered in front of Koch's Greenwich Village apartment and chanted, "Mayor Koch, you can't hide! We charge you with genocide!" About that time, Benjamin Ward, the city's black police commissioner, who a couple of years ago said that racism was "as American as apple pie," predicted that the city might well be headed for "a long, hot summer."



The convention was addressed on its final day by a Republican politician, Howard Baker. Some Americans first got to know of Baker in the days when he was a senator from Tennessee and a member of the Watergate committee, and leaned down to ask Ulasewicz, "Who made you up?" As the White House chief of staff for another Republican President, he is not asking the famous question he repeatedly put to witnesses fourteen summers ago—the one about what the President knew and when he knew it. Before Baker arrived, Benjamin Hooks urged the delegates to treat him politely, "as a guest in our house." They were indeed polite, except for one two-minute lapse. Throughout the convention, one speaker after another had denounced Reagan's latest Supreme Court nomination as one that would "turn back the clock" on civil rights. Now Baker, in the course of urging them to consider the nomination with an open mind, said, "I understand that many of you oppose Robert Bork." At the sound of the name, those in the room rose to their feet almost as one, thunderously clapping, in a curious maneuver in which they booed the nomination by applauding their own stand against it.

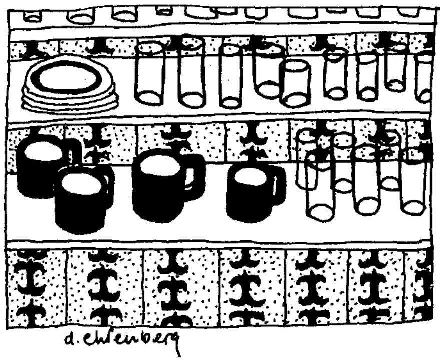
THE other parade of Presidential candidates here took place at the end of March. The national Republican Party, through a special foundation, had raised the money—said to be four hundred thousand dollars—to underwrite a three-day visit to the city by the hundred and seventy-seven Republican members of the House of Representatives and their families. About a hundred and thirty representatives came. The formal purpose of the event was to honor the fact that the current Congress is the hundredth and that the first Congress had met in this city, which was then the nation's capital. In addition, the congressmen were invited to congregate during the day in a large meeting room at the Marriott Marquis Hotel, in Times Square—the headquarters for the event—to hear speeches by five of the men who at that time were either announced or considered-to-be-serious candidates for the 1988 G.O.P. nomination.

Some of the Republicans' time here was spent on local sightseeing, but on their first night, paying due attention to history, they gathered way downtown, at Wall and Nassau Streets, in Federal Hall, which stands on the site where the first House of Representatives met, in 1789. Kemp was in general charge of the evening, introducing the speakers and presiding over the entertainment. A Dixieland band played such songs as "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." A tall, brown-haired baritone sang "Younger than Springtime." In his speech, Kemp—who was the only Presidential candidate to address the company twice during the event—made an affirmative-action gesture by referring to "the Founding Fathers and Mothers." None of the Republican House members are black, so it was only to be expected that all the invited guests for the three-day session would be white. At the end of the evening at Federal Hall, the Brooklyn Boys Chorus sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which won it a standing ovation. Unlike the other performers, the members of the chorus, who were mostly black, entertained the crowd from a small balcony high above the rotunda, where the guests were seated. This arrangement would not, of course, have seemed inappropriate to the Founding Fathers, as Americans were reminded by Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall's telling comments this spring on the original intent of the writers of the Constitution and their narrow view of who would be free to enjoy fully the privileges of the new government.

City Hall's official involvement with the visiting Republicans was minimal. Soon after they arrived at the Marriott Marquis, Susan Molinari, the only Republican on the thirty-five-member City Council, formally welcomed them to the city. And on the second morning of their stay here a relatively small group—the Republican House members from this state and the House G.O.P. leadership—were invited for breakfast at Gracie Mansion. The Mayor, looking happier than he had in some time, recalled his reelection campaign in 1981, when he had been considered politically so invincible that the Republicans didn't bother to run *anyone* against him and he won on their ticket as well as on his own, Democratic line. During this month's N.A.A.C.P. convention, the Mayor threw a cocktail party and reception in a huge yellow tent on the lawn of Gracie Mansion for several hundred people, including the N.A.A.C.P. staff and some of his own political allies, black and white.

There was a strong possibility of some awkwardness at the Mayor's more recent party. Hooks, in his speech at the opening of the convention, three days earlier, after mentioning Howard Beach and the Goetz case, had said, "There is a dark side of hatred and bitterness, racism and intolerance, which is alive and well in the Big Apple tonight." That same evening, three of the more militant local black leaders—who are close to Jesse Jackson, and who were not invited to the Koch party—held a press conference at which they demanded the resignation of the Mayor and of Police Commissioner Ward. It had been discovered a few days earlier that for some weeks the Police Department had been taping a call-in talk-show program on WLIB, the city's only all-black radio station—an exercise that could supply the police with the names of local citizens complaining about racial conditions in the city. Ward said he had known nothing about this practice and had ordered it stopped, but the department conceded that several hundred officers had held training maneuvers in preparation for the long, hot summer he had warned of. The Mayor had said that the Police Department's actions were entirely prudent, and when he came to the Hilton to welcome the N.A.A.C.P. delegates on their first night in town there was some booing. Everyone who attended the Gracie Mansion party, however, seemed very happy to be there. Standing beside the Mayor at Gracie Mansion, one N.A.A.C.P. official after another thanked him for having allowed them to be guests in his house. Not only the Police Commissioner but the Mayor, said Hooks, was doing "a great job."

THE sense that everything really newsworthy was happening somewhere else ended abruptly last month, with the Goetz verdict and the publication, by the *Village Voice*, of extensive details of Bess Myerson's recent history, some of it more lurid and revealing more willingness to subvert public office for private ends than had previously been suspected. The report that the *Voice* got hold of and printed excerpts from was not a document that the Mayor's office could disparage. It had been prepared at Koch's request by a former federal judge, Harold Tyler, after Koch learned that his Cultural Affairs Commissioner had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a federal grand jury investigating her friend Capasso. As soon as the Mayor saw the report, last April, he required Miss Myerson to resign, but, at U.S. Attorney Giuliani's request, the report wasn't released. After someone leaked it to the *Voice*, the Mayor's office made it public. (An editorial in the *Post* accused him of having engaged in a cover-up.) Since the Iran-Contra hearings were then in hiatus, more national attention was available for the report—and for the Goetz verdict, several days later—than the Mayor would presumably have wished. In the Washington *Post*, the outcome of the Goetz case was the lead story. Including a picture of the subway gunman, it took up four columns at the top of the page. Farther down on the same page was the headline "REAGAN SAYS 'NO SMOKING GUN' EXISTS IN SCANDAL." A few days later, Bess Myerson and her friend Capasso were on the cover of *People* magazine. In the past, the Mayor could try to get away with suggesting that a member of his administration who'd been brought down in the local scandals was merely a minor municipal figure, someone he'd hardly known. With what was inevitably called "the Bess Mess," assertions of deniability at the Mayor's end of City Hall began to sound less and less plausible.



ALTHOUGH none of the members of the House and Senate Iran-Contra committees are from this state, the events in Washington this month could have political implications for some New York officeholders. According to television reports, letters and wires keep arriving in support of a Kemp-North ticket next year, although apparently nobody has inquired whether the famous lieutenant colonel would settle for second place. William F. Buckley, Jr., has suggested that North, who was raised in a village south of Albany, instead consider running for the Senate in 1988 against New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Among the lessons that some observers have learned from the hearings in the Senate Caucus Room are that all governments—and particularly, perhaps, those headed by politicians elected by landslides, which may make them arrogant or heedless—bear very close watching, and that political scandals at all government levels tend to resemble each other. During the revelations of corruption n this city, as in Washington, there was a suicide attempt (Robert McFarane there, Manes here) that very early dramatized the seriousness and the human tragedy of the crisis, and in each case death removed a principal (William Casey there, Manes, again, here) on whom, fairly or not, others could lay blame—with little possibility of contradiction—for many of the alleged crimes. ("It's not hard to knock a corpse" was a favorite observation in the crime columns of the old *World*.) In both instances, there was talk of a cover-up and of the buck stopping short of the man in charge. And there were questions about what the head of government had known, and whether f he hadn't had a clue—as he'd said—hat was worse.

On July 16th, former White House adviser Lyn Nofziger was indicted for having made illegal use of his "political reputation and influence" to have his lobbying firm bring large inancial benefits to a client, the Wedtech Corporation, of the South Bronx—one more example of an out-of-towner who had found the city a handy place to gather in money. ("I am not a felon" was Nofziger's official comment.) On July 17th, Ameruso, Koch's former transportation commissioner, was convicted of perjury. His maneuvers to conceal his quarter-milion-dollar investment had included arranging to receive back-dated checks and back-dated correspondence that supported his version of things. Ex-post-facto revisions of inconvenient documents are hardly unheard of in American annals. Followers of the Iran-Contra hearings learned in detail of North's writing back-dated letters to make it appear that he had arranged to pay for a thirteen-thousand-five-hundred-dollar personal security system that had been given to him by the Hakim-Secord enterprise while it was doing business with the government. North also, of course, rearranged the chronology of the events that led to the diversion of money to the Contras. And, for that matter, there were certain events in New York back in 1776. On May 27th, New York's provincial legislature concluded that it could become a state rather than remain a colony only if the issue was voted on county by county. The process went slowly. On July 2nd, in Philadelphia, when all the other colonies proclaimed themselves to be independent states, New York abstained. On July 4th, when the delegates from the states voted to approve the Declaration of Independence, those from New York, out of step, abstained. Finally, on July 9th, the day it was read to the troops in front of City Hall, the legislature approved the Declaration and also voted to have the colony become a state. In August of 1776, when the official parchment copy of the Declaration was ready for all to put their names to it for posterity, the New York delegates, bold as brass, signed as if they'd been on board on July 4th, and, while they were about it, back-dated New York's transformation to statehood to May 27th. Apparently, other things besides racism are as American as apple pie.

—Andy Logan

•

Just about everyone agreed that it was a wellnigh hopeless ideal to try and get me to change. Father, mother, older brother, all knew and admitted readily to anyone who inquired, that I was different in a different sort of way: I saw mankind's innate capacity to question in a child's first overturning of a shell on the beach; I saw the word as the cutting edge of the mind; I saw heaven in a distant shore sunrise and the potential for more than a little bit of hell in the closest human heart.

So, I guess no one was surprised when I began to write for a living. And even fewer were surprised when I bought into a place called The Cloisters on an island called Brigantine in New Jersey.

The place is a cornucopia of alluring contradictions. Located near a wildlife preserve, it's also only a short trip from the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Atlantic City. Within walking distance of the sunswept beach, I have a pool mere yards from my door. Inside, a fireplace and light streaming in through french doors keep me in touch with the outside, while my characters strut and fret their hours upon the page.

Complementing contradictions. It's how life is, if you only learn to see it. And as Pascal once wrote, "Greatness is not achieved by reaching one extreme or the other, but by touching both at once." *—Adv. for The Cloisters in New Jersey Monthly.*

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BOOKS

Married to Hurry and Grim Song

"The End of Beauty" is the title Jorie Graham has given to her powerful new volume of poems (Ecco Press; $16.50). With this title she situates the book, and herself, at that watershed in creative life when "beauty" can no longer be seen, in any simple sense, as the aim of art. Young artists usually seek the beautiful and also try to create it; older artists learn to incorporate into their work irony, tragedy, violence, and death. We imagine that Michelangelo finally thought his rough and anguished Rondanini Pietà more beautiful than his younger, smooth, exquisite, "lyrical" version. The fraught moment of youthful struggle into the tragic is the moment of Graham's book.

American writing has never had an easy conscience about being "merely" beautiful. There is a marked moral strenuousness in American poetry from Anne Bradstreet through Robert Lowell. But American poetry has usually passed from the beautiful to the tragic through the strait gate of the ethical. Whitman's ideal brotherhood, Dickinson's select society, Stevens' major man, Eliot's Hindu commands ("Give, sympathize, control"), Berryman's end-man Conscience all represent controls put on aesthetic delectation by the moral sense. I think Graham has found a different way —the way of thought—to pass from the beautiful to the tragic, and "The End of Beauty" offers, in consequence, a new sort of poetry.

When poets shift ground, they shift form, too, and Graham's book turns visibly away from her earlier, self-contained, short, "beautiful" lyrics in "Hybrids of Plants and of Ghosts" (1980) and "Erosion" (1983). "The End of Beauty" investigates not a new control (Wordsworth's phrase about his turn from pleasure to duty) but, rather, a new speculative abundance. Though Graham's long meditations have something in common with John Ashbery's, Ashbery's deliberate geniality even in suffering (on the theory of nothing in excess) is very far from Graham's exultant or sardonic or ecstatic cascades of language. For her, once the end of beauty has been glimpsed everything is up for reëxamination. If not beauty, what? And Graham's answer is not morality but free and far-ranging thought.

Graham's new manner goes to visible extremes. She aims at what Keats called "solitary thinkings; such as dodge conception to the very bourne of heaven," and when she comes to a concept not yet conceivable she leaves a gap in the middle of a sentence:

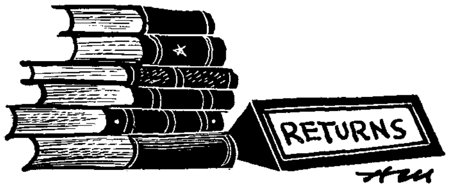
Like a ________ this look between
us . . .
this long thin angel whose body is a
stalk, rootfree, blossomfree,
whose body we are making, whose
body is a ________

Thought is revealed to be a progress that sometimes goes haltingly, perception by perception. For each perception, a number imposes the halt:

6
It was then she remembered and
looked the other way
7
Why this sky why this air why these
mountains why this sky
8
And what does he ask of you, only to
fear Him

The extended orbits of thought cannot be mimed in the short sensory takes of William Carlos Williams, whose lines move down the page on little cat feet. Thought plays in long arabesques, long lines made to encompass what Graham calls (in a poem about Penelope) "the story and its undoing, the days the kings and the soil they're groundcover for." This manner—its spill and hurry and, equally, its halts and breaks—simulates the psyche as Graham understands it. What the end of beauty provides is the beginning of wonder. If the ideals of shape and closure (provided as much by moral control as by aesthetic finality) are not to be the guide of life and art, then what can be the guide but contemplative thought? Graham trusts, if anything, the roaming cinematography of the mind, which pictures and replays the necessary decisions of life and keeps them perpetually in question.

This poetics leads to poems—the best recent ones in memory—on human self-division. Marriage is one of Graham's recurrent topics: as a type of self-limiting action (this person and no other; this life and no other) i gives a *nameable shape to existence* but as circumscription it is struggle against even though it's been chosen Similarly, human intelligence reache not only toward investigation (pur science) but also toward consolidatio of that hypothesis into material forn (technology, the embodiment of inquiry). The wish of the speculativ mind to halt its drift and take visibl shape leads not only to marriage but t atomic piles and B-52s, which are a much at home in Graham's poetry a are the other decisive shapes (paintings, myths) that human culture ha taken. The intrapsychic conflict between drift and shape is, in this book insoluble and therefore tragic. As i any true tragedy, both sides are in th right.



The sheer freedom invoked by Graham's poetry is liberating. The downtrodden Benthamism of most ethica poetry—wedded either to the pragmatic claims of the oppressed or to th totalitarian claims of some ethical system—has no poetics by which to ris to the full-winged reach of untrammelled meditation. Graham's line mimic the fertile ruses of the mind— exploratory rush and decisive interruption, *interrogatory speech and* intermittent silence. The lines ripple an pause, utter and subside. The poem are often long, like sonatas, carrying the musical moment of proces through its hurry, its delay, its fear *and repentings, its tragedies of fixity* its restlessness and rebellion. Graham if we compare her with her Romanti predecessors, is nearest to Shelley i her creation of clouds of thought, accumulating and breaking open in shower of consequences.

It is no wonder, given her attention to suspended thought, that one o the privileged iconographical scene for Graham is the moment betwee Christ's burial and his public reappearance. This moment is a type o spiritual intermittence:

You see the angels have come to sit
on the delay
for a while,
they have come to harrow the
fixities, the sharp edges
of this open
sepulcher.

Jesus will not permit Mary Magdalen, at their encounter in the garden to touch him: "*Noli me tangere.*" Th distance between them represents the reluctance of the spiritual to be earthed; the Magdalen's duty is to become the embodied vehicle (in painting, in story) of that reluctance. Graham interrogates her own medium as she asks why embodiment can never be other than delimited, why the radiant vision that is the occasion of art can leave behind only a darkened terrestrial trace:

> But you see it is not clear to me
> why she
>
> must be driven back,
> why it is the whole darkness
> that belongs to her
> and its days,
> why it is these hillsides she
> must become,
> supporting even now the whole
> weight of the weightless,
> letting the plotlines wander
> all over her,
>
> crumbling into every digressive
> beauty,
> her longings all stitchwork towards his immaculate rent.

The gap between Jesus and Mary Magdalen becomes, in another poem, the gap between Demeter (the form of culture) and Persephone (the daughter who strays into experience):

> O but you have to learn to let her go
> you said
> out into the open field through the
> waiting the waving grasses
> way out to the edge of that drastic
> field of distinctions
> each new possibility molting off the
> back of the one motion, creation,
> until there are so many truths each
> one its own color
> it's a flower the picking of which
> would open the world
> the mouth over the unsaid whispering loves me not loves me . . .

This oscillation between the indefinite invisible and the visible defined propels all thought, and Graham has taken it as the propulsive system of her poetics. Unlike Moore and Bishop, who were also drawn to indefiniteness (the profusion of glacial flora and fauna, the ocean) as one pole of their poetry, Graham declines to conclude at one pole or the other. She wants to conclude evenhandedly, trusting invisibility and embodiment alike. In her verse, things and thoughts form and dissolve in a mysterious but purposive instinct for comprehensiveness, making a poetry full of "arabesques of foraging . . . married to hurry/and grim song."

In an essay called "Some Notes on Silence," explaining why she writes poems of inconclusive, ongoing presentness, Graham contrasts such poems with narratives, reminiscences, and prophecies—poetic forms that are strung on the temporal axis of past, present, and future: "Narrative sequences . . . believe in the changes of history and experience . . . while [poems that engage silence] often view the flesh itself . . . as the obstacle, and crave stillness, form, law, over the formulation of hope which is *cause and effect*." She adds that poems in the past tense are told by a survivor of the experience recounted. Such poems are containers for understood experience rather than a precarious enacting of experience as it is being undergone. "A poem which is an *act* could be the very last act, couldn't it, every time?" she says.

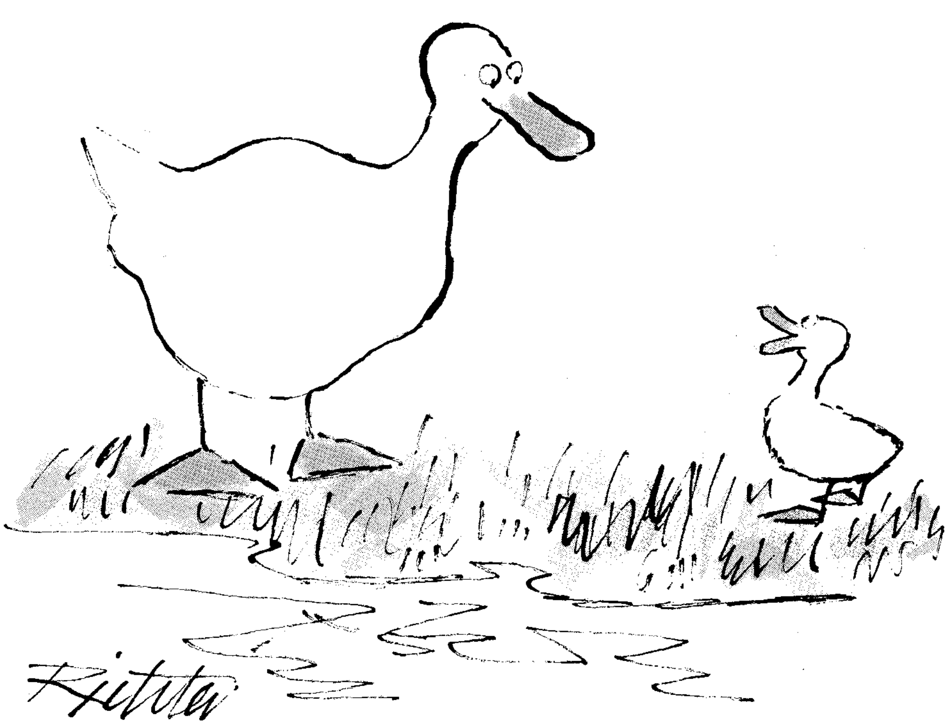
Rushing into temporality, Graham's new verse resembles Action painting in words. Graham used to think that poetry could not have a double protagonist. In "Hybrids of Plants and of Ghosts" she wrote:

> We are able to listen to someone else's
> story, believe in
> another protagonist, but within,
> his presence would kill us.

But now, in tragic verse, the inner second protagonist is remembered with a vengeance, and many of the new poems are written by a single self playing two opposed mythological parts (Demeter and Persephone, Apollo and Daphne, Orpheus and Eurydice). What is the self, these poems ask, but the gap between two inner personae bound in a single drama? At the beginning of "The End of Beauty," the figure for that gap is the gesture by which Eve offers the apple to Adam; in a moment, he will take it, bringing paradisal reverie to an end by introducing into life the principle of choice, definition, closure. Though this poem is about a long hesitation before marriage, it can also be read as a poem of self-knowledge by Eve, who decides, like Persephone, for "a new direction, an offshoot, the limb going on elsewhere":

> 31
> . . . loving that error, loving that filial
> form, that break from perfection
>
> 32
> where the complex mechanism fails, where
> the stranger appears in the clearing,
>
> 33
> out of nowhere and uncalled for, out
> of nowhere to share the day.

It is, of course, not sufficient for a poet merely to announce that she is both parties; the double consciousness has to convince. Poems on myth have tended to adopt one side of the story as their own. But Eurydice in Graham's version both does and does not want to resume her body and be loved; Orpheus both wants her back as she is and wants her back on his terms. Eurydice's double wish (to rise up to



"Mom, are we waterproof or just water-resistant?"

• •

Orpheus and to sink back to Pluto) and Orpheus' double wish (to raise her as she was and to redefine both her and himself) are voiced in an intricate portrait of the self at many cross-purposes, freeing lyric from its perennial trap in a single voice.

Here Orpheus is the sun, Hades the river bottom, and Eurydice, after thinking she might rise and be reincarnated among the weeds at the surface, decides against embodiment and begins a shadowy return to darkness:

> the weeds cannot hold her
> who is all rancor, all valves now, all destination,
> dizzy with wanting to sink back in,
> thinning terribly in the holy separateness.
> And though he would hold her up, this light all open hands,
> seeking her edges, seeking to make her palpable again,
> curling around her to find crevices by which to carry her up,
> flaws by which to be himself arrested and made,
> made whole, made sharp and limbed, a shape,
> she cannot, the drowning is too kind,
> the silks of the bottom rubbing their vague hands
> over her forehead.

The rhythms of cinematography—*this moment, then this moment*—direct such incremental writing, and the inevitable present tense of film is assumed as a natural formal principle in this poetry, marking it with the signature of a postmodernist generation.

Like some of her predecessors, Graham is determined to track ongoing mental action even at the risk of diffuseness. Blake's dialectics of mental fight, Whitman's songs of the open road, Stevens' "endlessly proliferating poem," Eliot's Quartets, Ashbery's prose poems have all taken some of the same chances. Graham keeps creative energy alive and unpredictable in these poems by sudden changes of focus; her psychic elations and hesitations are Romantic in their volatility but post-Romantic in their skepticism, their self-interruptions, their own stage directions.

She unexpectedly mixes stage-set instructions and demotic American phrases with mythic plot and lyrical description. Her retellings of myth would be reverent (in their inquiry into the psychic reality of such immemorial stories) were they not so irreverent. (On Apollo and Daphne: "The truth is this had been going on for a long time during which/they both wanted it to last.") Such moments are like brusque interruptions in music, a

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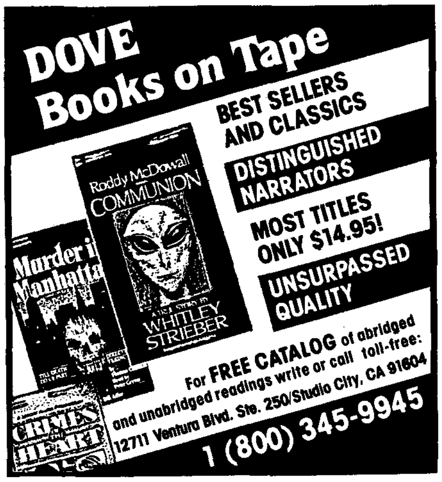

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deliberate going against the grain, where irritability and discord reflect the difficulty of proceeding. One follows these poems as one follows music —not a music like Ashbery's, which eddies back to its beginning, but a music onwardly purposive, obliterating its past. It is the music of will —a hoping or thinking or exploratory will, sometimes jeering, more often frightened, fatally seeing the other side of its own intentions. It follows some invisible line of possibility (curiosity, love) into actuality (suffering, fixity, disappearance). It imagines, in short, what is happening in the restless contemporary flux of thought untethered by a stable culture.

Graham, the daughter of American parents living in Italy, grew up trilingual (through French schooling) and has an unembarrassed range of cultural and linguistic reference, which she does not censor out of her poems. In contrast, for instance, to Adrienne Rich's language (deliberately impoverished in the service of availability to the uneducated), Graham's is opulent. However, it does not assert high culture as an unquestioned value. Graham is one of a generation to whom the whole past appears in an anthropological light: classical and Christian motifs, conventional psychology and Freudian orthodoxy, divorce and marriage are all equally familiar, all equally questionable. To this skeptical generation the iron laws of physics and biology seem the only believable truths, and Graham is drawn to rewrite Shelley's necessitarian "Ode to the West Wind" in her own hymn to Necessity, a memorable poem entitled (from Wyatt) "Of Forced Sightes and Trusty Ferefulness." With a reminiscence of Dickinson's description of chaos ("Stopless—cool"), she addresses the impersonal wind of physical law:

> Stopless
> and unessential, half-hiss, half-
> lullaby, if I fell in among your laws,
> if I fell down into your mind your
> snow, into the miles
>
> of spirit-drafts you drive, frenetic
> multitudes,
> out from timber to the open ground
> and back to no
> avail, if I fell down, warmblooded,
> ill, into your endless
> evenness . . .
>
> If I fell in?
> What is your law to my law,
> unhurried hurrying?

In enlarging her scope to include the metaphysical questions of necessity, intentionality, human self-definition, and cultural inscription, Graham, like other philosophical poets, reminds us that human beings have, in addition to an erotic, domestic, and ethical life, a life of speculative thought. But Graham's thinking is not only cool and speculative; it has a strong component of the ecstatic (and its dark counterpart, the despairing). The European contemplative saints (St. Francis, St. Clare, St. Teresa) figure in Graham's poems as models not only of spiritual concentration but also of psychic rapture. The rapture of the contemplating mind is not a new topic in poetry, but it tends to be forgotten in our pragmatic America. In the classic narrative of contemplation, early ecstasy is followed by tragic desiccation, after which the contemplative, rescued by joy, rests again among the lilies of fulfilled desire. It is strange to find this European story beginning to unfold once more in a young and mesmerizing American voice; one wants to hear its continuation.

—HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

INNOCENCE, by Penelope Fitzgerald (Holt; $16.95). The setting is modern Florence, but the characters' eccentricities are the stuff of age-old folktales, and the writing is well tuned and acute. The plot features a case of love at first sight, at a concert, between a contrary young neurologist and a pathologically honest contessina fresh out of Holy Innocents, an English convent school. "You enjoyed the Brahms?" he asks. "Of course not," she replies. The courtship that follows the concert, and the marriage that follows the doctor's capture, eventually involves all sorts of scandal-ridden real estate, including a defunct tomato-sauce factory and a Renaissance villa rebuilt to accommodate midgets. Other subplots stray into memorable addresses: Piazza Limbo, for instance, where the contessina's peripatetic Aunt Mad alights; and Painstake, a Norfolk estate.

LAZAR MALKIN ENTERS HEAVEN: STORIES, by Steve Stern (Viking; $16.95). "Rube Goldberg meets Edgar Allan Poe": a would-be wizard's description of his latest would-be wizardry, and a good description of these nine tall tales, eight of which are set in the Pinch,

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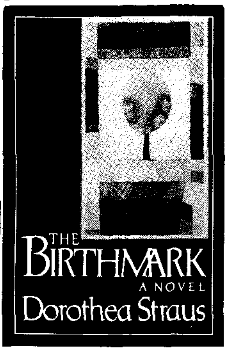

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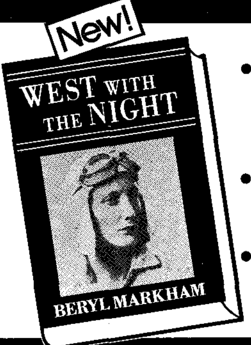

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a sort of annex of Second Avenue on a bluff above the Mississippi. The ninth, "The Ghost and Saul Bozoff," is set in a New England artists' colony, and alludes to some of the previous eight: to "Shimmele Fly-By-Night," for instance, whose hero departs the Pinch in an apotheosis of pigeons. Steve Stern, whose books include another collection of stories, "Isaac and the Undertaker's Daughter" (1983), writes prose that has the whimsical whine of a klezmer band. A ghost's breath is a blend of "heliotrope and sour cream;" laughter's effect on a ferocious patriarch is like that of salt on a snail. And here is Aunt Esther, the ancient Archangel Azrael's relatively young bride, as seen through diamond-shaped windowpanes: "a harlequin in a block of ice."

GENERAL

WALTZING WITH A DICTATOR: THE MARCOSES AND THE MAKING OF AMERICAN POLICY, by Raymond Bonner (Times; $19.95). A first-rate narrative history that explains how Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos wrecked the Philippine economy and why this country tolerated their doings. Between them, the Marcoses were rich, handsome, and clever, and they might have done much for their country after Marcos was elected President, in 1965. He declared martial law in 1972, forcibly suppressing political opposition, the better to loot private business and the public purse. The Marcoses persuaded five American Administrations that what they were doing was fighting Communism, but Mr. Bonner believes—and his facts demonstrate—that, as with the Shah of Iran and President Somoza of Nicaragua, our government coöperated by deceiving itself.

THE PARIS EDITION: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WAVERLEY ROOT, 1927-1934, edited by Samuel Abt (North Point Press; $16.95). This fragment of autobiography by Waverley Root, the journalist and noted writer on food, who died in France in 1982, at seventy-nine, covers the years, in the twenties and thirties, when he worked for the Paris edition of Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick's Chicago *Tribune*. This was the paper favored by the expatriates of the Left Bank, and was distinguished from its rivals for English-speaking readership, the Paris *Herald* and the Paris *Times*, by a liveliness and a unpredictability that often verged o the irresponsible. Root's reminiscences are loaded with anecdotes— of the people he worked with, o high jinks in the city room and th adjacent cafés, of the ominous occasions when the august and slightl dotty Colonel McCormick visite his Paris property. The book i slight but very entertaining, an because it dwells more on the workaday world of the expatriate newsmen than on the artists and writer it provides a refreshing change.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SLAM THE BIG DOOR, by John D MacDonald (Mysterious Press $16.95). This is the first appearanc in hardcover of a novel first published in 1960, when Mr. MacDonald (who died in 1986, at the age o seventy) was approaching his prim as a gifted writer of serious popula fiction. The present publishers tel us that this was his favorite of al his many novels. In an introductio written shortly before his death h says merely, "It stands up both as novel of suspense and a novel o morals and manners in a specific setting. The anti-hero, Mike Rodenska, is three dimensional." It is valid judgment. Rodenska is a newspaperman summoned to a boomin Florida resort town by his old frien and war buddy, a real-estate developer called Troy Jamison. Jamison who had an emotional breakdow some years earlier, is now slippin into another, this one complicate by the threatened takeover of hi business by a tricky trio of rednec money men, and by a nasty woma out of his past. Rodenska, a kind o less muscular Travis McGee, come engagingly to the rescue, surrounded by a cast of nicely drawn good bad, and struggling characters.

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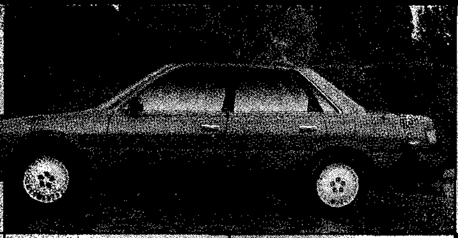

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